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BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 13.——JANUARY, 1939.——No. 1.



OUR Christmas Carnival will be the 17th of the series commenced in 1923. In spite of its 17 years, this social event maintains the freshness and novelty which marked its early days. New features are again being introduced, and the happy result will be another afternoon and evening full of interest, charm, and variety.

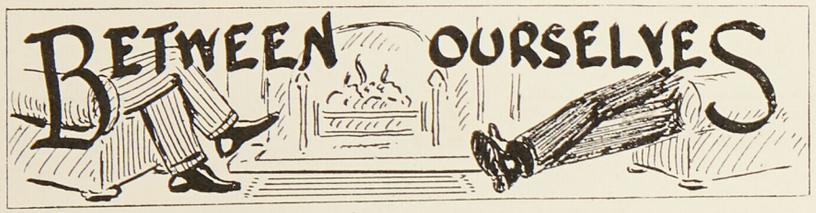
Much of the secret of the success of these annual gatherings is due to the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which workers of the Carnival and Flower Show section of the H.W.A. throw their energies into the particular job they have undertaken to see through.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the pioneers of this movement. Passing years have forced some of them into retirement, others have passed beyond, but their early work is not forgotten and the organisation to-day is a symbol of the foundations they so well and truly laid.

One of the miracles which has happened during this period is the growth of the large sum which now stands to the credit of our employees in the Bonus and Savings Scheme. The original depositors were participating in something of far-reaching importance in the industrial history of the firm.

The Benefit Society and Hospital Scheme are other instances of wise and careful planning which has resulted in increased security and well being for all of us.

The President of the H.W.A. must feel happy indeed when he sees the results he has worked for reaching fruition.



"All the Past we Leave Behind: we take up the Task Eternal, and the Burden and the Lesson, Conquering, Holding, Daring, Venturing, so we go the Unkown Ways. Pioneers! O, Pioneers!"

WALT WHITMAN.

These words are written for the first issue of the Magazine in the New Year.

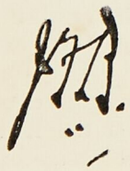
I came across the quotation which I have given above in a booklet that has been issued by the National Children's Home and Orphanage and which is entitled "*ADVENTURE CHIVALROUS.*"

The quoted words are included in a design made by a crippled artist without hands who passed through the Orphanage. The Booklet says "By his ability and undaunted perseverance he has surmounted in a large measure his handicap and is responsible for all the original drawings from which the panels in this calendar were printed."

I like to think of this Artist who has not the physical method of handling the artists' brush and colours, who faces his life "Conquering, Holding, Daring, Venturing."

I think perhaps nothing more need be said in regard to the cheer, the courage and the vision which will be necessary to each of us for the ensuring of a happy and worth-while year in 1939.

To all our folk everywhere I wish such a Good New Year.



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Southwold.

I have been living in this quiet seaside resort for three months. It is as singular a countryside as any in England. I was charmed with its quiet beauty. Used as I have been to London surburban roads, where the world seems to be a fair-ground of mechanical roundabouts working madly in a perpetual din of brass and crackling fireworks, it seemed lovely to motor along roads with little traffic of any sort. Someone has said that in a world of perfect happiness there would be no need for transport.

East Anglia is quiet because, for one thing, there is a lack of major roads—nothing much but the Chelmsford-Colchester-Norwich-Yarmouth and the Cambridge-Newmarket-Norwich roads, The other highways are country ways. And of it all there is no quieter part than that between Halesworth and Southwold. The old railway connecting Southwold with the main line was given up some 30 years ago. There are still traces of it, but most of the track is hidden and the path encumbered by massive vegetation. There were stations at Wenhaston, Blythburgh, and Walberswick. I believe the old railway engine, known as the Puffing Billy, is still to be seen in a shed at Halesworth. When I was a schoolboy the Great Yarmouth Tug Co. used to run the tugs during the summer season, N. to Cromer and S. to Lowestoft and Southwold, but they gave up the Southwold extension. So Southwold is more than ever awkward to get at. No railway, no sea-way, and only country roads. Hence its quietness and its charm.

There is a residential population of retired people, and for the rest its prosperity must depend on the summer season and visitors, for all the industries that once made this part the most prosperous in England have failed, or are in the process of failing. Deep sea fishery is only for local needs; owing to a very poor harbour the fishing has gone to Lowestoft. The once tremendous wool trading seems quite to have vanished, and as for agriculture, 1938 has brought ruin to the barley growers who, finding themselves with large crops, have been entirely swamped by the early arrival of heavy quantities of foreign grown barley, so that many Suffolk farmers cannot sell now at any price.

The season of 1938 was a bad one for Southwold and, I suppose, for all the resorts along the coast E and S.E., as owing to the scares, people went South and West for holidays. If we can get back to more normal times I believe there to be no more desirable place for a summer holiday than Southwold. But to some people, anyhow, it would be deadly dull—it all depends on what one is out for. It comes into publicity every year by reason of the camp for boys to which the King goes. The place is certainly wisely chosen, and with good reason, and it has all the desirable elements, or should I say, really essential elements for a healthy, open-air holiday.

R.E.H.

* * *



Sir,—I have read the interesting contribution from our friend, R.E.H., and I think with him we are faced with some probably big changes in our trading methods in the future. I agree with him, too, we used to do business with the customer in a friendly way, but we have to remember the customer was in a position which enabled him to be rather more confidential, and he had not the anxiety he has now with regard to his business. This, of course, is history repeating itself, and every generation of traders have had to deal with changes from time to time. It is not easy to keep an open mind, or willingness to accept the new idea, particularly if you have had a long experience of the past, but it is imperative to do so. Mass production seems to be linked with mass distribution, and the greater danger to the smaller man is the growing tendency of the public to patronise the big establishment with the big display, apart from price. It is rather remarkable how these big distributors have developed the last few years and, as I think, on entirely new lines.

How is the manufacturer to deal with this? I think he will have to make use of any and every outlet for his goods, which many of them are doing now. I don't think there is any need for a Firm with a

reputation like C. & T. H. to sacrifice its reputation by reducing the quality of goods, but rather to encourage the sale of them in the large, newly-appointed establishments. The agricultural position is, of course, a very important matter to us, as our supplies of raw material are controlled by it, and the striking fact seems to be the absolute necessity of legislative support to keep it going.

We often hear this stated as a gibe, that the farmer cannot get a living without some protection, which appears to be true. We cannot certainly allow the land to go out of cultivation, which would mean simple ruin and great danger.

Our chief has frequently expressed the need of the spirit of good-will in every sphere of human endeavour, and we all know he himself is the embodiment of goodwill.

During my long connection with the Firm I feel I have been associating with men of goodwill all the time, and there has been nothing but good feeling, which, Mr. Editor, is a great comfort to me. I am anxious to express the hope the Firm will experience more and more prosperity in the future.

Yours faithfully,

J. F. KINGTON.

Reading, 15th December, 1938.

* * *

Yorkshire through Southern Eyes.

Our "Caledonian Chieftain" suggests that readers might be interested to know what a "down-country fellow" thinks of the rugged North; in taking up residence there what were his reactions relative to the realm of the "Ridings"!

Let me try to re-capture my early impressions!

There were two outstanding features that were mainly striking—The aspect of an industrial area and the bigger and more numerous altitudes on the district's physical face.

My previous experience of England had been mostly concerned with the S.E. corner and the South Midlands, and it makes a big contrast by transfer to the West Riding of Yorkshire.

In the former areas, usually clear skies and generally clean, bright brick and slated residences are to be found, wide expanses of verdant pastures abound, with sparkling rivers meandering peacefully through.

Contrast such an atmosphere with that of a district mainly industrial, where big towns and adjacent villages are all engaged in all-important manufactures, and a stranger is much impressed by the general sombreness of the outlook. Huge mills, lofty warehouses, seem to over-top one with their forbidding aspect. Built of the famous Yorkshire stone, their walls imperviated by smoke from hundreds of chimneys for years and years, become actually black in time, and the effect of so much that is dull and dismal is, at first, somewhat depressing.

But one soon realises it *is* possible to breathe under such conditions, and though statistics show the big percentage of soot per square mile, we find that we thrive wonderfully, despite such inhalation. We do get days, too, when a shower of rain, or a changed wind, temporally clears the atmosphere. Then, what is all too oft a dull blur, becomes a clearly-defined prospect, patches of green in parks mingle amongst the buildings, and those buildings, with the clear sun shining, assume an appearance of placid grey serenity!

Thus the "bogey of blackness" is dissipated. Yorkshire then "grows on you," and you have initiated yourself as a fitting resident of this "county of broad acres."

One is generally impressed, too, with the public buildings throughout, even in the smaller towns. Their Town Halls, Infirmaries, civic offices, educational institutions, &c., are very imposing.

Escape from the industrial atmosphere in periods of leisure is easy, as extensive parks and public gardens afford the contrast of well-treed grassy expanses, elaborate floral spaces, and sports grounds, with Museums, Art Galleries, &c. Further afield, the moors, fells, pot-holes, and other natural attractions for which the Ridings are famous are easily accessible.

While many parts of our country are just gently undulating, with an odd hill here and there, that such altitudes become landmarks for miles around. There are parts of West Yorks where hills follow hills in picturesque and imposing formation, in awe-inspiring grandeur, culminating in what, at school, we learned as the "backbone of England," the mighty Pennines.

A.E.W.

Messrs. Thomas Harris & Sons, Calne.

BACON CURING.

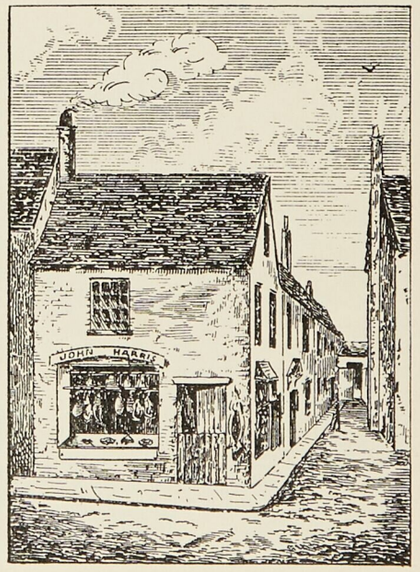
(From an article published in a Magazine in 1887).

SITUATED on the main road from Marlborough to Chippenham, some half-dozen miles from the latter, the ancient Parliamentary Borough of Calne stands in the heart of a fine district, admirably suited for the support of such industries as depend directly on agricultural or pastoral pursuits. Although not boasting of a large population, the town is one of the oldest in Wiltshire, and many are the historic associations which give the antiquary an interest in the place. Formerly, this Municipal and Parliamentary Borough possessed the privilege of returning two Members to the House of Commons; but, since the Reform Act of 1832, it has never returned more than one; and since 1885 its Parliamentary representation has been merged in that of the Chippenham Division of the county. Several distinguished statesmen have sat for Calne during the present century, including Lord Shelburne, afterwards third Marquis of Lansdowne; Lord Macaulay; and, more recently, Lord Sherbrooke, better known as the Right Hon. Robert Lowe.

As for the town itself, it is well built, clean, and healthy, with a complete system of drainage, and a water-supply drawn from the neighbouring chalk hills. No town of the same size in the West of England can show finer municipal buildings than those which were here erected not long since; nor is the surrounding country entirely without handsome edifices; the charming residence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, known as Bowood, is situated in the near neighbourhood.

Half a century or more ago the manufacture of cloth was carried on at Calne on a considerable scale; but this industry has now altogether disappeared, and others have taken its place. The principal industry is the curing of bacon, for which the place has obtained a great name. Indeed, Calne is now the chief seat of the bacon-curing industry in England.

The very extensive premises in which Messrs. Thomas Harris & Sons' business is conducted are well designed and well constructed throughout; they are lofty, well-ventilated buildings, plentifully supplied with water, and fitted with every modern appliance for economising labour and ensuring safety. Two hydraulic lifts connect the different floors of the establishment, and fire-hydrants have been carried throughout the buildings; there is also a powerful manual fire-engine kept on the premises, and a fire-brigade has been formed among the workmen. When the electric light is introduced, as it is likely to be, the air in the buildings will be even purer, if possible, than it is already. Steam power is supplied to the machinery by two large boilers. About a dozen rooms are devoted to the smoking of the bacon, and as the smoking process occupies a considerable time these are kept constantly filled. Numerous cellars of large dimensions have been constructed, in which the bacon is kept in salt before being smoked. An excellent institution in the factory is the reading-room, which is well supplied with books and daily papers for the benefit of the employees. Of the other portions of the vast establishment we may mention in particular the large room devoted to sausage making, and the styes, in which as many as four or five hundred



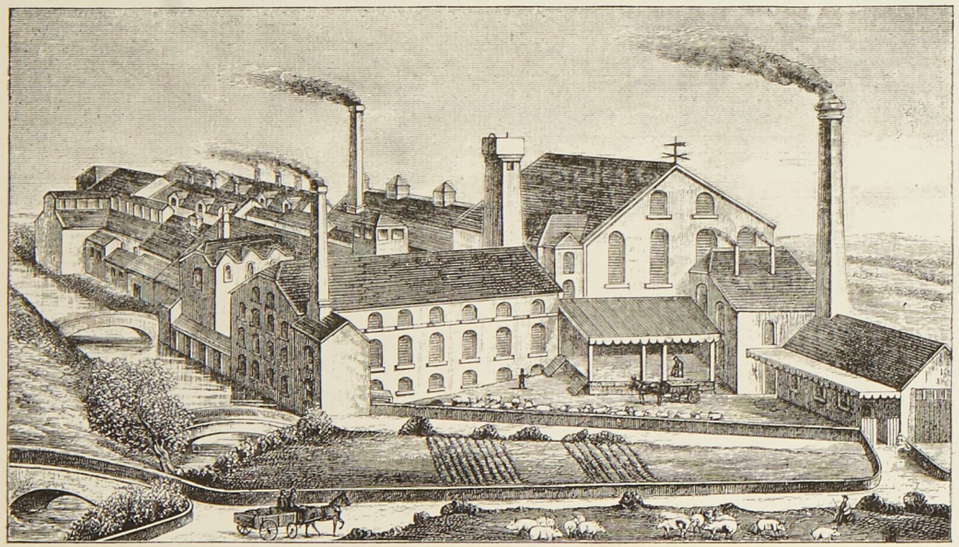
JOHN HARRIS, 1805.

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pigs, all of picked quality, are frequently kept ready to be killed.

Immense improvements have been made of late in the system of bacon curing, as in well-nigh every other branch of manufacture. As the operation has to be conducted in a cool atmosphere, the old plan was to cure the bacon during winter, and to keep it hard salted for summer use. But this method was not altogether satisfactory, since the food so preserved was unpalatable and unwholesome. Consequently, various attempts were made to introduce some improvement into the system of curing that should render it possible to cure the meat in summer. One plan tried was to cut the skin and force salt through the incisions; another was to inject brine by means of a force-pump. But none of these attempts proved more than very moderately successful.

The development of the present system, under which the process is conducted on scientific principles, has been quite gradual, and has occupied many years. Much thought, also, and many experiments have been necessary before the system could be brought to perfection; but now that it has been perfected a great boon has been conferred on that section of the public with whom bacon is a customary article of diet. The essential difference between the old system and the new consists in the adoption, in the new system, of artificial means for reducing the temperature of the curing-rooms when the natural heat of the atmosphere is too great. By producing a winter temperature in summer the old difficulties are overcome, and mild-cured bacon can be made during the hottest days of July. The original plan for keeping the curing-rooms cool was to employ natural ice, which was stored on iron floors in huge chambers above the curing-rooms, the ice chambers being protected by non-conducting walls. To the firm of Harris belongs the credit of having erected, in 1856, the first ice-house in England on this principle; it was a small experimental one, but its construction was subsequently improved; and eventually, in 1864, the firm obtained a patent for it. This system proved a decided success, and was adopted under licence by all the leading bacon-curers in Great Britain and Ireland. As a result of the introduction of this new method a considerable demand for ice sprang up at Calne, and large quantities were collected in winter from the canal and other waters in the neighbourhood. When the winter was severe, the ice harvest furnished employment for the numerous hands thrown out of work by the frost; when the winter was mild the bulk of the



THOMAS HARRIS AND SONS, 1887.

ice was imported from Norway. But although the ice-house plan answered well, and insured an even temperature during the process of curing, it has now been superseded in the establishment of Messrs. Thomas Harris & Sons by the more approved method of reducing temperature with refrigerating machinery. This latest innovation, however, has brought with it no change in the actual system of curing the bacon, which remains precisely the same as when the ice-houses were in use. By means of the refrigerating machines a constant temperature of about 40 degrees is maintained in the curing-rooms, although the temperature of the air outside may rise to a hundred and twenty degrees, as it sometimes does in the summer.

About a thousand pigs a week are killed on an average at the factory of Messrs. Thomas Harris & Sons. Each carcase is passed by a machine invented for the purpose into a furnace to be singed; the moment this is accomplished the machine is turned round, the carcase deposited on a block ready to receive it, and a fresh one placed by the same machine in the furnace. When the singeing process is over the carcases are removed to another part of the premises, and there cleaned and dressed. After hanging for a day the sides are taken to the curing-rooms, each carcase, however, being inspected by a member of the Firm, only the very finest sides being branded with their name. The large room devoted to sausage making is fitted up with special machinery for the purpose, and only meat of the very best quality is there used. Ever since the days of the Romans, among whom the sausages of Lucania bore a great reputation, this method of preparing the flesh of swine has been much in favour; and the attention which is given by Messrs. Thomas Harris and Sons to this department of their business is enough to show that the popularity of the ancient dish is not as yet on the wane.

There is no waste permitted in the factory. Every part of the pig is usefully applied to some purpose or other. The bacon, however, is by far the most important product.

Another highly-important article which the factory turns out in large quantities is lard, a commodity for which there is always a great demand. Ingenious machinery is in use for manufacturing this article, which is turned out absolutely pure, without any admixture of any kind whatever. The fat is first subjected to the process of pulping, after which it is conveyed—by machinery, without once being handled—to the boilers and there melted down. Machinery also performs the work of stirring while the fat is being melted. Before being allowed to cool the lard is strained three times; it is then placed in bladders, specially prepared to receive it, and each one stamped with the name of the Firm. An Otto gas-engine is used to supply the motive power to the machinery employed in the process of lard-rendering.

In the early days of Messrs. Thomas Harris & Sons' business there was, of course, no railway at Calne, and the goods were despatched to London by road—a long and tedious journey. When the Great Western Railway Company's main line was opened, passing through Chippenham, railway facilities were brought within six miles of the town. This, however, was not near enough, as the requirements of the bacon trade, for carriage of both pigs and bacon, rendered it most important that the town should be placed in direct railway communication with all parts of the country. The demands of the bacon industry led to the building of a branch line from Chippenham to Calne in 1863; and at the present time many tons of goods are despatched by rail daily from Messrs. Harris & Sons' factory alone. The bacon manufactured by this Firm is supplied, through their agents, to the households of Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Houses of Parliament, &c., &c., and is not only sent throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, but finds its way to the Continent of Europe and, indeed, to the most distant parts of the globe, including India, China, the Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, and numerous other distant places. For keeping in hot climates the bacon is extra-cured and smoked. Although not, strictly speaking, the most nutritive of meats, the flesh of the hog forms a very large proportion of the animal food of most nations, and possesses qualities which make it in some respects a more convenient form of food than the flesh of other animals. It is more easily preserved by salting and drying than any other meat; and its use is often recommended in hot climates on account of the ease with which it can be kept, and in cold ones on account of the heat-giving properties which it derives from the large amount of fat in its composition. The modern developments,

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in the mode of its preservation, of which we have been treating, have also rendered it one of the most palatable adjuncts to the breakfast-table.

A great extension of trade immediately followed the introduction of the ice system of curing bacon into Calne; nor was the extension merely the result of a temporary stimulus, to be shortly followed by a complementary state of relaxation. The growth of trade which was consequent upon the establishment of this new new industry has been permanent. As might easily have been predicted, the development of the Calne bacon trade has proved of considerable benefit to the dairy farmers of Wiltshire and the surrounding counties. They have now a good market close by for their pigs; and since the introduction of the ice system, the market is open to them throughout the summer as well as the winter. During the summer months the by-products of the dairy —whey and buttermilk—constitute a principal part of the food of pigs; and the farmers are thus enabled to turn to good account what would otherwise be almost valueless. Dairy products not only greatly assist the growth and fattening of pigs, but, at the same time, improve the quality of the meat.

Wiltshire has long been famous for its hogs and its bacon; and the district, of which that county is the centre, still produces the finest quality of hogs in the world. Careful attention is now being paid there—as, indeed, it long has been—not only to the feeding of pigs, but to the selection of the best class of animals for converting into bacon. This careful attention to what is really the essential point in the economy of the stock farm—namely, the improvement of the breed—is one of the chief of the causes resulting in the high estimation in which Wiltshire bacon is held; and, next to their own personal care and ability, this must be set down as one of the very first of the conditions which have rendered it possible for Messrs. Thomas Harris & Sons to achieve so great a success in their particular line of business.

(Published in 1887).

* * *

It takes only a little sunshine to make you forget a whole winter.

* * *

Even if you are on the right track, you will be run over if you sit there.

TOTNES.

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

To many of our readers elsewhere the the name of Totnes conveys merely the knowledge that another branch of the family tree exists there, as apart from this, very little is known to them of their colleagues and their activities here. In order to remedy this, one of our members has contributed some lines dealing with the whole of our personnel, with a few pertinent, or impertinent, remarks about each and every one of us, which may possibly give some idea of what the Totnes folk are like.

As the title indicates, our friend appears to have been indulging with more freedom than wisdom during the festive season, so in the unlikely event of anyone's feelings being ruffled, some allowance should be made for the condition of his digestive organs. Well, here is the dream.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE.

It was Christmas day in the homestead,
The pudding was piping hot;
When in came old Bill Northcott,
And swiped the blooming lot.
You should have seen the look on their faces
When they realised their pudding was gone.
Then up spake Charlie Rogers,
And blamed it on Harry Rob-john.
And after that t'was a turmoil,
And events are not quite so clear;
But one thing I do remember,
Was Fred Dash kissing Harry Beer.



There was Miss Kellaway in the corner,
Eating a slice of mince-pie;
Along came young Reg. Gowman,
And said, "What a *naice* boy am I."
Out in the garden was Charlie Harding,
Sowing runners, tomatoes, and pills,

But instead of growing his runners up sticks
He was growing them up Horace Mills.



I spied Walter Granger asleep in the manger,
And snoring away like mad;
When all of a sudden, he woke with a jerk
And started to call out for Dad.
Harold Cumming rode up on a cart-horse,
A motor horn stuck in his nose—
He'd been thrown many times by that bronco,
Judged by the state of his clothes.



He said, "When I shoot from the saddle,
I take a deep breath, then I sneeze,
The horn blows its warning, look out! I am falling,
I'm the man on the flying trapeze."
I heard ring-a-ling, like a load of old tin,
'Twas Nadgy and Ernest John Hall,
Oft on a bike, for a cross-country hike,
Doing the American crawl.
W. J. Tucker soon sang for his supper,
Nothing was left but stale bread and butter.



Somebody said, "Let's have some roast chines,"
So we got out a knife, and cut up Tim Grimes.
"Wr-r-r-rap me up in my old khaki jacket,"
Young Willie Hill sang till he burst.
His Father joined in at the chorus,
Brother Henry helped out with the verse.
Away in a corner I saw Miss Burrell,
With Billy Smith sat down beside her.
She said, "Have a drink, you're sure looking swell,"
He thanked her and called for sweet cider.
Miss Chaffe, from the shop, started shoving
A pig's tail inside Bill Smart's ear.



Bill said, "Now then, Miss, quit this fooling,
You know you can't do that there 'ere."
The silence was broken, there was a great yell,
Harold Doney was hunting his tiger.
Antonio Bindon was selling ice cream,
And George Aplin fell over the fender.
Les Coton was minding the baby,
Ernie Robjohn was having a fit,
'Cos he'd just seen Edwin Tozer
Spraying beer over flies, 'stead of Flit.
George Paginton climbed up the chimney,
Len Rayner then knocked off the pots;
The soot came down like a cloud-burst
And very near smothered Bill Watts.
The beer was saved by Frederick Brown,
Who played his uke as the ship went down.
Far away from over the hills,
Selling rubber balloons, came Carlie Mills.
Miss Edwards sang an old refrain
Which made Jack Tozer moan with pain.
Mr. Friggens then proposed a song,
And called on Mark Phill-pott,
Who sang he was the little boy
That Santa Claus forgot.
The song was interrupted by
A chap called Ernie Smart,
Who cried because he couldn't find
Goosegogs in his apple tart,
Jack made matters far, far worse,
Teaching the parrot how to curse.
Dinky was looking remarkably prim,
His hair was all shiny with Stork margarine.
Fred Weymouth called his storm troops in,
Chapple and Hodge and Gunga Din.
Fireman Joe just rushed about,
And tried to put the moonlight out.
Dick Parks was doing the highland fling,
With a wild young colt from a circus ring.

(continued on page 14).

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

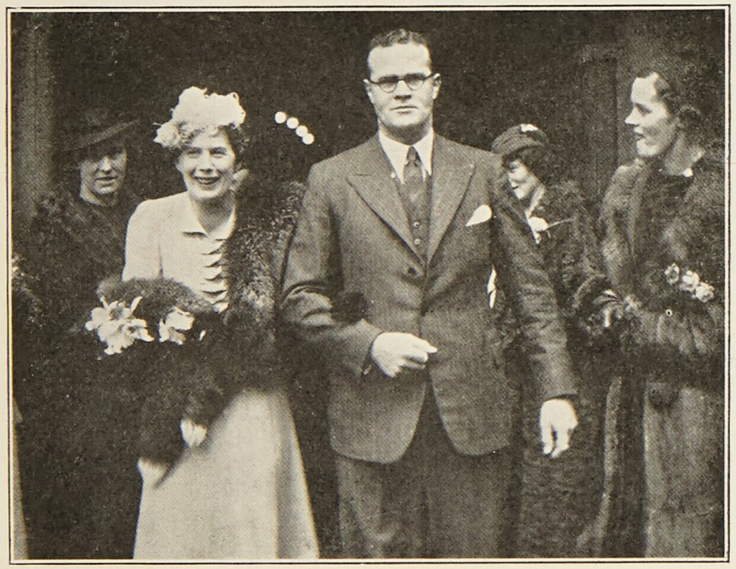
Writing these notes just before Christmas we find copy exceedingly short. We are in the throes of the Christmas trade, and we hope that the final week is going to turn out very successfully and, particularly, that the weather will be kind. There are very many ways in which the weather can be of help to us at a time like this. In the first place we can get right ahead with orders with every confidence, and then there is the very important point with regard to the transit of goods after they leave the Factory; if the weather is foggy, there is a great deal of anxiety as to whether the goods are going to get there at the proper time. The same also applies in the fortunately not frequent case when we get snow during this week. What we look forward to is a really good black frost every day during the week prior to Christmas. After a week of alarms and excursions the Christmas rest is very welcome.

We take this opportunity of wishing our friends on the road, in whatever capacity, a very Happy New Year and a successful 1939. Let us hope that the international situation will settle down and enable us to concentrate on getting right ahead with business.

We sympathise with Mr. K. M. McLeod in the death of his mother, who reached the grand old age of 93.

We congratulate Van Salesman F. S. Patten, of Croydon, on his forthcoming marriage at Christmas, and wish Mr. Patten and his bride every happiness in the future.

J.H.G.



Wedding of Miss G. E. Fellows and Mr. I. H. Royle.

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H.W.A.

HOCKEY SECTION.

On November 12th we had a visit from the Swindon Town Club, and had the satisfaction of beating their 2nd XI by six goals to two. In this match we welcomed a new-comer in Miss Summers. Although our victory was an easy one, the margin of victory could easily have been greater had our forwards attempted first time shots at goal when in the circle. The delay in shooting, which was so apparent, gave our opponents time to attack the scorer and rob her of the shot. Margaret Gegg played as left half-back, and her work was distinguished by accurate marking of her opponent. K. Angell (4) and F. Henly (2) were our scorers.

Home again on November 26th, we were up against a stiff proposition in meeting Trowbridge. The ground was very soft, and we were a little out of practice, the game of the previous week having been scratched. We could do nothing right against a well-balanced and clever team, and we went down to the tune of seven goals to nil. Changes in the team tended to weaken our effectiveness.

Visiting Devizes on December 3rd, a very enjoyable game ended in our defeat by four goals to one. The play hardly justified the division of goals, but the result was justified. Molly Angell scored our only goal.

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

The annual Children's Christmas Carnival will be held on Saturday, January 7th, and the work of organising same is going on apace. The Dramatic Society will again furnish one of their inimitable entertainments, both in the afternoon and early evening. It is hoped that during the evening a new feature will be seen. This depends entirely upon the members themselves. It is proposed that a Talent Discovery Competition be held on similar lines to the well-known Carrol Levis radio shows, and we trust that the many talented people we have in the Factory will come forward and help to make the idea a success. This will take place in the Warehouse, and will supersede a part of the pageantry which has been a feature of our carnival in past years. The following awards will be made in the contest. Such awards will be accorded by a vote of the audience.:—If five entries, two prizes, viz., 12s. 6d. and 5s.; if over five and under eight, three prizes, viz., 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 5s.; if over eight entries, four prizes, viz., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., and 5s. Mr. A. McLean will be the compere.

It will help the organisers if members will make an early application with their ticket requirements.

CLUB NOTES.

TABLE TENNIS.

Two very enjoyable evenings were spent by the table tennis enthusiasts during December.

The 1st team visited the Station Hill T.T. Club, Chippenham, on Thursday, December 13th, where, owing to a late start, the match was unfinished. Out of the 25 games played Chippenham won 15, but this was a fairly satisfactory finish considering that we were losing 13 to 4 at one time. Dobson was our best player, winning four out of five games. Thackeray was next with three out of five.

The musical " ping-pong " of well-fought rallies proved very pleasing to our ears when we had an excellent and evenly-contested match with the second team of the Station Hill T.T. Club, at the Woodlands, on the 15th December. The result, a draw, was a fitting ending to an enjoyable evening. Led by Herbie Webb, the captain who won four out of six, and backed up by C. Rose, who also won four out of six, our seconds played well, and were up to the last quarter of an hour always in the lead. The last few games, as might be expected, were very exciting, and it speaks well for our club who, playing their first match, were able to hold their own against such an experienced club as Chippenham. It is hoped that these two matches are the forerunners of many more, as both our teams are very keen to show their prowess and to improve their style.

* * *

Better a fortune in a wife than with a wife.—PROVERB.

CHIPPENHAM.

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

SKITTLES—VISIT FROM LACOCK.

On Friday, 11th November, 1938, we received a visit from our old friends of the Working Men's Club, at Lacock, and, encouraged with the improved form shown in our last match, we were optimistic enough to hope that we may be able to turn the tables on these old opponents.

From the poor start that was made—only 14 pins for four men—our hope began to fade into pessimism, and if it had not been for a sticky patch in our visitors' side, and an improvement in our remaining players, we should have sustained a nasty shock; but we managed to win the first leg with eight pins.

More consistent bowling was forthcoming from both sides during the second leg, there being little difference between the two teams, but Lacock just managed to secure the lead towards the end and won the leg by two pins.

Lacock now made strenuous efforts to regain the lead, and if it had not been for some remarkable skittling by A. G. Clifford, who found 12 pins, and enabled us to win the leg by four pins, we should have certainly lost the match. Total scores:—

Chippenham	78	80	97—255
Lacock	70	82	93—245

ENTERTAINED BY NESTON.

We made our second visit to the Neston Club on Friday, 25th November, where we were once again received and entertained in a most friendly manner.

It was at Neston that we suffered our heaviest defeat of last season, losing by 75 pins, and the memory of this was still in the minds of some of our players when they entered the alley on this occasion. There is a thing that can be truly said of our team, they always take defeat in a real sporting manner, but, nevertheless, everyone was anxious not to receive a repetition of their previous experience.

Our players started in a most determined manner, and from the first man were able to obtain a lead over their opponents, which they retained right through the first leg, which was won by 12 pins.

Neston started the next leg in much better style, but, encouraged by their lead, our team played with confidence, and the second leg finished with equal figures.

Our hopes of a victory were still present when we commenced on the last stage, but our opponents were going all out to ward off defeat, and it was left to their last man to win the match. He had a most difficult task; we were leading with nine pins, and it was necessary for him to get a spare to rob us of victory. However, he bowled well and found nine pins, which made a draw of 257 a side.

The captains then decided to bowl nine bowls each and try to determine the winners, and here our luck left us, the Neston man scoring 14 against our 10.

Darts and billiards were also indulged in, but unfortunately we were not able to produce a win. Both our men lost their billiards, and the dart match ended in a draw.

CHRISTMAS TOURNAMENTS.

Dart Tournaments for both ladies and gentlemen and a Crib Tournament are in progress. The result of these will have to be held over until the next issue.

AMATEUR CUP.

On Saturday, 14th January, 1939, Chippenham Town receive Gorleston-on-Sea in the first round of the Amateur Cup, and we have a feeling that some of our friends in Suffolk will be interested in this match. We will not venture to predict the result, but naturally, all in Wiltshire will wish the "Town" every success.

The last time Chippenham figured in the first round proper was 11 years ago, during the season of 1927-1928, when the club had the pleasure of welcoming the famous Dulwich Hamlet, whose team included that well-known amateur footballer, Edgar Kail. Many of us still remember this game, which was lost by eight goals to two, and we recall that it was necessary for the Hamlet to make two journeys to Chippenham. On the first occasion they found the ground snow-covered, and the match was postponed for a week.

The period under review was the most successful in the history of the club, the first team winning the Wilts Senior Cup and the Wilts League, Division I., and the reserves winning the Wilts Junior Cup and the Wilts League, Division II. At the time, enquiries were made of the Football Association, in London, but there was no record of any club ever having won all four county competitions in the same season.

Chippenham Town Football Club is one of the oldest in the county, having been formed some 53 years ago, and in those days Rugby was played one week and Soccer the next, there not being enough clubs of one code to make a full fixture list.

During latter years the Wilts League football has been forsaken, the club becoming members of the Western League, Division II., which includes several semi-professional teams, and Bristol City and Bristol Rovers, but all the players who wear the black and white shirts are amateurs, and include four county players.

We have a special interest in the "doings" of the club, because one of our employees—Mr. G. Warne—has played regularly for the team for a number of years. Our sympathy goes out to George, who has been robbed of taking part in this year's success owing to an injury received in the early part of the season.

The following shows the progress the club has made in the Cup Competition this season:—

Devizes	3—2
Spencer Moultons	2—1
Westbury United (Wilts League Champions for last 2 years)	6—1
Melksham	9—0
Clevedon (home)	3—2
Clevedon (away)	1—1

W.H.W.

WORKS COUNCIL.

As a result of the election, held on Thursday, November 10th, 1938, the retiring members, Messrs. J. Baker, J. Burchell, H. Butler, G. Hazell, and P. Rogers, were all re-elected to serve for the ensuing year. We congratulate these gentlemen on the renewed confidence of their fellow employees and hope they will have another very happy year of office.

Our Chief, who is President, sent the new Works Council his best wishes for their usefulness and happiness.

W.V.L.

DUNMOW.

Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

THE SPORTS AND SOCIAL CLUB

As an appreciation of the Recreation Hall I would like to present some of its activities which are now being competed for with keen interest.

Firstly, we have a good table tennis team. This game is popular amongst us, and the table is very much in demand at the lunch hour, and in the evenings. Our team has entered the Bishop's Stortford Table Tennis League, and so far has been successful in winning all the matches. We hope our Flitch boys will finish at the top of the Table.

BILLIARDS.—We have some good billiards players also, and several matches have been arranged for the season. Of the three played at the time of writing we have won one, and the other two ended in a draw. We hope to have a Billiard Competition in full sway shortly, and the prize, I understand, is a cup, to be given by our Managing Director. We wish the billiards players success in their efforts, and much enjoyment out of the competition.

DARTS.—This is a very popular game everywhere these days, and we have quite a number of good players on our staff. Several matches have been arranged for them. We entered "The People" Darts Competition with high hopes, but although drawn at home in the first round, we suffered a 0—2 defeat. We have played five matches to date, three of which we have won. This is really quite a good beginning. We wish this section good luck in the future.

SOCIAL.—We had our first invitation whist drive on Saturday, 26th November, when over 40 people were present. The visitors praised and commented on our nice cosy room, and hoped that more drives would be forthcoming in the near future. We hope to extend a welcome to our visitors once a month. The duties of M.C. were ably carried out by our friend, Mr. T. Walsh, better known as Timmy. The prizes were presented by Mr. Hooper. Mr. Culpin, in a little speech, said that he hoped everyone had enjoyed the evening as much as he had, and he looked forward to meeting them at the next drive. We are very fortunate in having a splendid staff of ladies at our Office, and

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we do appreciate the way in which they help us with the refreshments, both at our whist drives, and at our various matches.

GENERAL.—This is just a brief summary of our sporting activities. We hope we are doing our bit in encouraging clean, healthy sport, and thus enabling our men to have many happy memories of the Hall so kindly provided for us. C.P.W.

POPPY DAY IN CAMBRIDGE.

Although to many November 11th is a day of sad remembrance, in Cambridge it is also a time when the Undergraduates set out to raise the utmost amount of money for Earl Haig's Fund. The hard work they put in is astounding, and this is one time when the Town v. Gown controversy is shelved. Last year they raised £2,500, and this year hope to do even better, and every penny is well earned.

The first activities commenced soon after the Two Minutes' Silence. A weird and wonderful procession began to wend its way through the streets, all helpers armed with the most amusing collecting-boxes, ranging from glass dummy legs to frying pans and cardboard beer bottles, which were all dangled so invitingly before the public that they "stumped up" quite willingly. The procession was headed by the skirl of bagpipes, and the pipers made a brave show with their swinging kilts. Of course, there was "Hitler," complete with gutteral German and little moustache, shaking hands with "Mr. Chamberlain," also complete with despatch case and umbrella. This was a favourite tableau. There was also Mr. Adolf Foort on his mighty "Wurlitzer"—a barrel organ mounted on a cart. Several land-ladies must have lost their sheets, as "Ladies of the Harem" ran thick and fast. A lonely troubadour ambled along with a little reedy voice, and hundreds of others, with costumes both amusing and grotesque, too numerous to describe.

In the afternoon the scene shifted to a large Common in the town, and here the ingenuity of the students had full sway. Among numerous side-shows there was a sad little piglet who wanted his weight guessed for 3d. There was also racing with white mice—well, racing is hardly the word for it, as the mice merely ambled back to the holes from which they had been released. Heavy rain, which fell during the evening, abruptly ended this part of the programme, which was continued at a Town Cafe.

We must certainly hand it to these boys for a wonderful free show, and for expending so much energy on behalf of such a deserving cause. S.L.H.

FLIGHT.

High in the heavens, far above the old rookery, the man-made bird, gleaming in the sunlight, is carrying out wonderful and intricate evolutions, diving, rolling, looping, answering to every touch of the skilled hands at its controls. Tiring eventually of his aerial acrobatics, the pilot reverts to straight flying, preparatory to landing, only to find his machine unaccountably hurtling earth-wards at ever increasing speed, completely beyond his control. There is a rending crash as its mad plunge terminates in the rookery, and a cloud of frightened birds rise from the tree tops. Cawing, they circle and dive and roll, and sometimes almost loop. Then they straighten out for a landing, and each and all come safely to rest on apparently ridiculously inadequate perches. Below lies the pitiable remains of one of the greatest achievements of modern invention.

RAMBLER.

OUR MONTHLY HOWL.

An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes; a pessimist looks after your feet.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE

(continued from page 9.)

Tom Harvey said, "Folks, look at me!"
I'll say he did look posh,



Two cockatoos had gone to roost
On the ends of his waxed moustache.
Just then I heard an awful din—
Fernie Stoyles was trying to ring
The Old Year out and the New One in
With a pair of tongs and a biscuit tin.
Then quick as a flash it came to an end,
And I'm sure my ways I'm going to mend,
'Cos I fell out of bed with a frightful thump;
Now I'm walking around with a bruise and a lump.

WILLIAM SHAKE-A-LEG.

EASTLEIGH.

Edited by L. S. JONES.

FOOTBALL.

In the first round of the Hampshire Junior Cup, on November 5th, we entertained Eastleigh Albion. Our visitors are having a very successful season, and, as we anticipated, a very keen game was witnessed.

We opened the scoring through Richardson, who scored with a well-controlled drive after Angell had beaten several opponents to give him the pass. Our opponents, however, gradually had more of the play, and serious lapses by our defenders enabled them to lead us at half-time by three goals to one.

The second half opened with our fellows attacking persistently, and after a short while Bath, our inside right, reduced the arrears with a shot which entered the net near the post. We continued to have much more of the play, but the close passing of our forwards and halves simply played into the hands of our hard-kicking opponents.

When the Albion attacked, however, they were far more dangerous than our forwards, simply because they took the shortest way to goal, and this, in Junior football, certainly pays. Our fellows were soon on the offensive again, but once more good approach work broke down in the penalty area through too much juggling with the ball. Towards the close Richardson missed a grand chance to equalise, and the game finished with the result:—

Four Counties Sports	2
Eastleigh Albion	3

We think ourselves a trifle unlucky to have lost, especially as our opponents' third goal, in the opinion of the spectators, was offside. However, the team contributed toward their own downfall by their failure to hit the ball first time, and until this is remedied they will not be a power in the League.

Ervine played his usual polished and skilful game at inside left, and it may be interesting to many of our Calne readers to know that he has not lost any of his old touches. L. Toogood also made a welcome re-appearance at left back, and he was one of the best defenders. Of the forwards little can be said. Their approach work was good, but when the penalty area was reached —"Oh, my goodness!"

On Saturday, November 19th, we played our return game with the Rifle Depot, Winchester.

The Riflemen are the present League leaders, and, as we expected, a very keen and exciting game was witnessed. Play commenced with a determined onslaught on our goal by the League leaders, but we fought back, and playing better together than in any previous match, we began to get on top.

It was against the run of the play when the Depot scored the first goal; hesitancy on the part of our defence was to blame. Play still remained keen, although neither goal-keeper was seriously troubled, as both defences were kicking the ball with accuracy and power. The score at the interval was one goal against us.

Our fellows, eager to make up the deficiency, started the second half with a bang, and were constantly on the attack. It was no surprise when we drew level, Richardson scoring with a neat effort after good work by Saint and Angell. Urged on by the shouts of their supporters, our team were easily on top at this stage, and Richardson scored another good goal, which entered the net off the far post. This made the score 2—1 in our favour.

The Rifle Depot now began to strain every nerve to get on terms. No doubt they could imagine their unbeaten record going. With only about quarter of an hour to go R. Jannaway had the bad luck to give away a penalty; from this the Depot scored. The stage was now set for a ding-dong battle, and for the last ten minutes both teams tried all they knew. The League leaders scored the winning goal with only about two minutes to go, and thus ended an exciting match in which we lost by three goals to two.

Whilst writing on football, we must say it is pleasing to note the marked improvement in the whole team's display.

"Chum" Garnett came back, after his "holiday" from football, to play an astonishingly good game at right back, and we can safely say our right back position is now settled. Of the forwards, Richardson played a good game, especially in the second half; we are pleased to see he has found his shooting boots again. Saint, at outside left,

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also played well, although we are convinced that this clever little player is not made as much use of as he should be.

However, if our fellows play throughout the season as well as they did in this game we shall be knocking on the door when the honours are available at the close.

E.A.S.

There were no games on November 12th and 26th.

We of the Welfare Association are pleased to see so many lady spectators at our matches, both home and away. We do not know whether it is the " Robert Taylor " appearance of our team, or whether we serve up the kind of football the ladies appreciate ; anyway, we welcome them just the same.

We should also like to know what fair admirer worked F.C.S. on a prominent player's jersey for him, and whether she saw the match against Eastleigh Albion ?

We are also pleased to see our " Bill " has decided to give his feet a rest and to give his head a chance. This, strangely enough, served him to better advantage in the Cup match.

We should like to know the member of our community who aroused a whole village, including the Police force, when he found his trusty steed missing from the hitch rail of the village local one night.

It is rumoured that a member of his family removed the relic for fun. We are still wondering why he was in a rough sea that night ? Our advice to him is, steer clear of these waters in future, they apparently harbour treacherous reefs.

E.A.S.



The first of the winter series of matches of indoor games was held in the Welfare Hut on Wednesday evening, November 23rd, when appropriately enough our guests were the staff of the Warnford Farm Estate. It was an appreciated gesture on Mr. Chester's part to come along, bringing a good party of his employees to participate in the various games.

The first match was that of table tennis between Mr. Taylor and Mr. Chester, in which the latter was the winner in a very interesting struggle. The games of billiards, darts, and table tennis were soon well under way, and it was not long before the room was full of excitement as the friendly rivalry proceeded.

Refreshments were provided during the interval, and a word of praise is due to the men behind the scenes for their part in the catering, as their efforts went a long way towards the success of the evening.

Continuing the second half of the programme, our observer watched the games in progress, to which had now been added cards, draughts, and dominoes, and it was evident by the look on the faces of those taking part that everyone was really having a good time. Eventually, at 10.30, the results were announced, in which we ran out victors by 19 events to six.

In fairness to our visitors it must be said that our fellows were on the top of their form, and, with long practice, they held a distinct advantage.

It was a pleasant evening in all respects, and in conclusion Mr. Chester, in a witty speech, thanked Mr. Taylor and the Eastleigh Welfare Association for the kind hospitality, and extended an invitation to Warnford at a not too distant date.

* * *

" PALTRY NOTES."

The female of the species is so called because its henergy is hentirely hengaged in the eggsacting but eggscellent occupation of producing eggs.

Eggs are used to produce chickens and chickens eventually produce eggs. This is known as an eggnigma.

Eggs are made up of three parts—the yolk in the centre, the stuff which surrounds it, and the shell.

The yolk is so called because it would be no yolk if it wasn't in the centre.

The surrounding stuff is there so that the shell can keep it in.

The shell is outside, and is therefore all it is cracked up to be.

All this proves how cracked we are—so we now make our eggsit. " BATTS."

Is it true that the Kidlington tug-of-war team trains on Jacketted Pans ?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER, No. 4.

1.—One person can walk a certain distance in four hours, and another person in six hours. How long would it take them both together ?

2.—Which would you rather have, a ton of half-sovereigns or half a ton of sovereigns ?

3.—If I call every sheep's tail a leg, how many legs would 20 sheep have ?

4.—If a camel can carry 10cwt. on its back for 100 miles, how far would it be able to carry 100 tons ?

5.—Which is the dearer, a ton of potatoes at ½d. a pound, or half a ton at a penny a pound ?

6.—If three cats can kill three rats in three minutes, how many cats can kill 100 rats in 100 minutes ?

Solutions on Page 27.

* * *

TIME, GENTLEMEN.

Redruth last month did not complete their sad soliloquy on the " Tempus Fugit," and " We *are* getting on " theme.

May I suggest that the couplets run—

Years seem	Months.
Months	Weeks.
Weeks	Days.
Days	Hours.
Hours	Minutes.
Minutes	Seconds.
	Seconds Out.
	TIME . . .

* * *

It was a very dark night and one of our friends left the village inn with a parcel tucked underneath his arm. He tied this parcel to the carrier of his cycle and departed for home ; whereupon there was a dreadful smash. He had tied it to the back wheel. It must have been *very* dark.

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

Here's wishing everyone a very Happy New Year, and we trust that 1939 will prove to be more peaceful and prosperous than ever before to peoples of every nation, and it is up to every one of us to endeavour to make it so. It is only by the co-operation and determination of the individual that this can be accomplished. Let our thoughts, words, and actions be governed by the spirit of justice and fair play; we shall then not only be making our own land, but other lands, green and pleasant to live in and build a new Jerusalem.

We have to offer our congratulations to Mr. D. H. Smith, of the Creamery staff, in securing seventh place in competition in the Farmers' class of ex-students of the Somerset County Council Farm Institute, at Cannington, for the making of Caerphilly Cheese, he being " Commended " by the judges for the cheese put in for competition, and we may add it is all the more gratifying to him as the cheese selected was taken from bulk ordinary make, and not specially made for competition.

The Committee of our Welfare Association met for their usual monthly " pow-wow " on Tuesday evening, 15th November, to make final arrangements for the whist drive and dance fixed for Friday, the 18th, at the Beach Cafe, Burnham-on-Sea, and also to discuss in what form our " Annual " shall take in January, when our President will be with us, as it is the desire of the Committee to meet the wishes of its members.

The whist drive and dance, as organised by the Committee, took place on Friday, the 18th November, at the Beach Cafe, Burnham-on-Sea, and was a success so far as organisation is concerned, but the attendance was far from being what it might have been. This may be accounted for by the very inclement weather on that evening. The accommodation was good and the company good, and we cannot understand the apathy. To those who did not try to be " sociable " we offer a request that they will in future back up those who work hard and give up

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time for these occasions. We can safely say that everyone there had a good time.

SPORTS.

ANNE KIDLEY CUP COMPETITION

The second round of this competition was played on our usual alley on Friday, 11th November, some 28 competitors taking part and, as will be seen by the result, a change has taken place in the "lead," and we really believe the Outside Staff are endeavouring to follow the suggestion made in a previous issue that they should try to "top" the Office staff this season. Now is your chance to make this competition the more interesting and exciting than ever before.

Results are as follows :—

Place.	*Name.*	*1st Rd.*	*2nd.*	*Totl.*
1.—	S. Sandy	52	54—	106
2.—	W. J. Young	57	47—	104
3.—	E. Cann	55	48—	103
4.—	R. Harding	56	46—	102
5.—	H. B. Blackmore	50	51—	101
6.—	H. Hardwidge	45	53—	98
	W. J. Pople	50	48—	98
7.—	F. Pople	48	48—	96
8.—	S. T. Hardwidge	53	39—	92
	R. C. Lynham	50	42—	92
9.—	H. J. Beasley	43	48—	91
	R. Hooper	42	49—	91
10.—	W. H. G. Young	43	47—	90
11.—	A. King	49	38—	87
	H. D. Smith	43	44—	87
12.—	C. B. Shier	48	38—	86
13.—	J. Young	43	42—	85
	H. Ham	42	43—	85
14.—	C. Cross	40	43—	83
	H. Harding	45	38—	83
15.—	H. C. Marsh	46	36—	82
16.—	W. H. G. Young, sen.	42	39—	81
17.—	W. Aish	41	39—	80
18.—	R. Gibbs	39	35—	74
19.—	C. Turner	48	——	48
20.—	A. Solomon	47	—	47
21.—	R. S. Phillpotts	45	—	45

C. B. Shier, *Sports Secretary.*

LEAGUE SKITTLE TEAM.

We have to congratulate our team on getting a couple of wins this past month, and this should encourage our members to do better in the future. We have several young amateurs coming along and doing well, but we do miss the experience of several of our "professionals," who can always be depended upon to make a good score. Unfortunately they are prevented from helping us this season, through other engagements.

BRITISH LEGION NOTES.

Now, Mr. Editor, as some of your readers are keen Legionaires, it may not be amiss to let you know some of our doings down this end at Burnham. The branch cannot at the moment class with Highbridge, as they are well placed in the county for members and efficiency, but we, at Burnham, are endeavouring to arouse ourselves to compete with our successful neighbour, and have the privilege of using the local Territorial Hall, by kind permission of the Officers, for meetings and for sport once a week. For the information of your readers, we have managed, after a struggle, to induce our National Chairman to visit us in the New Year. We are holding our annual supper on Wednesday, the 4th January, at the Burnham Town Hall, and the National Chairman (Major Sir Fetherstone-Godley, O.B.E., D.L.), will be our guest of honour, and should any of our friends be in the vicinity, we should be pleased to make them welcome.

* * *

IN MEMORIAM.

Britain mourns the passing of another brilliant scholar and fine personality, Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, at the early age of 57.

May the following message be an inspiration to us all. It was part of an Ode to the University of Leeds, written by Professor Abercrombie and read at the Jubilee celebration in 1924 :—

This, then, is yours : to build exultingly
High, and yet more high.
The knowledgeable towers above base wars
And sinful surges reaching up to lay
Dishonouring hands upon your work, and drag
From their uprightness your desires to lag
Among low places with a common gait
That so man's mind, not conquer'd by his clay,
May sit above his fate :
Inhabiting the purpose of the stars,
And trade with his eternity.

IPSWICH.

Edited by J. E. SMITH.

EDITORIAL.

Our thanks are extended to those who have provided copy or offered suggestions for the Magazine during the past year. We shall endeavour to maintain a high standard of effort during the year ahead, relying on the co-operation of all at Ipswich.

In the February issue we are to be favoured by a special article contributed by Mr. H. Spencer, of the Ipswich Museum, dealing with reptiles which were inhabiting this planet 150 million years ago.

Thinking of animals, during the past year strange "things" have visited our coasts. Mr. Haste tells us that a bottle-nosed whale found itself in the river Trent, near Scunthorpe, in Lincolnshire, where it became stranded and was shot by fishermen. This is an animal very rarely seen on the East Coast. It weighed 3½ tons, and was 25ft. in length.

A strange monster was seen by experienced fishermen at Southwold. From its description it could not have been a whale. A scientist mentioned a squid, a very large octopus type of fish, which is found in tropical waters.

From the Black Water estuary, in Essex, we hear of the capture of a broad bill sword fish, weighing 450lbs. This, too, is a resident of tropical waters, and is very uncommon in the North Sea, though a capture some years ago at Great Yarmouth is on record. The sword of this fish was 33ins. long, and 4ins. broad at the base, tapering to a sharp point. The sword, it is believed, is used to stun small fish, on which it feeds.

Constant reports from reliable sources, such as experienced captains' logs, of peculiar monsters cannot be entirely ignored, or dismissed as simply a flight of imagination, and the fact of the capture of these rare visitors may be the answer to some of the mythical "sea serpent" tales.

J. E. Smith.

FACTORY NEWS.

November, usually a very dull and dreary month, surprised us all with some remarkably fine weather, and we hope that December will behave itself in like manner.

Of Factory news we have but little to impart, the month being singularly uneventful. Owing, probably, to the imminence of the new scheme, deliveries of pigs have been smaller than of late, but we are hoping for better supplies in December.

The Factory bill of health is excellent—"it's Ipswich for immunity from illness"!—and our Sports and Social Club Committee are already hatching divers plots for our annual social, of which more anon.

November 20th was a red-letter day to Mr. S. Teager (Slaughter Department), who on that date was married to Miss Doris Rackham, of Ipswich. Our good wishes to the happy pair were expressed in the customary fashion.

By the time these lines are read 1938 will have passed, and a New Year will have dawned. A Happy New Year to you all, our friends and fellow-workers in all the Branches of our House. May work be plentiful, and contentment assured.

A. H. Mackenzie.

A SHORT SEA TRIP ON A COASTING STEAMER.

It was a Wednesday night in June when the captain and I mounted the bridge and the telegraph was rung "Stand by," and after a few quick orders, "Let go aft" and "Forrar'd," the engineers were ordered to "Easy ahead," and in a few minutes we were going through Ipswich lock gates, and as soon as Captain Brasted, the Lock Master, gave us the "all clear" signal the engines were ordered full speed ahead. Half-way down the river at Butterman's Bay the vessel was slowed down, owing to a large grain vessel of about 8,000 tons being moored to the buoys. The ship that is under way has to exercise reasonable care when passing a ship so moored.

We soon saw the lights of Felixstowe and Harwich, and passed close enough to the Bell Buoy, in Harwich Harbour, to hear its somewhat mournful ringing, and so out to sea, passing the "Cork" lightship. A fresh wind was blowing and a moderate sea which, in the darkness, looked very uninviting. Having wrapped myself in a sweater and overcoat, I decided to stay on the open bridge rather than to remain in the wheel house, and by this time the warning

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rays from the Orford lighthouse could be seen, and except for a ship or two passing there was nothing more of interest until we reached and passed the St. Nicholas light-ship, off Yarmouth. Daylight was dawning, and the coast could be seen until we reached Cromer. Crossing the "Wash," and losing sight of land altogether, I felt I was really at sea. At seven a.m. the cook-steward appeared, quite a youngster who had only done a few trips, and I helped him to cook our breakfast.

My first meal in the dining saloon, with the captain and first mate, was very enjoyable. Having been up on deck all night, I was hungry. There was also a comforting feeling that I was not forced to shave and go off to business.

The captain, who could speak all sorts of languages, and Peter, a typical Scot as first mate, were a couple of hard cases, born to the sea. Both smoked hard plug tobacco. and I listened intently as they narrated to me their varied experiences.

There were quite a number of steamers as we reached the mouth of the River Humber, waiting for the tide or a pilot. The cook, looking through the ship's glasses at the lighthouse at Spurn Point, told me his home was at the Spurn and his father was a lifeboatman there. Two hours steaming up the Humber brought us to the town dock, at Hull.

The next day I went on a ferry boat and crossed the Humber to New Holland, where I boarded a train, stopping at Grimsby and other stations, finally reaching Cleethorpes, a seaside resort at the mouth of the Humber. At the pier, as entertainers, were Petulengro and his Romany Band. Petulengro claims to be a descendant of a very old gipsy race, and he has often been heard speaking from the B.B.C.

Saturday morning the cook and I did some shopping, procuring fresh meat, vegetables, and the dry goods. The captain and Peter were agreeably surprised when they found roast lamb and mint sauce dished up for dinner, and I was appointed chief steward (unpaid) forthwith. We left Hull bound for Grangemouth, in Scotland, and rounding Spurn Head, we were once more at sea, passing Bridlington and Flamborough Head, after which land could only be faintly seen, and I wished we were on a voyage of adventure and discovery. The captain, however, did not take kindly to my suggestion to carry out a similar escapade to that of the "Girl Pat."

Coming closer inland we reached Farne Islands, one of which possesses the famous Longstone lighthouse. This held me fascinated as it was here that Grace Darling made history, and it was not very difficult to visualise the scene of Grace Darling in a small boat, her long hair flowing in the wind, helping her father to row to a ship in distress.

Shortly after passing the Farne Islands, we came up to and passed Holy Island, and passing Berwick, in Northumberland, we were soon looking on the shores of bonnie Scotland, passing St. Abbs Head, and coming still closer to the land that by the time North Berwick was reached we could see the people ashore having their Sunday walk. Berwick Castle, too, could be seen quite plainly, and we were soon at the entrance to the Firth of Forth, and commencing with the Bass Rock, the six hours steaming up this Forth is full of interest. I had passed the Bass Rock about 30 years ago, in a sailing vessel bound to Leith, with my father as captain, and I remember how glad I was to get into smooth water after a week at sea, and for the most part no land in sight. I could see Burnt Island on our starboard, and Leith and Portobello on our port, and by about midnight we passed under the Forth Bridge, that mighty structure of iron and steel trellis work which took seven years to build. We passed St. Rosyth, a naval base—Atlantic liners go here to be broken up—arriving off Grangemouth at about two a.m. Landing at Grangemouth, I went on a bus to Falkirk and Bo'ness.

The following day the captain and I went by motor coach to Glasgow, and after a walk round the city we paid a visit to the Glasgow Exhibition, where we had almost everything that Scotland had to offer, from Haggis to Butter Scotch. Arriving back in the city, we boarded a tram to the bus park and, to our surprise, the fare was only a half-penny each—English Corporations could to advantage copy Glasgow in this respect. There is something about the scenery and the people of Scotland that appeal to most people. I noticed, too, that the motor coaches all had lady conductors.

We loaded and left Grangemouth bound to Middlesbrough, passing an Aircraft Carrier, and it was interesting to watch the airplanes, or seaplanes, taking off and returning to the carrier at short intervals.

We took in about 50 tons of cargo at Middlesbrough, and in a few hours we were out to sea again. The wind now increased to gale force, and the cook and one of the sailors were suffering from mal-de-mer. I enjoyed getting tea ready holding on with one hand and the ship doing its best to make me part company with the crockery that I carried in the other. Needless to say I didn't run the risk of washing up; besides, I was anxious to get on the bridge and watch our stout little ship battling against the elements.

We had turned homewards, passing Flamboro' Head, Bridlington, and Withernsea, calling at Hull, leaving there on the Saturday afternoon for Ipswich. There were quite a number of ships leaving and arriving. One fairly large liner, the City of Nagpur, was dressed ship (beflagged from stem to stern), and preparing to leave for a cruise with what looked like several hundreds of passengers aboard. By the time we reached Immingham she passed us, and there were vessels all about us, that we appeared to be somewhat in a traffic jam, some of them blowing their sirens, which have their various interpretations. One short blast meaning "I am going to port," two blasts "I am going to starboard," three blasts "I am going astern." The captain had an almost uncanny way of telling me the names of the ships approaching long before anybody could read their names.

With the aid of glasses, as night fell, I could see the light of the Cromer lighthouse. A few hours later we were off Aldeburgh, and we followed the coast up into Harwich harbour and back to Ipswich.

As a complete change of thought and environment and freedom, give me a seaman's holiday.

B. J. HASTE.

GLEANINGS.

These Laundries.

Blink: My laundry sends back my shirts with different buttons sewn on them.

Blank: You don't know when you are well off. My laundry sends back my buttons with different shirts sewn on them.

* * *

Surprise Packet.

Employee: Please, sir, may I have the day off to get married?

Boss: Married? What young idiot is going to marry a clerk getting 50s. a week?

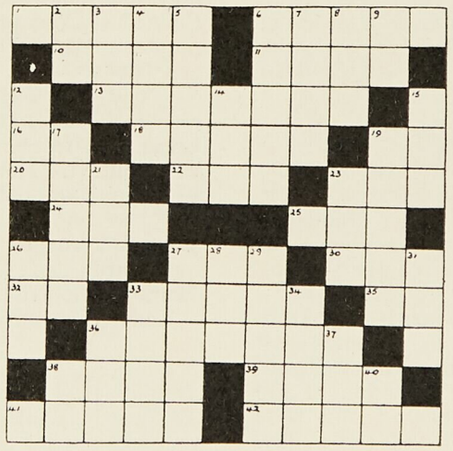
Employee: Er——, your daughter, sir.

* * *

Heard at the Motor Show.

A motorist was asked if he had tried a new atomiser, which is said to halve petrol consumption. "Rather," he replied, "it

THE IPSWICH CROSSWORD (No. 1.)



The solution will appear next month.

ACROSS.

1.—Half door.
6.—Abuse.
10.—Goes alone.
11.—Command.
13.—Reassembles.
16.—Roman coin.
18.—Implied.
19.—Egyptian God of Sun.
20.—Eddy.
22.—Home of the pig.
23.—Coarse part of hemp.
24.—Waterfall.
25.—Game at marbles.
26.—Bullock.
27.—One hundred thousand rupees.
30.—Mountain peak.
32.—Clumsy beast.
33.—These leave a hole.
35.—Refuses.
36.—Recovers.
38.—Ornament.
39.—Unpopular in the garden.
41.—Prove.
42.—Beginning of beautiful things.

DOWN.

2.—Likewise.
3.—High hill.
4.—Vice.
5.—Consists of nothing.
6.—Lustrous.
7.—Sea fish.
8.—Silly person.
9.—Motor cycle's race for this (abb.)
12.—Equal.
14.—Indian pillar.
15.—Steer out of course.
17.—Flint.
19.—A second growth of grass.
21.—And thence cometh bacon.
23.—Flap.
26.—Sun.
27.—Cottage.
28.—Consumed.
29.—Champs.
31.—Pin.
33.—It helps you to decide.
34.—Widgeon.
36.—Furnish.
37.—Discern.
38.—Means railroad.
40.—Doctor of Divinity.

(All words to be found in Nuttalls' Standard Dictionary).

DON SHERWOOD.

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did all the makers claimed for it and saved 50 per cent. of my petrol. I also bought a new carburettor, which saved 30 per cent., got another brand of petrol which saved 20 per cent., and some special sparking plugs which saved another 10 per cent. Then I took the car out for a test run, and would you believe it, the petrol tank overflowed before I had gone five miles.

* * *

No Joke.

The orderly sergeant was making his tour of inspection. " Any complaints ? " he boomed.

" This Irish stew's funny," grumbled one soldier.

" Oh, is it ? " said the sergeant, " Then why ain't you laughin' ? "

* * *

Said the diner: Bring me a Welsh rarebit, a lobster salad, roast pork and fried potatoes, a pint of stout, some Camembert cheese—and an ice.

The waiter gasped and hurried away. The next minute he returned with the manager: " Would you sign this, sir ? " asked the latter, presenting a list of the things ordered. " Why ? " asked the diner. " So that we can show it to the Coroner."

W. O. Mills.

* * *

THIS MONTH'S HINTS.

For the Motorist.

To prevent the car windscreen steaming on frosty or wet mornings, rub over the inside of the windscreen with a cloth sprinkled with glycerine.

* * *

For the Housewife.

If you find that your chairs rub the wall, leaving an unsightly mark, a simple remedy is to fix strips of quarter beading at the base of the skirting board. Then stain or paint the beading to match the skirting board.

Unsightly scratches on polished furniture can be partially removed by rubbing equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine well into the wood, always in the direction of the grain. Or, by running dark brown shoe polish into the wood, leaving for a day. Continue this process until the mark has taken a more general shade, then polish hard with clean cloth.

K. C. Downes.

KIDLINGTON.

Edited by L. STOCKDALE.

Now that the winter evenings are here again, the recreation hut is constantly in use. The Committee have arranged a series of matches, consisting of darts, table tennis, billiards, and snooker, with Social Clubs around the district, the first of these being played on Friday, December 9th, against a team from our own village.

The latest improvement in the hut is the installation of a central heating plant, which ensures a constant tempreature of 60, and we all thank Mr. Bodinnar for his generosity. We also take this opportunity of thanking Mr. F. Gale for taking such a keen interest in all our social activities.

The Committee, in endeavouring to foster enthusiasm amongst players, have kindly offered a cup to be held for twelve months by the member scoring the highest break at billiards.

Although it is impossible to meet other branches at these games, may we suggest dart matches to be played through the post. We invite all branches who may be interested to send any suggestions to our secretary.

The annual general meeting was held in the Club Room on Friday, December 2nd, and the following were elected as Works Council representatives for the next twelve months :—R. Cross, J. Onslow, and L. Stockdale.

The share-out of the Benevolent Fund also took place, the record sum of 10s. 5d. being paid to members with the full year's contribution. Here are a few of the figures lifted from the balance-sheet :—

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Balance brought forward	8 0 3	
Member's Contributions	23 2 0	
	31 2 3	
Benefits paid to Members		4 2 6
Balance in Bank		26 19 9
		£31 2 3

This amount was shared out after provision was made for a balance of 5s. per member being carried forward. The amount

in the Special Reserve Fund now stands at £30 7s. 11d. It speaks well for the health of the members that such an excellent balance-sheet was able to be presented.

Our heartiest thanks to Mr. R. Fair-brother for the services he has rendered as secretary of the fund.

One of our amateur gardeners, as a point of interest, wishes to publish a list of outdoor flowers, seen in bloom, in the month of December.

They are :—Roses, rock roses, dahlias, hollyhocks, marigolds, geraniums, polyanthus, chrysanthemum, candytuft, carnations, lupin, antirrhinums, aubretia, nepeta, campanula, rock phlox, sweet peas.

Perhaps gardeners elsewhere could add to this list. If so, we should like to hear through the medium of this Magazine.

One of our young men, a keen pig feeder, sent some into the Factory to be slaughtered, and wishing to taste the fruits of his labour, purchased one of the pig's heads, inserted a piece of barbed wire through the snout, so that it could be easily recognised, and gave it to the man responsible for washing them, saying that he particularly wanted this head for his Ma as she had always been so fond of Bette; Bette evidently being the name of the unfortunate pig.

WHIST DRIVES.

Finding that the whist drives held in the Club Room every fortnight were very popular, the Committee decided to run them every week. This, up to the present, has proved very successful.

A grand Christmas drive has been planned for December 21st, when it is hoped that the Club Room will be filled to capacity, thanks to those who have helped by selling tickets, advertising the drive, and in various other ways.

To mark the coming of the George Formby film, " Keep Fit," the management of the Sterling Cinema, Kidlington, organised a walking contest from Gloucester Green, Oxford, to the cinema, a distance of about five miles. The prizes were £3 for the winner, £1 for the second, 10s. for the third, and four consolation prizes of 2s. 6d.

There were over 20 entries for the event, but the heavy clouds and drizzling rain apparently made many of these entrants think better of it, as only seven went to the post, amongst these being Mr. W. Hillier, better known to his friends at Calne as Jack.

The start was made at 1.20 p.m., and our representative, finding his sea legs soon, took the lead, which he held throughout the distance, clocking in at Kidlington at 2.10. A large crowd witnessed the finish, and many of Jack's workmates, who were present, gave the winner a rousing welcome.

We at Kidlington send our best wishes to our friends at all the other branches for a bright and prosperous New Year.

Our photograph this week is of " Jack " Hillier, our Foreman. Always in the forefront when sport is mentioned, he does



much hard work in connection with the Social Club. Rumour has it that the little rabbit, also in the photograph, did not end its short career by Jack's sure aim, but by a stoat.

* * *

It is a fact that one of our girls found a threepenny-piece in a bag of Scotch oatmeal, incredible though it seems.

LEEDS.

Edited by G. C. CAMPBELL.

Leeds is the most important centre for building societies in England, and it is fitting that its Town Hall is such a noble example of architecture in the classic style.,

It was opened by Queen Victoria on September 7th, 1858, amid scenes of " great rejoicing and festivity."

The building is of stone, and looks like the palace of a King. It forms a rectangle of 250ft. by 200ft., stands on an elevated platform, and is surrounded by Corinthian columns.

South, or principal facade, is approached by a flight of steps 135ft. in length, with pedestals at each end, surmounted by lions couchant.

The tower rises in the centre of this facade. It is surmounted by a roof 225ft. in height, containing a bell weighing more than four tons. On this bell the hours are struck.

Most notable entrance is under the south portico, which consists of an arch 32ft. high and 21ft. wide. The lower part encloses three doors of rich design in wrought and cast iron work glazed.

Inside is the Victoria Hall, regarded as one of the finest municipal halls in England. It contains a spacious orchestra and a fine organ. At one time or another most of the great statesmen of the last 75 years have spoken in it.

The growth of Leeds from the home of the woollen trade to the industrial capital of the North, as it is to-day, is an achievement of which the city is justly proud.

There are to-day approximately 250 separate industries in and around Leeds, including engineering and its many branches, and ranging from the production of artificial flowers to the making of locomotives, and including, of course, the manufacture of cloth and the making of the ready-made clothing. The latter is the largest single industry in the city, giving employment to about 55,000 people in great factories of modern construction and equipment.

It is not generally realised that this city, in the heart of the West Riding, is to all intents and purposes a busy port.

What waterways meant to Leeds was realised as long ago as 1625, but it was not until the end of the 17th century that a company obtained authority to improve the navigation of the rivers Aire and Calder and take toll for the boatmen using them. To-day the Aire and Calder Navigation, as it is called, is not only the oldest concern in the city, but one of the most valuable assets of the whole district.

The " water trains " of the Navigation to the ports of Hull, Goole, and Immingham, are world famous, and, incidentally, the tonnage carried over this 80 miles of waterway is about 2½ millions annually.

The Leeds and Liverpool Canal, serving between Leeds and the Mersey the manufacturing towns of Bradford, Shipley, Keighley, Bingley, Skipton, Colne, Nelson, Brierfield, Burnley, Accrington, Blackburn, Wigan, Bolton, Bury, and Manchester, was begun in the middle of the 18th century and completed in 1816. Now there are 600 miles of navigable waterways converging on Leeds and extending across the country from East to West Coast.

Communication and transport always have been a first care of the rulers of Leeds. Now there is a network of railways connecting Leeds with all parts of the country.

Facilities for road transport have not been neglected. Development and improvement of roads within and around the city providing for easy access and exit and the widening of thoroughfares to prevent congestion of internal traffic has always been the first care of the authorities.

There runs through Leeds a central artery, known as " The Headrow." It is 3,000ft. long, 80ft. wide, and along it have been erected buildings at an estimated cost of £1,590,000 ; it is one of the finest streets in Britain. In addition a sum of about £1,000,000 has been spent on new arterial and ring roads, and more than half as much on widening old thoroughfares. This great but wise expenditure has made Leeds like a hub from which spokes (roads) radiate East, West, North, and South, linking up with the coast ports and the industrial cities of the North and Midlands.

Air services have not been overlooked. A spacious aerodrome which serves the city has been established at Yeadon, and aeroplanes for passengers or freight are available at the shortest notice.

Having planned their city with a special eye to industry and commerce, the local Council has taken good care to ensure that all the facilities required by manufacturers—gas, electricity, water, &c.—are available, and, in addition, have not only encouraged the building of suitable housing accommodation for workers in ideal surroundings, but have themselves developed no fewer than 3,854 acres, on which there are 15,582 municipally-owned houses.

But all these are past achievements, and Leeds, while proud of what it has done, is not content to rest on its laurels. It is now looking to the future, and is in the position of being able to invite comparison with any industrial centre in the British Isles.

A FEW JOKES.

Home Comforts.

A salesman at the Canadian National Exhibition, at Toronto, is congratulating himself. He has sold an electric refrigerator to an Eskimo.

Apparently the Eskimos working at the Exhibition have been suffering from the intense heat, and one short demonstration of the cooling properties of the refrigerator was enough to effect a quick sale.

* * *

Two small boys were gazing at the shop windows decorated for Christmas. Presently they came to a butcher's shop, and one of them pointed to a number of hams hanging from a large holly branch.

" Look, Tom," he said, " Look at them 'ams a-growing up there."

" Get away," said the other, " 'Ams don't grow."

" Well, that's all you know about it " said the first scornfully. " Ain't you ever 'eard of a 'am-bush? "

* * *

A Matter of Exchange.

A farmer went to visit a friend, having carefully provided himself with a stable lantern to light his homeward way. A merry evening was spent.

The next day he received a message from his friend : " This morning I found your lantern standing on my window-sill. Please collect it and send back my parrot and cage."—" *Tatler.*"

* * *

A fly and a flea in a flue,
Were imprisoned, so what could they do ?
Said the fly, " Let us flee,"
" Let us fly," said the flea,
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

LONDON.

Edited by T. GODWIN.

A friend of mine tells me that his first resolution for the New Year is to smoke more tobacco than ever. He deplores the " selfish habit of many people who year by year resolutely determine to do without the soothing weed," and points out the disastrous effects on trade and unemployment such united action would have.

Whether our resolutions for the New Year are serious or frivolous—whether we admit making any or not—we probably all have dreams and desires, and, with the dawn of a New Year, we look ahead and wonder whether these ambitions will have matured by the time the year has run its appointed span and become but a further chapter of memories.

Some will have constructive plans which, having weighed the pros and cons, they feel confident of achieving, whilst others seem to have no definite plan of campaign.

Immediately below this is an article by one of our faithful team of writers which elaborates this question and speculates upon the possible effects of such divergence of outlooks. I wonder whether you would write to me giving your views. Possibly we may be able to start a profitable and amusing discussion through the medium of this Magazine.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK ?

With Christmas over most of us will have some kind of review over the past year, and, as usual, we shall probably recall all sorts of events. Some we might wish we could blot out, and others which we like to remember. It is sometimes surprising how some trifling event, perhaps not worth the thinking about, will sometimes cling tenaciously to our memory. On the other hand to look upon events that have given us pleasure is a real tonic. As we get into the month of January we begin to think of the year ahead and of all sorts of things we hope to do as the months unfold. Whether we are young, middle-aged, or even older, we still make our plans and look forward to their fulfilment. That happy couple you know will be secretly planning and looking forward to the Happy Day. The schoolboy

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will look forward to the time when he leaves school and to the pride of earning his own living. The gardener will look forward to the time when his flowers and vegetables will reach perfection—some, perhaps, with a covetous eye on a first prize at the Calne Flower Show.

It does seem natural for us to always be looking forward, and it is, perhaps, right for us with health and energies to look and live in the future, and I have been trying to puzzle out what effect this may have upon our lives.

Just take a person who lays his plans for the future, He has his notebook full of reminders and engagements; he is naturally going to live a busy life. His days will seem all too short, as practically every moment is occupied—actually, the position of many business and public men. Now let us take the person who, shall we say, by force of circumstances, is satisfied to just take each day as it comes, who has no use for a notebook, and who would probably look forward to the holidays more than anything else.

Here you have two distinct types of people, both are embarking on a New Year of 365 days. Both will review 1938. One will have the memories of a year full of events—perhaps he can, at leisure moments, almost live them over again. The other has, perhaps, fewer memories, but his days are perhaps longer to him.

Now suppose both should live for the same number of years and (here I am going to leave off for our readers to finish), now which of these two characters would seemingly live the longer? I don't know. Perhaps someone might send the answer to the Editor of this Branch.

G.C.

CURIOSITY CORNER.

The Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree was first met with in Germany in the time of Martin Luther, and its origin has been attributed to this great reformer. But it does not seem to have become common till the 18th Century, and only by the middle of the 19th Century did it become universal throughout Germany. From that country it spread, and Finland, Denmark, and Norway being early to adopt it.

The first Christmas tree in England is said to have been set up at Penshanger, in 1829, by a German lady—Princess Lieven. But it only became an institution in England after the Prince Consort set up a Christmas tree at Windsor Castle in 1841, and now no people regard the tree as so necessary a part of the juvenile Christmas festivities as the English. Even when they are living abroad in isolated places, Britons still like to set up a Christmas tree at the festive season for the amusement and delight of their children, and incidentally, themselves.

It is believed that the Christmas tree was adorned with candles as far back as Luther's time, but the hanging of small gifts upon its branches came later, though exactly when does not seem to be recorded.

The latest development in the Christmas tree is to have a tree for the benefit of animals. At Christmas, 1937, the Sanatorium of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, near Ilford, held a Christmas party at which horses, ponies, and dogs undergoing treatment were given a sumptuous Christmas dinner.

The feast took place in the stable yard of the Sanatorium, and a large tree, laden with delicacies appealing to the palates of the animals, stood in the corner of the yard. When the horses and ponies were in their places a sledge, drawn by two Shetland ponies, and led by Father Christmas, brought in a Christmas cake of three tiers, surmounted by a model of a horse.

The great cake had a sweetening of icing, and was adorned with Brussels sprouts and pieces of carrot and beetroot. The horses and ponies had the vegetables, and the dogs the cake.

S.W.M.

OUR FELINE NIGHT WATCHMAN.

Alas, poor Patsy is dead—dead as the proverbial doornail.

Patsy was the Warehouse cat, and it is fitting that, after serving us so faithfully and well over a number of years, we should pay tribute to his unfailing attention to duty.

A remarkable fellow in many ways, he was a man of few words, and never did a complaint pass his lips.

It is much to be regretted, however, that he was not universally popular with some members of the staff, who have been known to say that he would "bite the hand that fed him."

However, such reflections on a noble character are deprecated, and that they are uncharitable there is little room for doubt. Our only conclusion is that his standard of efficiency was too lofty for certain people, and that such regrettable remarks were due to jealousy.

Now Patsy has been replaced by an elegant couple by the names of Romeo and Juliet.

When Juliet first came to the Warehouse she was shy and retiring, and refused all invitations to lunch or dinner, so we thought that a companion was needed and, fittingly enough, we obtained the valuable services of Romeo—a sprightly youngster of just over three weeks.

We trust they will work in perfect accord as they commence their duties in the Mouse Department. Of course, Romeo is officially the head, but, no doubt, Juliet will have her say in the matter (as Juliets are wont to do).

We are a little disappointed in Juliet, for, to date, there has been no improvement in her behaviour, for although Romeo wanders about and generally makes his presence felt, Juliet still seeks the gloomy spots whenever company comes around.

Anyway, good hunting to them both!

T.G.

* * *

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 17.

1.—Six hours.
2.—A ton of gold is worth more than half a ton of gold.
3.—Eighty legs. Calling a tail a leg does not make it one.
4.—No camel can carry 100 tons.
5.—The 1d. a pound are dearer.
6.—The same three cats.

* * *

Better to be Blind.

Two men were seated together in a crowded street car. One noticed that the other had his eyes closed, and asked: "Bill, don't you feel well?" "I'm alright," said Bill, "but I do hate to see ladies standing."

REDRUTH.

Edited by A. J. CLARK.

Regularly comes each month the reminder from the Editor and just as regularly we ask for contributions; but, as usual, the response is very meagre.

We write this month for the first issue of the Magazine in the New Year, and once again we send our good wishes to those who are connected with us, many of whom are unknown to us; but that just does not make our wish less sincere. May 1939 be a year of good cheer, of peace and prosperity for all.

One's thoughts at this time of the year are naturally retrospective. So much has happened in the year now past, the experience of which will surely be valuable to us. How many of us start a New Year brimming with good intentions—our New Year resolutions—but one wonders how long they remain as just good intentions. It is surprising how early in the New Year we slip back into our old ways, forgetting all those resolutions—it is just one other human element. How many of us when younger started each New Year to keep a diary? And how long did it last? If we kept it up during the month of January it was quite a matter of congratulation, but usually, after the second week, it was a question of putting it off for a day or two, and then three, until at last we forgot altogether and the diary eventually followed all the rest into obscurity.

A few months ago we included an essay written by a scholar at a local school, and from the same source we have received another essay on some old customs which obtain in Cornwall, which we think may prove interesting. There are many quaint customs here in Cornwall which must be quite unique. Two customs which are prominent at this time of the year are particularly striking. During the weeks preceding Christmas carol singers are to be seen parading the streets dressed in weird costumes, with faces blackened. On New Year's Eve it is the custom to place a number of coins corresponding to the number in the household in one's garden, leaving it there throughout the night, and

each member, immediately on rising on New Year's Day, goes into the garden and brings in the first coin they find. This is a superstition that for the rest of the year they will bring money into the house.

OLD CUSTOMS.

There are many pretty old Cornish customs, some of which are kept alive each year, and some of which have died out.

Years ago, and indeed, until a few years past, a quaint custom was carried out in some fishing villages. At a certain season of the year, on a suitable fine moonlight night, a party of young men and women gathered together, carrying baskets and tin pails, and went down to the beach, where some boats were launched and ready for sea. The girls got on board, the men pushed off, and away they went over the moonlit waters till watchers on the beach could hear only a faint echo of the song of the sea sung by those in the boats.

In tune to the music, the boatmen rowed some miles to a long stretch of sandy beach, which gleamed in the moonlight. There the boats were beached, the occupants landed, and they set off in twos and threes up the beach.

In the sand are little fish, called lances, for which the party have come to search. Lances are silvery, gleamy fish, about 4ins. long, and are in shape like an eel. They have sharp, pointed mouths, which are very hard. Their home is in the sand, and they have to be dug out. Soon the party returned to their boats, which put out to sea, and so home; the lancing having proved successful.

An old custom, since died out, was observed on Shrove Tuesday. Farmers always gave away to children a number of eggs, but they must call at the farm before twelve o'clock. The eggs were always used for the making of pancakes which were eaten for dinner that day.

An ancient custom, and a well-known one, is always observed on Flora Day (8th May) in the Cornish town of Helston. There are three dances. The first one takes place early in the morning, the second the school-children dance at about eleven o'clock, and the third in the afternoon. The people dance along the streets and through the houses following the band. A fair is also at Helston on that day.

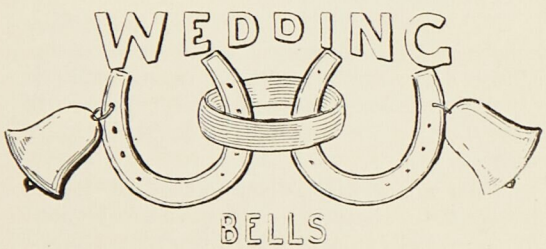
There are many old customs, but best and most interesting of them have long been lost or died out.

While thinking of local customs, we should be interested to hear of some of the customs which obtain in other parts of the country.

It is with a real sense of personal sorrow that we have to record the death of Michael Crowley. For 43 years "Mike" served the Company with a true loyalty and his passing leaves a gap which will not easily be filled. A devout man, one always felt the privilege of knowing, has earned his true reward. To his sons we extend our deepest sympathy.

A.J.C.

* * *



Miss Edith Wiltshire, who had been a member of the Office Staff for six years, was married to Mr. George Wheeler, of Pill, at St. Paul's Church, Bedminster, Bristol, on November 26th. The bride wore a navy blue tailored costume, with hat, shoes and gloves to match, and a pale pink georgette blouse. Her colleagues presented her with a canteen of cutlery.

Some of us had the great pleasure of being present at the wedding of Miss G. E. Fellows to Mr. I. H. Royle, at St. Laurence's Church, Reading, on December 7th last, after which the guests were entertained to luncheon at the Masonic Hall.

The bride looked very charming, and was dressed in blue silk crepe, with a blue hat trimmed with pink ostrich feathers.

Mr. and Mrs. Royle leave England, en route for Malaya, on January 16th, spending a few days in the South of France prior to catching their boat at Marseilles.

We wish them both bon voyage and great happiness in their future life together.

K.I.M.

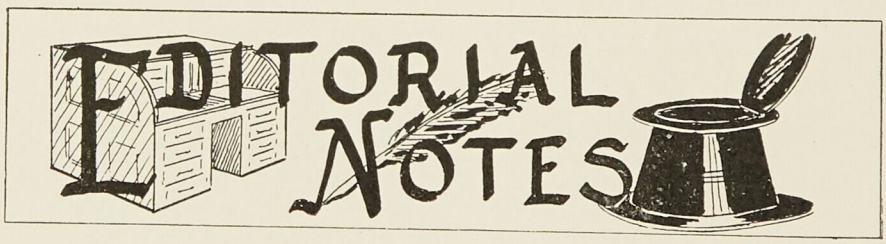
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BY APPOINTMENT.
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 13.——FEBRUARY, 1939.——No. 2.



BUYERS in 66 countries have intimated that they are coming to the British Industries Fair, which will be held in February. The number expected is 25 per cent. greater than at this time a year ago.

The first British Industries Fair was a War-time effort to bring trade buyers into contact with manufacturers who were able to supply commodities previously obtainable from countries whose supplies had been entirely cut off or interrupted. After the Armistice a more ambitious scheme was inaugurated and the Exhibition became a mart attracting foreign buyers and helping to resume the important export trade of the country, which had been so badly hit by the War.

The success of the British Industries Fair is due to the pioneer work of the Board of Trade.

As early as 1909 an attempt was made to ensure that British manufacturers were properly represented at foreign exhibitions.

The first serious attempts clearly demonstrated that we had not properly grasped the technique of arrangement and display.

Shop-windows and show cases were used, unattended by sales representatives, and their classical severity contrasted in a marked manner with the more popular method of open display used by other countries, whose pavilions were crowded with representatives and demonstrators, supporting the various exhibits staged.

These failings have been overcome and the wonderful displays in the various sections of the B.I.F. should gather in many orders, in spite of the difficulties and barriers which now impede international exchange and barter.

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Between Ourselves.

A MONTH of the New Year gone already! Before we know it Spring will be here: and so time passes in an inconveniently quick manner.

Every day seems to bring its large query mark. Every day seems to have some development in International matters which causes us all to think. There is a report in one of the morning papers to-day about a Cabinet Minister who protests against "a state of jitters." Every reasonable person must support that protest. There are, of course, elements at work that are dangerous to peace, but a preparedness for all eventualities and the WILL to an honourable peace, backed up by all the economic strength of the British Empire, will, I believe, unless we lose our heads, ensure peace and just settlements of International worries.

I am a great believer that harmony commencing within the individual, extended to his home, and through the homes to the community of which he forms a part, is one of the surest foundations for a peaceful spirit within a nation.

We have had a meeting of all our people in our Calne Factory to-day in connection with the Savings and Bonus Efficiency Schemes. I then referred to the happy family life which we have all enjoyed together not only in the Calne Factory but in each of our other Factories for so many years. A spirit of understanding, a willingness to give and take, a lack of stickiness on the part of anybody in approaching problems that have to be settled, are all constituent parts of happy working relationships. These things are worth while.

Problems that are tackled on the basis of a fight, a victory, or a defeat, react in other ways; on the other hand a mutual desire to settle those problems in a spirit of good-will leaves honour and self-respect to each side when the settlement is reached.

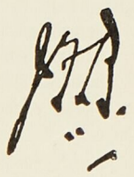
This is not a bad working policy for employers and employed in a Factory, and I suggest it is not a bad working policy for the settlement of affairs of wider issue between Communities and Nations. We can all do a bit to ensure it, in whatever sphere of life we are, by not being too easily weighed by extreme opinions or special pleadings on one side or the other. The use of individual common-sense and judgment and a little bit of a long view that there is always another day to-morrow, is quite a useful attitude in dealing with all ones' problems.

Sometimes conditions change. With those changing conditions what was possible under the old ones may not be practicable, and while it is not always safe to ally oneself too closely with tradition and past practice, it is equally unsafe to discard entirely traditions and past practice without considering the effect of that upon the future.

What a magnificent scheme our Savings Scheme is. I hope you have all studied the Balance Sheet. I explained to-day that the rules of the Scheme had been altered to carry out the change which has been made in regard to the Trustees. In the past, four individuals were Trustees and the investments were registered in their names. To provide continuity and additional security, the Trustees themselves, the Committee of the Scheme, and the Board of Directors decided that it would be well that Lloyds Bank, Limited, should be Trustees. This they now are and all the investments shown on the Balance Sheet are now in the name of Lloyds Bank, Limited.

I had an opportunity also to-day to refer to the Efficiency Bonus Scheme and to point out again that this has nothing whatever to do with wages, that it remains a free gift of the Directors, which is withdrawable at any time if it should fail in its purpose, and that it would be continued for 1939 unless any changed circumstances are forced upon us by unforeseen causes or by outside influences.

One point I forgot to make at the meeting was that the cost to the Company of running the Savings Scheme (clerks, &c., &c.), including the grant of £1,000 for the year, a promise which has been renewed for 1939, towards the interest, comes to £1,600 per year.



27th January, 1939.

West Riding—The Denizens Thereof.

WHEN coming to a fresh "ground" one wonders what the folk dwelling there are like. Do they welcome newcomers? Will they take kindly to a fellow with a strange accent—with what is sometimes spoken of here as "the southern drawl"? Will he find them congenial and cosmopolitan? Or will they be clannish, cold-shouldery, and very difficult?

Right here I'll say—meanwhile being nominally from the "Sunny South," gracefully doffing my "sombrero"—that Yorkshire folk have been very kind to the "stranger within their gates."

A "new ground" has to be "discovered," explored, in order to "find your way" about. Elsewhere I have always found willing informants, our "wonderful police," postmen, and the public generally, but in no part have I met readiness more spontaneous or kindly than here. The county has a sort of axiom: "If tha' does owt for nowt, do it for thysen," but they certainly do not live up to such an idea, as on numberless occasions I've had residents taking unusual trouble, and going out of their course to help a stranger go the right way, even walking part of the distance with him to ensure his not straying. Alighting from a bus in a new area, and while looking around in pitiable bewilderment as to direction, I've been proffered the welcome inquiry: "Can I help you?"

I learned this was Yorkshire's "neighbourly" way! And they will help effect a little economy in your fares for you by the suggestion, if you "drop off" at a certain post, or just walk a few yards further on, as the case may be, a ½d. or 1d. may be saved. Nice spirit!

In business matters, my experiences have generally been very pleasant, They buy *if* they want and *what* they want. They are straight, and remember a promise—both ways.

They say of themselves: "We are a bit rough, and really sometimes blunt and outspoken, but you'll soon get used to us." Gratuitous self-disparagement, they are all right, and I am happy to be living and working among them.

In reference to their reputed abruptness. On numerous occasions, in other parts of the country, I've heard it said the usual method of business "up North" was something as follows:—

Traveller (at shop door): Owt?

Buyer (within): Nowt!

And that was all so far as *business* was concerned, though the tale continued that after "business" was thus promptly disposed of, buyer and seller might get together and devote an hour to the discussion of sport, politics, or what not!

I haven't encountered *this* business experience. As far as I can see we carry on salesmanship here practically the same as in other parts of the country. One trifling exception occurs to me, however; we don't do so much "hand-shaking" as is generally prevalent. We know that "commercials" have the repute of being always "shaking hands" and keeping on doing it "on the least provocation." Here, anyhow, the practice does not seem to be encouraged, and one gradually falls into the idea of its non-observance.

All a matter of habit, one supposes.

I've been impressed up here by the way we queue up for our trams, buses, &c., and rather like the way of it. Barriers assist our formation and ordered movement, and it is pleasant to see how the "spirit" of the thing is lived up to by all. There is no unseemly rush at the vehicle step; we quietly, yet briskly, make our entrances in two lines for saloon or upper deck; no-one attempts to push past the other; none are crushed or dishevelled, and we are "all aboard" and happy. If said vehicle won't accommodate all, well, the residue just stand back and philosophically wait for the next.

I've been in places where we run from the tram to the bus, then run to the tube, rush for the lift, sprint to the train; in fact, rush and push all the time. Here, well "it isn't done," not so much, any way; but all the same, Yorkshire still "gets there."

Another matter of habit, I suppose.

A. E. WADE.

* * *

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Annual Children's Christmas Carnival.

THE Carnival and Flower Show Section of the Harris Welfare Association deserves congratulations upon the outstanding success of the 17th annual Children's Christmas Carnival, held on Saturday, January 7th, 1939.

The proceedings opened with a children's matinee performance of the grand Non-stop Revue, presented by the Dramatic Section of the H.W.A.

At four o'clock the children were entertained to tea on the Carnival floor, which had been tastefully decorated and transformed by willing helpers. Many of the retired servants of the Firm were present, upon the invitation of the President of the Association, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P.

After tea toys, presented by the H.W.A., were distributed from the Christmas Tree by Father Christmas (Mr. H. Hill), and on behalf of Mrs. Bodinnar by Sister Gowan and Mrs. Smellie. Books, the gift of the President, were presented by Mrs. Bodinnar, assisted by Mrs. Trow, and packets of sweets, the gift of R. P. Redman, Esq., were distributed by Mrs. Redman.

The evening opened with a fancy dress competition for children. Mrs. Bodinnar, who was assisted by Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Jamieson, had many novel and charming entrants for their adjudication. Prizes were awarded to the following competitors: —Girls, 8-14—1, H. Flay; 2, B. Brittain; 3, B. Hart. Girls, under 8—T. Hart. Boys, 8-14—1, E. Cousins; 2, D. Bowyer. Boys, under 8—Joint firsts, B. Bidmead and B. Sage.

After the presentation of the prizes little Desme Gingell handed to Mrs. Bodinnar a bouquet.

During the evening there was a repeat performance of the Revue in the Town Hall. Praise is due to all who contributed to this smoothly-run and artistic production. Excellent dancing was presented by the following troup:—Misses Beard, Burchell, Duck, Moody, Dutton, Smith, Cleverly, Tuddenham, and Webb, who had been trained by the Misses McLean.

There were several song scenas, including a very attractive gipsy scene, during which there was a harmonica solo by Miss Dutton, and an accordion solo by Mr. D. Nash.

Some snappy sketches were interspersed by the Misses N. Walters, P. and K. Kettle, N. Zebedee, and S. Spink, and Messrs. P. Cainey, R. Swaffield, P. Holding, and J. McDonough.

Herbie Webb made a welcome appearance with "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree." Mention must be made of the Rhythm Aces, who supplied the musical background; the dressing and make-up by Mrs. L. F. Moss; and the property and effects department managed by Mr. R. Caswell, assisted by Messrs. Berry, Butler, Flay, and Gallop.

The effective dresses and costumes were supplied by Mrs. A. McLean and Citizen House, Bath. The producers were Messrs. R. B. Swaffield and J. Bromham, but owing to indisposition the former was unable to be present on the day of production.



The President with Father Christmas and some of his helpers.

During the evening, on the Carnival floor, Mr. McLean compered a novel competition, entitled "Harris Discoveries," for prizes decided by a popular vote, which resulted in the following awards:—1, Don Nash and his Boys, instrumental; 2, H. Bowman, song; 3, Sullivan Mapstone, song; 4, Barbara Dutton, harmonica solo.

Mr. Edwarde acted as Master of Ceremonies at the ceremony of the crowning of the Carnival Queen, which was performed by the President of the Association. The Queen, Miss W. Hunt, accompanied by her Maids of Honour, the Misses Gunter, Lee, Hulbert, and Wood, then passed in procession round the Carnival Hall, accompanied by many revellers in fancy dress, to the strains of the Calne Town Band.

Thanks are due to the Calne Town Band, who, under the conductorship of Mr. F. Fields, once again gave their services free and played an excellent selection during the evening; and to Slade's Handbell Ringers (Messrs. Joe Slade, R. Haines, and H. Hillier), who also gave their services, and delighted the attendance with their tunes and chimes.

"All the fun of the fair," side-shows, and competitions helped to complete this excellent and successful venture.

Regret was expressed at the absence, through illness, of Mr. R. B. Swaffield, but a gallant band carried on under the chairmanship of Mr. T. W. Petherick; the secretarial and organising duties being shared by Messrs. G. R. Ashman, A. McLean, and S. Toogood.

CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL.

WINNERS OF COMPETITIONS.

Doll—No. 692, Mr. Fields.

Chocolates—No. 167, Miss Margaret Gegg.

Cigarettes—No. 485, Mr. A. E. Butler.

Cake, 11lbs. 14ozs.—Miss Mary Gegg, 11lbs. 12¾ozs.

Bacon, 65lbs. 2¾ozs.—F. Blackman, 65lbs. 3ozs.; R. Spackman, 65lbs. 1¾ozs.; Miss M. Dean, 65lbs. 1¼ozs.

Pillar Box—No. 138, Mrs. L. B. Nash, 47, North Street; No. 5, Mrs. M. Kettle, 90, Lickhill Road.

Skittles (Men)—1, A. Haddrell; 2, W. Burchell. Ladies—1, K. Hopkins; 2, E. Burchell.

Ladder Jump—Score 250, R. Wootton.

Programme—No. 449, L. Bellingham.

HARRIS DISCOVERIES AT CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL.

This novel and successful innovation deserves a paragraph to itself.

There is no doubt that the idea has "caught on" and the persons responsible have every encouragement to persevere and repeat the dose next year.

Taking fully an hour, the programme, compered by Mr. A. McLean, provided a variety of turns that were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

One is not inclined to be unduly critical of what was undoubtedly an experiment, and any comment in these lines are meant to be helpful to future "discoveries."

First of all, keep to the microphone.



Mr. G. Gough (Quartermaster) and some of his "staff."

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If your act requires movement, it is better to dispense with the "mike" altogether. The loud-speaker magnifies the sound and any movement distorts the voice.

Also, remember to have an accompanist, who will provide the background which is so essential, and, above all, practice your song beforehand.

The audience must on their part remember to judge each act on its appeal as an act, and not by comparison with another. For instance, a soloist is bound to suffer when compared with an instrumental trio.

With regard to the "discoveries." The instrumental trios are well known, and they did their job well. They would do well to remember that the piano-accordion is capable of other things besides jazz, whose rhythm is likely to pall if kept going too long. Join forces and try to explore other fields—"William Tell" comes readily to one's mind.

In my opinion, the "discovery" of the evening was Lily Dew. Crooners, as a rule, bring out the worst instincts in most of us, but here was one with a pleasing voice which she used very "crooningly." The Revue people would do well to enlist her services for their next show.

However, everyone deserves mention, both for their pluck (and it does require pluck) in coming forward and the excellent way they endeavoured to "put it over."

Here's wishing the Carnival Committee a bigger success next year.

MINIM.

* * *

ULTIMATUM.

A young man who had got his degree had been looking around for a job.

Entering an office he asked to see the manager. While waiting, he said to the office boy: "Do you suppose there is any opening here for a University graduate?"

"Well, there will be," was the reply, "if the boss doesn't raise my salary 10s. a week by to-morrow!"

* * *

"Well, well," remarked Jones, reading from his newspaper, "that's odd. A Scotsman run over by a brewery waggon!"

"What's odd about that?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"I should think it's the first time the drinks have been on him."

"A Week on the Road—

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A GREENHORN WHEELMAN."

At the time these lines are being read we shall have commenced our journey through another year, not knowing what is in front of us, which perhaps is just as well. But there is one thing which seems fairly certain, that is in a very few weeks we shall begin to leave winter behind and our thoughts will be turning towards the brighter days of the spring and summer, and perhaps on how to spend our holidays.

One of the younger members of our Totnes staff has given us an account of how his holiday was spent last year, and we thought it might be opportune to reproduce this in the next few issues of the Magazine as "A Week on the Road," being the experiences of a greenhorn wheelman.

"When my holidays were approaching, I was asked by our engineer how I intended to spend the week, and not having made any plans or really considered the matter, I replied, 'I am not doing anything, or going anywhere in particular.' Hearing this he pointed out that I was really wasting the opportunity of benefiting from a holiday, and finally offered to lend me his push-bike and gear so that, to use his own words, I could 'Shove off out of it and see a bit of the country.' As my cycling experience was absolutely nil, it was with some misgivings that I accepted his kind offer, and in order to prepare myself, did some practice work in the evenings with my friend, who gave me heaps of useful tips and information gathered from his own experiences awheel on the road.

"The project we had decided on, having been kept a dark secret from the rest of our staff, I obtained permission to have the Saturday morning off to visit a brother living a few miles out, and so departed in early June without anyone recognising me, or having any indication as to the sender of the mystery postcards they received during the following week. Heading Northwards, I passed through Newton Abbot and, branching off the main road, made for the coast, and in a short while reached Teignmouth, and went on past Dawlish to Starcross. Here I consumed some sandwiches before taking the ferry to Exmouth, from where I

resumed my travel to Sidmouth, which was intended to be the next port of call.

"Being now on strange ground added to my interest, and I soon found I was taking less notice of my muscular efforts and reaping real enjoyment from the beauty of the surrounding countryside. Approaching Sidmouth, I found it was not necessary to go into the town, so skirted it and headed for Lyme Regis, which was reached at tea-time. Having had enough for one day, I decided to drop anchor there, secure in the knowledge that there was plenty of time at my disposal and no need to overdo things. After a hearty tea there was time for the despatch of the first mysterious postcard; also one to mother and my engineer friend, to quell any doubts of misadventure. Well, it had been a glorious day, so, after strolling through the interesting Museum and listening to a small, but good, band, I retired for the night, the last thought being, 'Well, there's something in this cycling game after all.'

"Refreshed by a good rest and a hearty breakfast, I took off at nine o'clock for Weymouth, having received minute details of the route from the landlady. As was to be expected, the road was via the hill, and it was some hill, quite three miles long. Having reached the top the first misfortune occurred, as the chain snapped just when I had got ready for a speed burst. This meant a return to Lyme Regis for repairs, and it was somewhat gruelling to have to walk that three miles again; but there was no-one but myself to grumble to. The repairs having been effected, it was a case of up the hill again and, having set my course, I decided to cruise along a little faster, yet always keeping in mind my friend's solemn warning—better be safe than sorry.

"Passing through Bridport, I took the quiet coastal road to Weymouth, but the inner man soon began to insistingly call for attention, so a halt was made for refreshments at a restaurant in the shady village of Winterbourne Abbas, the proprietress of which appeared quite startled at a request for hot luncheon. This being unobtainable, a cold one was quickly put out of sight, with probably equal relish. After the repast, Weymouth was reached in the early afternoon, and as, since the time when an outing there had taken place, I had so repeatedly heard one of my colleagues enlarging on the charming virtues of a sweet young waitress who had attended to his request for ham and eggs, I at once procured a stick of rock and another mystery postcard, which were promptly dispatched to him, the postcard bearing the words: 'Do come and have some more ham and eggs.' The anticipation of the recipient's bewilderment caused many chuckles of pleasure whilst I was exploring the Chesil Beach, and also many more after my return, when he was audibly wondering how that waitress could have found out his address. A good view of the Home Fleet was then obtained, after which I was again en route for Wareham, some 14 miles distant. Jogging happily along the road I came in view of the peculiar landmark of a man on horseback, cut out on the hillside, and known as the White Horse. Looking at it from the road the contrast between ancient and modern means of conveyance was very striking.

"At Wareham a little difficulty was found in obtaining accommodation for the night, but eventually a kindly landlord found a place for me and my cycle, and I was soon able to refresh myself at the bar with a tankard of old and mild, which was certainly far from the worst that I had tasted. As there were quite a number of fellow wheelmen present, we quickly joined together in the noble game of darts, and, not being entirely a dud at this game, I was able to pass the evening quite pleasantly until roosting time.

On awakening next morn I saw a grey sky instead of blue, but having been told this should never deter a wheelman, I had a good breakfast and then set off in the direction of Southampton. Soon the sun broke through that grey blanket overhead, and when the New Forest was reached that beauty spot was looking at its very best, and those who have viewed it as I did can realise the lasting impression it made. Being entranced by the grandeur of the scenery I decided to make my mid-day meal of sandwiches under the shade of the trees there, after which the journey to Southampton was resumed and, arriving there in the early afternoon, a disappointment was met with, as none of the large liners were on view. Evidently I had arrived too soon, as I learned that the Queen Mary was expected and would be open to the public the following week.

Apart from the Docks there is much of interest in Southampton, including some very fine gardens and public buildings. The disappointment referred to above soon

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passed when I reflected that not far distant was a place which was of great interest, namely Eastleigh, towards which I was soon heading, supremely confident that there being a Harris Factory there a hearty welcome would await me.

When Eastleigh was reached I enquired the whereabouts of the Bacon Factory from an ice-cream vendor whose stock-in-trade had proved irresistible to my thirsty palate. "Over there," the individual replied, and added, "They have got a proper manager there; he's a real good sort." When thanking him I was tempted to enquire if the manager was one of his regular customers.

As the inner man now began to insist on attention I pulled up at a nearby cafe, only to find the tube bulging through a split in the outer tyre of my cycle, so in order to save time a repair shop was located, and the machine left for attention, whilst refreshment in the shape of a good tea was partaken of by myself.

It now being after hours at the Factory I decided to call there next day, and, collecting my cycle, I took advantage of the glorious evening to journey on to Portsmouth, where, after having fixed up accommodation for the night, I was able to take a bus and see some of the principal features of Portsmouth, and also to have a look round at Southsea, of course, not forgetting the despatch of another card to a fellow worker, just to cause him to ponder a little as to the identity of the sender.

Well, it had been a really enjoyable and memorable day, so with that reflection, and the pleasant thought of others in front, it needed only the usual small liquid refreshment to ensure a good night's rest.

The first thoughts on rising on Tuesday, June 7th, concerned the Eastleigh Factory, and what there was to be seen there, so as it was a brilliant sunny morning, no time was lost in geting on the road. Breakfast was quickly disposed of, and after the proposed day's run had been fixed up from a study of the road map, and my host thanked for his kindly attention to my needs, I rode out of Portsmouth feeling in the very pink. The route was via Fareham, and if my chums at Totnes could have seen me arrive there, hot and thirsty from scorching they might have mistaken me for Charlie Holland breaking a record. A small shop displaying lemonade looked to me like an oasis in the desert. The sun having caused a rapid rise in the temperature, I decided to progress more slowly, more especially as I was approaching the Factory and did not wish to appear to be exceeding the speed limit!

After introducing myself to Mr. Taylor he kindly consented to my looking over the Factory, and as it was my first visit to any of our Branches I was naturally eager to explore the works. My guide happened to be an old Calne friend of our engineer here, which made our conversation particularly enjoyable. The friendly spirit which was shown to me by everyone there soon gave me that homely feeling which, I am told, is soon in evidence at all our Factories, and which means so much to all of us.

Before leaving Eastleigh, some more cards were sent speeding on their way to Totnes in order to convey to the recipients the interest that someone at Eastleigh was taking in them. This done, I set off for Romsey, but found little of interest there, so sped on to Salisbury, which was reached at about tea time, and as by then fatigue was becoming noticeable, a rest was taken at a restaurant, where I met two cyclists (cranks like myself, of course), and naturally we soon entered on the one and only topic of conversation amongst such people. Quite a lot of interesting and useful information was stored away for future tours. As usually happens at such talks, time passed rapidly, which meant a hurried farewell to my friends so as to complete the day's run to Amesbury in the cool of the evening. There I obtained an abode for the night with a motherly person, who at once made me feel at home.

After a short rest I rode on to Stonehenge to obtain a view of these huge pillars of stone, which are said to be the structure of an old Druid temple, and is everywhere famous for its legends. Returning to Amesbury, I found it was the eve of their Carnival, and everyone appeared to have flocked to the fair-ground and were thoroughly enjoying themselves in the true carnival spirit, and the fact of my being a stranger made no difference as I found the Wiltshire hospitality, of which I had so often heard when at work, to be a very real thing. So I was thus enabled to spend a most enjoyable time.

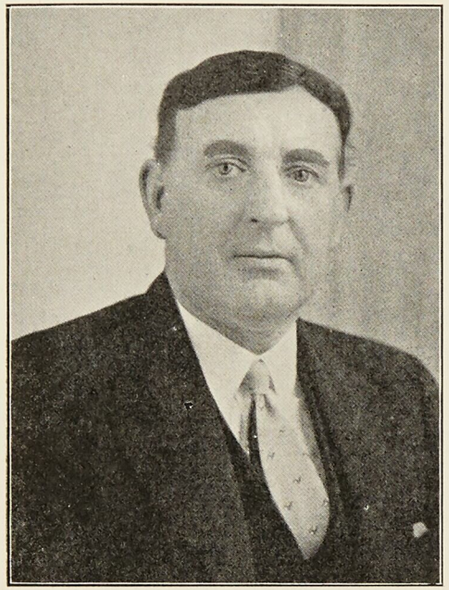
* * *

No man can buy a career in a bargain basement.

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. C. BONE.



Our portrait this month is of Mr. C. Bone, who has been our Van Salesman in Brighton for nearly 13 years.

Mr. Bone enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers at the early age of 17, and remained in this Regiment from 1904 until 1921, after attaining the rank of lieutenant.

Mr. Bone's wife has been ill for many years, and we all sympathise with him in the long period of anxiety through which he has passed. We hope that perhaps there is some hope that Mrs. Bone will be restored to him fully recovered.

* * *

If you are out to spring-clean the world, remember that you will probably make a better job of scrubbing the floor than whitewashing the ceiling.—HUGH REDWOOD.

* * *

"I understand, Bridget, that late last night you had a policeman in to supper and that he finished the cold mutton."

"Well, ma'am, you can't expect me to start cooking hot meals for any policeman at that time of night."

CHESTNUTS—ANCIENT AND OTHERWISE

We usually reach a period during the party festivities when we echo the typist's phrase: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

The following may be found useful in filling up that otherwise dull period. It is freely admitted that some of them have "whiskers" rather long, but, still, even Santa Claus has a hirsute adornment.

1.—How much dirt is there in a cylindrical hole dug in the ground to the depth of 1ft. and 1ft. in diameter.

2.—Each of the following additions result in the name of an animal:—
   (*a*) A letter+another letter+an insect.
   (*b*) Piece+a man bound to religion.
   (*c*) Flesh of swine+a pronoun+a tree.

3.—There is a hidden word in each of the following, but they are written backwards.
   There was no illness in the house—An animal.
   "Sir, odes cannot be written to order."—A girl's name.
   He became a candidate on an independent ticket.—A girl's name.

4.—What tree:—
   (*a*) Would be sure to lose in a race?
   (*b*) Is a girl's name.
   (*c*) Is double.

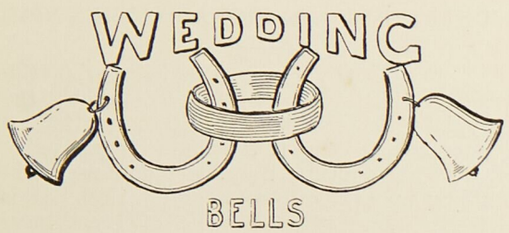
5.—I am the centre of the family circle.
   Curtail me and I become an organ of the body.
   Curtail me again and I receive impressions through that sense of organ which I finally become if I am beheaded.

1.—There is no dirt in the hole.
2.—(*a*) Elephant. (*b*) Chipmunk. (*c*) Porcupine.
3.—Lion. Doris. Nina.
4.—(*a*) The Sloe. (*b*) Olive. (*c*) Pear.
5.—Hearth.

* * *

Bad Company.

An Aberdonian was charged with being drunk and disorderly. "Any excuse?" asked the Bailie. "Aye, yer honour, I got intae bad company." "What sort of bad company?" "Weel, I got a present o' a bottle o' whisky and I met twa teetotallers."



At Swindon, on December 24th, Miss Doris Stockdale was married to Mr. Cyril Law, of Swindon. The bride wore a navy blue two-piece suit, with navy blue hat and shoes and gloves.

Miss Stockdale was eight years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a table lamp from her colleagues.

On December 26th, at Chippenham Parish Church, Miss Doris Sarten was married to Mr. Idres J. Davies, of Wales. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of white-figured silk, with floral wreath and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Two bridesmaids attended the bride. They wore dresses of blue satin, with head-dresses of silver leaves, silver shoes, and carried bouquets of bronze chrysanthemums.

Miss Sarten was ten years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of a fireside chair.

At Chippenham Parish Church, on December 26th, Mr. Edward Hand, of the Boning, was married to Miss Betty Knight. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a pink taffeta gown, with Juliette cap and pink satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of bronze chrysanthemums. The bride was attended by two small bridesmaids wearing ankle-length dresses of blue taffeta and head-dresses of rosebuds, black patent shoes, posies of pink cyclamens.

Miss Knight was six years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror. Mr. Hand was also the recipient of a carving set from the Boning Department.

At Calne Parish Church, on January 7th, Miss Ivy Smith was married to Mr. Samuel Seymour, of London. The bride was given away by her father and wore a gown of white satin, with silver coronet and white veil, satin shoes, and carried a sheaf of lilies. Four bridesmaids were in attendance, two wore mauve satin frocks with wreaths of silver leaves, silver shoes, and carried bouquets of white chrysanthemums and white heather; the two smaller bridesmaids wore frocks of pink satin, with wreaths of silver leaves, silver shoes, and bouquets of white chrysanthemums and heather.

Miss Smith was seven years in the Box Department, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror from the department. The bride is making her home in Chippenham.

At Avebury Parish Church, on December 31st, Miss Vera Plucknett was married to Mr. John Morton, of Beckhampton. The bride was given away by her brother, and wore a white figured crepe suede gown, with wreath of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of red carnations. The two bridesmaids wore frocks of green crepe suede, with head-dresses of silver leaves, silver shoes, and carried bouquets of pink carnations. The reception was held at the Red Lion Hotel, Avebury.

Miss Plucknett was eight years in the Tin Department, and was the recipient of a tea service.

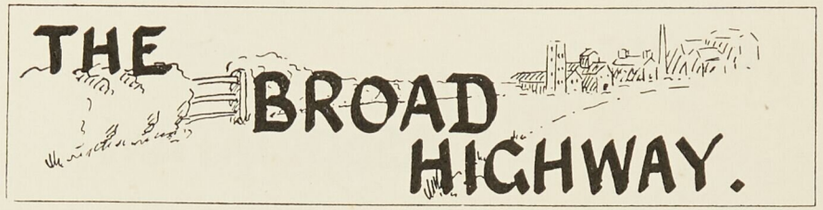
The wedding took place quietly on 26th November, at St. John's Catholic Church, Bath, of Miss Rachel Hartland and Mr. C. F. Hillier. The bride was dressed in a blue costume, with hat and shoes to tone.

The Office Staff, of which she was a member for several years, presented her with two easy-chairs. Their home is in Cowley, Oxford.

On January 7th, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Nancy Haddrell was married to Mr. Stanley Dobson, of Wilsford. The bride was given away by her brother, and wore a gown of white satin, with wreath and veil, satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The bride's sister was matron of honour; she wore a lemon figured crepe suede dress, with halo of silver leaves, lemon shoes, and her bouquet was composed of lemon chrysanthemums.

Miss Haddrell was 10 years in the Cardboard Box Department.

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Mr. J. F. Kington, of Reading, who has been our representative for no less than 50 years, is retiring on the 31st January. We cannot let this occasion pass without offering Mr. Kington our very best wishes for continued health and happiness on behalf of all his friends on the road. Mr. Kington has, from time to time, written for the Magazine, giving some of his reminiscences of the old days when top hats and fast-trotting gigs were the general rule. We hope to persuade him to let us have one more article about the old days. We shall miss Mr. Kington very much at Calne, as we were in daily touch with him on the telephone.

Mr. S. R. Clarke-Bartlett and Mr. W. E. J. Carpenter are taking over the Reading territory. Mr. Clarke-Bartlett will in future live at Reading.

Relief Salesman C. Thackray has taken over Van 25a, Liverpool.

We were glad to see our Lady Demonstrators at Calne for a few days at the beginning of January for their annual refresher course. We hope to see another successful year of demonstrations, particularly now that Harris bacon is being included in the goods which are sold at demonstrations.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cartwright, of Cardiff, on the birth of a baby son, on Tuesday, the 3rd January.

Van Salesman H. Letman, of Neath, is at present laid up, but we hope he will soon be fully restored to his usual health and strength.

When we were writing the last notes for the Magazine we were just anticipating the Christmas trade and hoping that the weather was going to be kind. Actually the weather could not possibly have been worse, and we had a very anxious time at Calne in making sure that everything possible was done that could be done with a view to getting the goods through at the right time. The Traffic Department are to be congratulated on their manful efforts. There were bound to be one or two cases of delay, but these were very few and far between. We sympathise with our Van Salesmen in the very difficult time which they had in many parts of the country; we know full well the anxiety which they must have experienced and congratulate them on the splendid way in which the question of deliveries was tackled. There must have been many experiences which would be of interest to other friends on the road, and we should much appreciate any notes which our Van Salesmen can send along for inclusion in next month's issue.

J.H.G.

* * *

"Are you sure it was a marriage licence you gave me last month?" inquired a harassed-looking man.

"Certainly, sir," replied the clerk, "Why?"

"Because I've been leading a dog's life ever since!"

* * *

HERE ARE A FEW HOWLERS.

Moths can't grow big because they only eat holes.

A siren is a girl you often hear singing at a factory.

An epitaph is a sarcastic poem.

In Holland they use water power to drive their windmills.

Defoe was really a journalist, but he could write.

Deficit is what you've got when you haven't as much as you had when you had nothing.



DRAMATIC SECTION.

For the Carnival this year the Dramatic Section presented a non-stop revue, which was performed as a children's matinee, and again in the evening for the adults.

Mr. Swaffield, who was producing the revue, was unfortunately taken ill shortly before the performance, and the thanks of the Society are due to Mr. Bromham, who stepped into the breach. Members will be pleased to know that Mr. Swaffield is now making a good recovery.

The stage management was very efficiently handled by Mr. Caswell.

It was very pleasing to see several new members taking part and, as the Society has an ambitious programme for the remainder of the season, more members will be welcomed and find plenty to interest them.

The next production is a one-act play, "The House with the Twisty Windows," by Mary Pakington, which is to be performed on March 9th, at Cirencester, in the first round of the British Drama League Festival. It is hoped to arrange later for members to see this performance at Calne.



When the annual general meeting of the Benefit Society was held in the Warehouse, on Friday, December 9th, it was thought that it would be a very favourable opportunity to ask the President to present some of the trophies which are competed for annually. We believe that the oldest are the two cups presented by the President to the Cricket Club, and we feel sure that a large number of present and past members would be interested to see the various winners since 1921, as follows:—

NAMES OF ANNUAL WINNERS OF THE BOWLING CUP.

Season.	*Name.*	*Wickets.*	*Runs.*	*Av. Runs per Wkt.*
1921	Henry Hill	38	253	6.6
1922	Henry Hill	18	86	4.7
1923	Henry Hill	66	379	5.7
1924	F. I. Nash	35	264	7.54
1925	I. J. Taylor	44	242	5.5
1926	Henry Hill	25	154	6.16
1927	J. Garraway	34	184	5.41
1928	F. I. Nash	62	327	5.274
1929	F. I. Nash	39	260	6.66
1930	F. I. Nash	42	263	6.26
1931	I. J. Taylor	46	207	4.5
1932	A. Sutton	15	110	7.33
1933	I. J. Taylor	55	570	10.36
1934	P. Carter	36	328	9.11
1935	B. A. Gough	48	357	7.43
1936	P. Carter	52	436	8.38
1937	I. J. Taylor	61	618	10.13
1938	I. J. Taylor	75	586	7.81

BATTING CUP.

Year.	*Name.*	*Ings.*	*Runs.*	*Av'ge.*
1921	H. J. Cleverley	9	161	17.9
1922	S. Sandford	7	85	12.1
1923	S. L. Drewell	13	249	19.2
1924	S. L. Drewell	11	146	13.36
1925	S. L. Drewell	13	195	16.25
1926	J. E. Bromham	11	269	24.5
1927	P. T. Knowles	12	201	16.75
1928	F. I. Nash	13	171	13.15
1929	S. Sandford	14	212	16.3
1930	R. Swaffield	18	349	20.52
1931	R. Swaffield	13	188	14.46
1932	J. E. Bromham	10	239	23.9
1933	E. J. Archard	17	319	18.76
1934	F. I. Nash	12	200	16.66
1935	R. Swaffield	19	374	19.68
1936	P. Carter	17	231	13.59
1937	R. Stevens	17	521	30.64
1938	K. Haines	22	399	18.13

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CLUB NOTES.

YOUNG FOLKS' ENTERTAINMENTS SOCIETY.

Below is a brief summary of the activities of this newly-formed Society. These young people got together on their own initiative and obtained the approval of the President to the formation of a kind of section to be known by the above name.

On October 26th they organised in the Lounge their first social evening, when 32 attended.

They then held a dance on November 4th, in the Skittle Alley, at which there were 50 present.

This was followed by another Social and Dance on the 7th December, with 28 in attendance.

The crowning effort to the Old Year came on Christmas Eve, when the party numbered over 100 in the Skittle Alley, for a social evening and dance. Various competitions were arranged, and everyone present spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Our "Monty" made a capable and efficient M.C., and everything went with a great swing—including the refreshments. Music was provided by Don Nash, Monty Fell, and Frank Angell, and a jolly good programme, too!! The Alley was nicely decorated by the Committee, the lighting effects being under the direction of Mr. J. F. G. Edwarde.

Mr. Bodinnar was unfortunately unable to attend, and a letter was read from him expressing his regret for absence. Mr. Redman very kindly came along. His presence was much appreciated, especially as he had only intended to stay for a few minutes—but he remained until the close, and requested that he should see the whole party doing "The Lambeth Walk." If we judge from looks, he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Mr. Redman also kindly presented a number of the competition prizes, and made presentations to Mrs. Winstone, on behalf of the Committee, of a pair of pictures, and to Mr. Winstone, of a box of cigarettes, for all the valuable help and interest they had taken in the newly-formed Society. The Christmas party would have hardly been possible without the interest of Mr. and Mrs. Winstone, and their practical help.

The Games Committee contributed £1 to the Young Folks towards the cost of the refreshments provided during the evening.

On the 4th January there were 70 present at a dance and games evening. Several prizes were given for various competitions.

The above shows "good going." Carry on, "Young Folks"! More of these free and easy evenings are bound to be popular, and will create better friendship, better understanding, and some thoroughly enjoyable sport and recreation.

Before closing there is at least one thing we should like to know, namely: "Who was the gentleman dancing round everybody else on a broom, rounding up the laggards, whilst a Paul Jones was in full swing?" If you know, please don't send your postcards to the Editor.

TABLE TENNIS.

On Friday, January 20th our Table Tennis 2nd team visited Bowden Hill to play the local team.

We were ably led by our captain, Herbie Webb who gave us a flying start by winning all his five matches. The rest of the team backed him up well, the final score being 19 matches to 6 in our favour.

It was a keen match, much closer than the score suggests and we are all looking forward to the return engagement.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE TOURNAMENT.

Results to January 27th 1939.

	Played.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Drawn.*	*Pts. Ob.*
Retort, &c.	42	28	10	4	60
Boning and Rinding	36	22	12	2	46
Slaughter (B)	39	21	16	2	44
Slaughter (A)	39	18	19	2	38
Front Yard	33	16	17	0	32
Warehouse	27	15	12	0	30
Engineers	30	13	16	1	27
Slaughter (C)	36	12	21	3	27
Kitchen	39	12	25	2	26
Office	27	8	17	2	18

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CHIPPENHAM.

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

SKITTLES.

On Friday, 16th December, 1938, we entertained our friends from the Lansdowne Arms, Derry Hill. This was the third time that the two teams had met, the matches last season resulting in a draw and a win for our opponents, and our men were hoping to turn the tables on this occasion.

However, we were unsuccessful once again, although our team went very near to winning, only losing by the small margin of five pins. Final scores :—

Derry Hill	85	86	93—264
Chippenham	68	95	96—259

CHRISTMAS TOURNAMENTS.

The Welfare Association was successful in running three Christmas tournaments this season, and the members are to be congratulated on the way they helped the Committee by playing the matches in such an expeditious manner.

GENTLEMEN'S DART TOURNAMENT.

This competition received good support from the Factory and Office members, and some good throwing was witnessed. The final was played at the close of business on Thursday, 22nd December, in the presence of our Manager, Mr. W. V. Long, supported by Mr. T. Johnston and employees. The competitors were F. Sawyer and T. Wheeler. It was obvious from the start of the match that both were affected with the prevailing atmosphere, but Wheeler soon regained his confidence and was playing for " Double 1 " before Sawyer started, but Wheeler found a bad patch, and was only just able to get the necessary double as Sawyer approached the 300 mark.

Wheeler was first off the mark in the next leg, and although Sawyer greatly improved his form, he was unable to recapture the lead, and Wheeler, with some fine throwing, was able to win the tournament. Result—1st, T. H. Wheeler ; 2nd, F. Sawyer.

GENTLEMEN'S CRIB TOURNAMENT.

This competition found favour with some of the older members of our Staff and, we understand, some very enjoyable games were played. Results—1st, H. Butler ; 2nd, P. B. Coward.

LADIES' DARTS TOURNAMENT.

It is indeed encouraging to the Committee that every lady member of our staff took part in this competition, and we feel we must offer to the ladies our thanks and appreciation for the way they supported this effort. We should also like to convey to Miss E. Morley our thanks for all she did in making this tournament such a success.

Every game was played with keenness, and the ultimate winners were '—1st, Miss A. Nicholls ; 2nd, Miss H. Cheeseman.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

The prizes took the form of vouchers, and these were handed to the winners on Friday, 23rd December, by Captain C. H. Smith at the close of the Benefit Society meeting. Everyone was hoping that this little ceremony would have been performed by our President, but, unfortunately, at the last moment, Mr. Bodinnar was unable to be present.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. L. Turner, of the Factory Staff, we offer our congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

W.H.W.

* * *

British soldiers taught English customs to Rhinelanders, with the result that there is much holly and mistletoe to be seen. Shops also stock English-made plum puddings to meet the demand of those Germans who acquired the taste for them during the British occupation.

British and American families gather on Christmas morning in the Rathaus Chapel, lent by the City Council for Church of England services.

* * *

Sugar-cured Suffolk hams, which are highly smoked, are greatly favoured at Yuletide. They are plump in appearance, and will not fail to give every satisfaction at your table.

* * *

Doctor : Are you ever troubled with thirst ?

McTavish : No, I never let it get as far a that.

DUNMOW.

Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

On the 16th December we held our second whist drive. There were 11 tables, which meant that we had four more players than we had at the first drive. Prizes were won by Mrs. T. Walsh, Mr. Richardson, Mrs. Matthews, Mr. G. Dobson, Mr. J. Butcher, Mr. Sapsford, and Mr. Gray. A guessing competition was won by Mrs. Machlin. Mr. Hooper presented the prizes, and said that he was very pleased to see so many friends present, especially as it was such a wet night, and he hoped to see tham all again at the next drive, which will probably be held some time during January.

Our billiards players are still very keenly interested in the competition which is still running.

Several fixtures have been arranged for billiards, table tennis, and darts for the New Year.

Below is a group of darts enthusiasts, and the player is P. Sams. The interested spectators are : Back row (from left to right), W. Ribbans, F. Coughlan, T. Archer, C. P.



Ward, R. Lungley, L. Falkner ; and front row, E. Gilbey, J. Cloughley, W. Gleeson, and Jim Coughlan.

On the afternoon of the 30th December, the Office Staff arranged a tea party to celebrate the passing of the Old Year.

After tea, when crackers had been pulled and paper hats donned, Mr. F. C. Culf, on behalf of the Staff, presented Mr. Culpin with a biography of " Franklyn Roosevelt," by Basil Maine, as a token of the very high regard we have for our Manager.

We have on our Staff a much-travelled one, in the person of our nightwatchman, Mr. R. W. Short, who, incidentally, is a D.C.M. Mr. Short was a Regular soldier, and from the article it is obvious that he did much travel. The article itself was handed in about the time of the crisis last September, but it was witheld for obvious reasons. It is included herewith, not as political propaganda, but as a picture of life.

PLEBISCITE, 1920-1921, UPPER SILESIA.

" The present crisis between the Sudeten Germans and Czecho-Slovaks, with the hint that Herr Hitler may demand a plebiscite, recalls to my mind the plebiscite in Upper Silesia in 1920-1921.

" I was a member of the canteen staff attached to the British Army on the Rhine, stationed at Cologne. On returning from my holiday I was detailed for duty with the Upper Silesian Force. My first job was at Oppeln, a large town situated on the River Oder. French and Italian troops were also stationed there. These were not so popular as the British troops—possibly the reason was that Tommy had more money to spend than either the French or Italians. Still, I must say that in all the parts of Germany I travelled in the British soldier was an easy favourite.

" After a quiet time in Oppeln, I was sent to open a canteen for the 2nd Batt. D.C.L.I. in the small town of Rosenberg. It was here we heard the result of the voting. Rosenberg had declared for Germany. There was a certain amount of feeling shown. The Germans gave the Poles to understand that it would be to their benefit if they packed up and went to one of the districts that favoured Poland. Of course, in the towns that had voted for Poland, the Germans were given the same advice. I remember one Pole, who appeared to be very unpopular, had a bomb placed in his doorway. The explosion did quite a lot of damage to his shop. The German-owned shops also suffered—one in particular, a large grocery store, the whole front of which was blown out. I passed by a short time after the explosion and the road was strewn with the different articles that had been on show—currants, sugar, &c., all

mixed up with small pieces of glass and masonry.

"Another case of bombing that occurred while we were there was intended for a member of the French Commission. A time bomb was placed outside his billet, timed to explode at his usual time of retiring, but fortunately for him he was later than usual that evening, although an officer of the 2nd D.C.L.I., who happened to be passing, was hit by a piece of brick and badly injured.

" The actual handing over of the town to the Germans by the Allied Commission was carried out in a very orderly manner. At the Town Hall the flags of three nations were flying—British, French, and Italian. A party of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry was in attendance. The French flag was the first to be hauled down. Next the Italian flag. Lastly the Union Jack came down, and the crowd were almost silent. Tommy was very popular. The soldiers then marched off. The German flag was hoisted. ' Deutchland uber Alles ' was being sung as my friend and I slowly walked towards the station to commence our return journey to Cologne. We were the only two British civilians amongst that big crowd, but had been treated with the greatest respect. Memories of Rosenberg are very pleasant."

R.W.S.

OUR MONTHLY HOWL.

William the Conqueror landed 1066 A.D., and A.D. means after dark.

* * *

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 64.

1.—Eighteen.

2.—The eggs.

3.—None of them. Cows can't talk.

4.—Four dead ones. Twice 4—8, and 20—28.

5.—One motor-car.

6.—Three days. The last day it reaches the top, and does not slip back.

* * *

Generosity.

An Aberdonian cinema proprietor had just opened a new picture house. On the opening night he displayed a large poster at the entrance: " All Old-age Pensioners allowed in free if accompanied by their Parents."

EASTLEIGH.

Edited by L. S. JONES.

WORKS COUNCIL.

On Friday, December 9th, the Works Council election for the ensuing year took place, when the following were elected:—Messrs. L. Brown (representing the Cellar), J. Carter, B. Flynn, R. Haines, and T. Mudge; Mr. Flynn being elected as assistant-secretary to represent the members of the Council.

EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT SOCIETY.

On December 9th the annual general meeting and share out of the Eastleigh Benefit Society was held in the Welfare Hut, when Mr. Taylor presided.

A brief report of the year's work was made, which indicated that the Society had been of great help, and had served a useful part in the welfare of the Staff of the Eastleigh Factory.

The accounts were then submitted to the meeting and formally passed. The general account, after reserving £20 10s., provided for a share out of £14 0s. 1d. The account for special cases showed a balance in hand of £9 13s. 2d., and the financial position was considered very good indeed.

After a vote of thanks to retiring officers the election for the ensuing year took place as follows:—Life president, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P.; chairman, Mr. Taylor; secretary, Mr. L. Toogood; treasurers, Messrs. G. Taylor and L. Brown; auditors, Messrs. L. S. Jones and J. Carter; sick visitor, Mr. E. Stone.

After considerable discussion it was unanimously decided to alter the rules to provide for a sickness benefit of 7s. per week, this to apply to cases of workmen's compensations as well, subject of course, to the former conditions. Mr. Taylor intimated that Mr. Bodinnar had agreed to these alterations, and the meeting confirmed the willingness of every member to this change, which, it was felt, would be of great help to members during sickness, and also would carry out the spirit of the Society in helping those who were ill.

FOOTBALL.

Our home fixture with the Winchester City Lads, on December 3rd, was a case of missed opportunities for, on the run of play, this game should have been won with ease, but the end of the game found us losers by four goals to three. Our forwards should have made sure of the issue in the first half, when lots of chances went begging. However, the goals scored by Richardson, Bath, and Chalk were quite good, and we must give our opponents credit for taking the opportunities presented to them. It was a clean game throughout, and although we lost two valuable points, there is a consolation in knowing that the game was conducted in the true sporting spirit.

On December 10th we were away to the " Worthies," and in this League game we were successful by two goals to one, the scorers being R. Haines and R. Jannaway. The game was played in a deluge of rain, which did not seem to deter our fellows; in fact, they revelled in the elements, especially Ervine, who played a useful part in bringing about this success.

On Saturday, December 17th, our football team made the long journey to Alresford to play the Town in the Northbrook Cup.

Alresford Town are in the 1st Division of the Winchester League, and as our fellows compete in Division II., our team were not generally expected to win.

However, our lads had been playing much better recently, and it was not without hope that the team and a good number of supporters left Eastleigh.

Of the game itself there is very little to write about. In contrast to general opinion our team were clearly the superior side, and at half-time led by five clear goals.

The second half was a repetition of the first, and after adding four more goals, we ran out easy victors.

The final score was:—Alresford Town, 0; Four Counties Sports, 9.

The display of the team pleased both Selection Committee and spectators alike, and we look forward quite confidently to our next round against Micheldever, at Eastleigh.

The goals were scored by Richardson (4), Bath (3), Saint, and R. Jannaway. The first two players are rapidly making a name for themselves in Winchester and district football as goal-getters, and they are both receiving excellent support from the rest of the forwards. " Roly " Haines and Saint have made an excellent left wing; indeed, these two paved the way to the scoring of nearly all the goals.

Ervine, since he has taken over the centre-half position, has made all the difference to the team; he always seems to be on the spot, and his dribbling is as clever as ever.

W. Jannaway has settled down at right half, and seems to be more at home there than he does in the centre. In fact, it hardly seems fair to mention any names, as the whole team played splendidly.

Our League position at the moment is not too good, although we have played fewer games than any other team. After Christmas, however, we shall be able to settle down to some keen and interesting matches.

E.A.S.

On the last day of the year we journeyed to St. Cross, Winchester, in quest of League points, and thanks to an all-round improvement, we were victors by eight goals to one. Without doubt this is the best performance of our lads this season, and we congratulate them upon their splendid display. The opening period favoured our opponents, who,



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with long swinging passes, were very dangerous, but gradually our fellows gained confidence and soon were successful, when E. Saint gave us the lead. A good movement later on, in which B. Jannaway made an opening, resulted in H. Bath scoring with a delightful effort. St. Cross were going all out to obtain a goal, and our defence was called upon to give of their best, which they did throughout the game. Saint was successful on three occasions, and Bath once more before the interval, when we were leading by six goals to one.

In the second half Saint and R. Jannaway each scored another goal, making the result as above.

Ervine played his usual polished game at centre-half, and it would be difficult to point to a weak spot in the team. In fact, each member played so well that there should be no further difficulty for the Selection Committee. We cannot complete these notes without making special reference to F. Beckett, who played an exceptional game in goal; the feat of saving two penalties in the closing half is deserving of warmest praise.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER, NO. 5.

1.—If a herring and a half cost 1½d., how many could you buy for a shilling and a half?

2.—A boy was sent to buy eight eggs at 1½d. each, and his mother gave him a shilling. What did he bring back?

3.—If 12 cows were standing in a circle so that the head of one touched the tail of another, how many cows could say, "There is a cow touching my tail?"

4.—Twice four and twenty blackbirds
Were sitting in the rain;
I shot and killed a seventh part,
How many did remain?

5.—If it takes one hooting motor to wake one man, how many cars would it take to wake seven men?

6.—A pole is 5ft. high. A snail crawls up it 3ft. in a day, and slips back 2ft. in the night. How long would it take to reach the top?

(*Solutions on Page* 44).

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

WEDDING BELLS.

Our congratulations are extended to Miss Eva Woods, of the Creamery Staff, on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. W. J. Watts, of Huntspill, on Saturday, the 17th December, 1938.

A presentation was made to Miss Woods prior to her wedding, on Friday, the 9th December, of a case of cutlery, by Mr. Kidley, on behalf of the Office, Factory, Creamery, and Shop Staffs, with their best wishes for her future happiness.

WELFARE ASSOCIATION.

The monthly meeting of the Committee was held on Tuesday, the 20th December, 1938, every member being present. The first and foremost business was the annual social, which our Chairman had said was fixed for the 28th January, 1939, the date agreed upon with our President, who hopes to be with us on this occasion. A ballot of the members had been taken previously, as to the form the social should take, and the vote was overwhelmingly for a supper and dance, as last year, and this was duly put to the meeting and carried, our Chairman remarking that although the majority had voted for the supper and dance, he hoped next year they would give an opportunity to those who had voted for the minority in their choice of the form the social should take, as a change often promotes stability and enthusiasm, and prevents staleness.

The next item was the pantomime outing to Bristol, on the 3rd March, 1939, and it was reported that 26 members had availed themselves of the privilege of this half-day's enjoyment.

LEAGUE SKITTLES.

We are afraid we cannot say very much about the doings of our League team, except that they enjoy their evenings out, even if they do not register a win. They do not take the League matches so seriously as some teams, but from what one hears, they certainly have a good time.

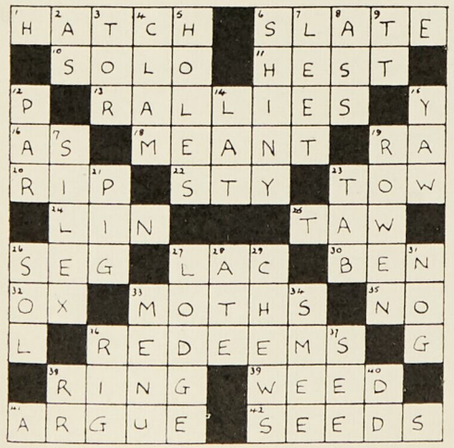
"ANNE KIDLEY" CUP COMPETITION.

The third round of this popular competition was played on our usual alley on Friday, the 23rd December, 1938, and as this date was very near Christmas, the number taking part was rather disappointing. Some competitors were missing, and we sincerely hope that these will come up to scratch in the next round. Our correspondent can vouch for those who did take part as spending a very happy time, the Christmas spirit being much in evidence, especially when "Tom" put his "goose" up to be skittled for, and so ended the third round.

We have pleasure in giving results as follows, viz.:—

Place.	*Name.*	*1st & 2nd Rd.*	*3rd Rd.*	*Total*
1.—	H. B. Blackmore	101	51	152
	S. Sandy	106	46	152
2.—	F. Pople	96	49	145
	H. J. Beasley	91	54	145
3.—	R. C. Lynham	92	50	142
4.—	C. Turner	92	49	141
5.—	H. Hardwidge	98	42	140
6.—	W. H. G. Young, jr.	90	48	138
7.—	S. T. Hardwidge	92	45	137
8.—	R. Hooper	91	44	135
	A. King	87	48	135
	H. C. Marsh	82	53	135
9.—	R. S. Phillpotts	85	45	130
10.—	C. B. Shier	86	43	129
11.—	W. Aish	80	44	124
12.—	H. Ham	85	38	123
13.—	R. Gibbs	74	46	120

Solution to The Ipswich Crossword No. 1.



IPSWICH.

Edited by J. E. SMITH.

SOCIAL NEWS.

An Editorial strafe reminds me that our contribution to the "Mag." is, as usual, overdue, and that I'd better get down to it and do my stuff. Of all the months of the year December should provide the richest harvest of incident, with Christmas as the background. This year, with cold winds, frost, ice, and snow, we had a real Christmas-card Christmas. It was a little too real for most of us, and must have had an adverse effect on the shops, for people kept indoors as much as possible and few had the hardihood to go shop-gazing.

Those whose duties took them on the road had an adventurous week of it and a really trying time with more than a spice of danger to enliven the proceedings, and they deserve great credit for carrying on so well under such extreme conditions.

Nevertheless most of us, as usual, enjoyed our Christmas in the good old-fashioned way—the happy way of family re-union, of eating and drinking, laughing and talking all at once, the giving and receiving of presents, of crackers and Christmas trees for the youngsters, of turkey and plum pudding, mincepies and nuts—where *do* we put it all at Christmas?

The extra Bank-holiday was a great idea, and one greatly appreciated, but it came to an end, and then came the worst part, when those who had come home for Christmas must go away again, leaving us who had so eagerly welcomed them, sad at the parting, but the richer by many happy memories.

And so we turn our eyes to the coming year of 1939. What will it bring to us, of joy and of sorrow? Will the dark and awful shadow of war again cloud the horizon, or will the common sense and the heart-felt prayers of the multitude prevail? We all know what we want—peace with our neighbours and work and wages in decent security—and we believe that the majority of the peoples in other countries feel as we do. Of our own particular industry we realise that it is passing through the initial stages of a great experiment, and we believe that the skill, the courage, and the un-

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wearying devotion of our leaders will bring us through to ultimate success.

In common with its colleagues in other Branches, we East Anglians have worried along through all this bitter weather (in fact, we're still at it), and have managed to find quite a good trade for Christmas, although we can't get enough pigs just now.

The "Ludgate" Cup was won by the Slaughterhouse B team, with Slaughterhouse C team as runners-up. Mr. Ludgate presented the Cup to the winners, together with their individual prizes, and congratulated all concerned on a series of very sporting matches.

Our congratulations and best wishes are due to Miss D. Quinton (Small Goods Department) and Miss D. Holland (Slaughter Department), who became respectively Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Maynard.

We all felt the deepest sympathy for Mr. C. Seaman (Small Goods Department), who has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of his wife. The staff was represented at the funeral by Mr. A. L. Smart, and we united to send a floral tribute.

Our Sports and Social Club executive are very busy just now preparing for our annual dinner and social, not to mention the children's tea. We are hoping to welcome Mr. Bodinnar once again, and also friends from London and Dunmow.

The new Offices are approaching completion, and will probably be occupied early in the New Year.

A. H. MACKENZIE.

CREATURES OF OTHER DAYS.

From time to time public interest in monsters is re-awakened by reports in the newspapers regarding the sighting at sea of unknown animals of great size, and there is often speculation as to the continued existence of giant creatures of bygone times. It may, therefore, be of interest to recount very briefly something of the large reptiles which lived in the Mesozoic Period, 80 to 180 million years ago, a time generally known as the "Age of Reptiles."

The more important types of these ancient monsters are classified in a super-order; the Dinosaurs (terrible lizards). These are chiefly characterised by two openings in the skull, which, with one exception, do not appear in modern reptiles. This exception, the Tuatera (or Sphenodon), of New Zealand, appears to be the sole survivor of a class of animals which once dominated the world.

There are four kinds of Dinosaurs, distinguished mainly by the arrangement of the bones of the feet and pelvic region; these are the Sauropoda (lizard-footed), Theropoda (beast-footed), Ornithopoda (bird-footed), and the Stegosauria (plated-lizards). There are also various other classifications.

The Sauropoda were four-footed and usually of great size, the largest, Diplodocus, exceeding 80ft. in length. These monsters were too ponderous to live on dry land, and their skeletal peculiarities indicate that they habitually kept to the comparatively shallow water of lakes, where they found protection from their fearsome enemies, also abundant succulent vegetation for food. Their teeth were long and pencil or spoon-shaped, and served only for raking the water plants, on which they fed, into their mouths. The digestion was aided by stones swallowed for that purpose. (Such stones—gastroliths—are frequently found with the skeletons). In form they are unlike modern lizards, being high and narrow, whereas recent reptiles are usually round-bodied and low. In proportion to the bulk of the body the head was smaller than in any other known animal, and was attached by a neck measuring from 10ft. to 20ft., the length varying with the species, while the tail, which might exceed 30ft., often terminated in a whip-like lash, which was probably the only means of defence.

The great Sauropods were undoubtedly preyed upon by the Theropods, who were bipedal in habit and comparatively agile. They moved about something like the kangaroo, but without its leaping powers. During the early part of the period they were not very large, but as time developed awe-inspiring brutes 30ft. to 40ft. long stalked the earth. These truly terrible lizards were armed with long talons at the ends of very small arms, and the mouth was full of 6in. dagger-like teeth. With these they tore and devoured their victims. It is not known if these great carnivors stalked or hunted their prey; it is thought that the sight of a prospective meal stimulated the necessary activity to secure it, since from the very small size of the brain it is very unlikely that they were animated by anything more than instinct.

The Ornithopoda were also bipedal, but were exclusively vegetarians, though some of the smaller kinds may have lived by stealing the eggs of their contemporaries. One, the skeleton of which was found close by the fossil nest it had presumably robbed, has been named Oviraptor (egg stealer). Other small species, from the similarity of certain parts of the skeletons to those of the ostrich, has been named Struthiomimus (ostrich mimic). This class contains some of the best known. The Iguanodon (iguana-tooth) was first found in England, and as at that time nothing was known about these ancient forms of life, many curious and erroneous opinions were put forward to account for the fossils. Since that time 22 skeletons of this animal were found in a coal mine at Bernissart, in Belgium. In North America aquatic members of this order have been discovered. These are the Trachodontidae (rough teeth), named from the extraordinary dental characteristics of the Trachodon (sometimes called the Duck-billed Dinosaur), which had 45 to 60 rows of from 10 to 15 teeth—like a pavement in each jaw. This arrangement was constantly being renewed from the back as the front teeth were worn away by the silicious rushes on which they fed. The Trachodons are more completely known than most Dinosaurs, one of them having been found in a mummified condition, when much light was thrown on the appearance of the skin. The fingers and toes were found to be partly webbed, and the tail was deep and flattened from side to side, forming a powerful swimming organ. The members of this family were remarkable for the extraordinary forms of the skulls. Gryposaurus (hooked-nosed reptile) had a camel-shaped head, Kritosaurus (excellent reptile) was horse-like, Corythosaurus (30ft. in length) had a helmet-shaped crest, from which feature it is named, while Stephanosaurus had a head shaped like a cocked hat. Perhaps the most abnormal of all was Parasaurolopus, which had a long hollow crest projecting like the jib of a crane from the back of its head (see illustration).

All the foregoing had only light armour, or none at all; the Stegosaurs, however, had a double row of upstanding plates along the back, while on the rather short tail were four to six long spikes. The most heavily-armoured Dinosaurs lived in the last third of the Age of Reptiles, the most interesting being the Ceratopsia (horned face). These animals were remarkable for the great size of the skull, which in one species, Torosaurus (bull-lizard), was 7ft. long. Triceratops is the most familiar, it frequently being pictured in popular books. This species had one horn on the nose and one over each eye, and a bony frill projected backward over the neck. It was a vegetarian, and sheared off the vegetation with a sharp horny beak. Styracosaurus also had a horn on the nose, but it differed in having a number of spikes projecting from the neck frill. The different varieties of Ceratopsia are distinguished by the number and placing of the horns, and by the presence of larger or smaller apertures in the neck frill. Chasmosaurus is named from its having exceptionally large openings in the frill; it had smaller horns than Triceratops. Centrosaurus had the usual horns on the face, and two more curved forward and down over the frill openings.

Lastly appeared the "most ponderous armoured citadel the world has known"—Ankylosaurus, a sort of animated tank. A



PARASAUROLOPUS
ONE OF THE TRACHODONT DINOSAURS WHICH LIVED IN THE CRETACEOUS (CHALK) PERIOD

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related form is better known, as a partly mummified specimen was discovered in Canada, the Scolosaurus. This creature was entirely cased in plates and knobs of bony armour. The jointed parts consisted of flexible skin full of small granules of bone, the rather short stumpy tail being armed with spikes; it measured 18ft. long, 8ft. broad, and 4ft. high.

All these animals became extinct with the close of the Cretaceous period, and no traces of either fossil or living creature have been found to suggest that there was any survival, and if any had survived they must have gone under in the severe competition with the larger-brained mammals which took their place as the dominant form of life. The Dinosaurs had very small brains; so much so that many of the larger kinds had to have a second brain in the region of the hips, which governed the movements of the hind legs and tail.

H. E. P. SPENCER,
(*Ipswich Museum*).

GLEANINGS.

A New One.

Master: Why are you so late for school this morning? Tommy (breathless): P-please, s-sir, I dreamt I was at a football match which ended in a draw, and the referee ordered extra time to be played, so I stopped to see the finish.

Free Offer?

Judge: Prisoner, you are found not guilty and are discharged. Prisoner: But I've been kept in custody for a fortnight, your Worship. Does that entitle me to commit a small crime free of charge?

* * *

Dimensions.

"When I am a man shall I stop growing at both ends?" "Yes, dear." "H'm, then I suppose I shall start growing in the middle, like daddy?"

W. O. MILLS.

THIS MONTH'S HINTS.

How to Clean Stained Furniture.

Mix one tablespoonful of vinegar with a bowlful of warm water. Wipe over the article with a chamois leather wrung out of the vinegar-water, then dry with a soft cloth, and polish with a piece of velvet.

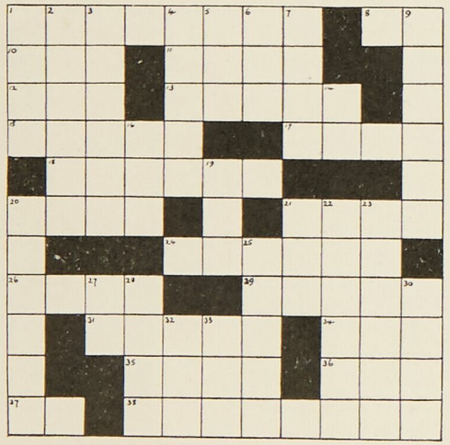
If the work is very dirty and stain-marked, clean with equal parts of methylated spirit, pure paraffin (the more costly paraffin is generally 2d. per gallon more), and vinegar. Apply as above.

Care of White Enamel.

Dissolve one tablespoonful of bi-carbonate of soda in a quart of boiling water and leave to cool. Wash over the work with a piece of cloth and the result will be "bright and fresh."

K. C. DOWNES.

THE IPSWICH CROSSWORD (No. 2.)



The solution will appear next month.

DOWN.

1.—Degree.
2.—Not just sausages.
3.—Wrinkled.
4.—Rotary motion.
5.—An element which appears at the Poles.
6.—A spring of mineral waters.
7.—Bend in a stream.
9.—Dormant.
14.—A child's "Thank you."
16.—Obtained from wood or coal.
19.—We had this at Christmas.
20.—Act of burning.
21.—Wart.
22.—Collector of eggs.
23.—Relish.
25.—Long awned rye grass.
27.—Indefinite article.
28.—Join metal.
30.—Observed.
32.—Portuguese money of account.
33.—A tub.

ACROSS.

1.—Ill-natured.
8.—Arabic equivalent to "the."
10.—Species of beetle.
11.—A sloping valley.
12.—Unit of energy.
13.—To decree.
15.—Trifling talk.
17.—Curly-leafed cabbage.
18.—Relating to Italy.
20.—One who treats.
21.—Cried.
24.—Rattlesnake root.
26.—It means the disappearance of snow.
29.—Early English settler.
31.—Firmness of mind.
34.—Meadow.
35.—Faithful.
36.—Completes complete.
37.—Negative.
38.—Prevented.

(All words to be found in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary). D. J. SHERWOOD.

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KIDLINGTON.

Edited by L. STOCKDALE.

On the evening of December 9th a team from the village visited the Club Room and engaged us in games of billiards, snooker, table tennis, and darts.

Commencing at 6.30, the games were soon in full swing, and some very good play was witnessed on both sides.

Coffee and sandwiches were served at 8.30, and the ladies have to be thanked for their kind help and co-operation in this respect.

The games continued until 10.15, and the final result showed a slight advantage to the Factory teams.

The billiards finished in a tie, the total result for six games being:—Visitors, 411; Factory, 411.

The table tennis also resulted in a tie, 11 points being made by both teams over 10 sets.

Snooker and darts proved to be victories for the Factory, the scores being:—Darts (10 games)—Visitors, 8 points; Factory, 16 points. Snooker (7 games)—Visitors, 306; Factory, 355.

The Committee thank all those who participated in the games, for braving the inclement weather and helping to make the evening such a huge success.

WHIST DRIVES.

The weekly whist drives held in the Club Room continue to be popular with the local people. The winners of the drive held on December 7th were:—1st, Mr. Jefferies, 173; 2nd, Mrs. Cooper, 173; 3rd and 4th, Mr. F. Teal and Mr. B. Underwood, both with 168.

On December 14th, the winners were:—Mr. R. Gardner and Mrs. Shirley, who tied with the score of 169; Mrs. Cox and Mr. Freeman, also a tie with the score of 166.

On Wednesday evening, December 21st, we held the annual Christmas whist drive. In spite of the inclement weather we had 18 tables in play, and realised over £5 5s., which we think is rather a good effort. The prize-winners were as follows:—1st, Mr. Bampton; 2nd, Mr. P. Wiggins; 3rd, Mrs. Hambridge; 4th, Mr. Hambridge; 5th, Mr. Robinson; 6th, Miss Kirtland; 7th, Mrs. Pugh; 8th, Mrs. Shirley; consolation prize, Mr. J. Knibbs. Travelling prizes, Mr. Parsley and Mrs. Jones.

The result of the competition was as follows:—1st, Mr. Kilby, 2nd, Mr. E. C. Hall; 3rd, Mr. L. Stockdale; 4th, Miss V. Stopp; 5th, Miss Clarke; 6th, Mr. P. Robinson; 7th, Mrs. R. E. Bull; 8th, Mrs. S. Robinson.

Mr. J. Knibbs was the winner of the cake guessing competition.

We thank everyone who helped to make the evening a success.

We are sorry that Mr. W. Hillier is unable to attend work owing to illness, from which we all wish him a speedy recovery.

In our picture gallery this month we introduce Mr. Albert Stockford, better



known to his workmates as "Jock." Mr. Stockford has had about three years with us at Kidlington.

* * *

Why is it useless to send a bird a bushel of oats?

He only takes it by the peck.

LONDON.

Edited by T. GODWIN.

As I came to work this morning I was possessed by that curious sinking feeling which, I am sure, is peculiar only to those who realise that they have to write an article for the Magazine within a short space of time, and who haven't the faintest idea what to write about.

I turned the pages of my newspaper and read the daily article, written by a gentleman whose seemingly inexhaustible fund of knowledge is always a source of amazement and admiration.

For, should an official of a lesser-known Government of an obscure European capital spring into the news, this journalist is sure to be able to write—shall we say—of a luncheon at which they met, and is able to tell of idiosyncrasies which would take the average man months to find out about a friend.

Do not think I am criticising; I am not. Neither do I think he deviates from fact, for as his articles are merely funds of interesting knowledge, written without ulterior purpose, he has no reason for writing fables. Indeed, what he writes could often be so easily verified that it would be extremely imprudent for him to do so.

Some very good stories appear in his columns which, more often than not, have a topical background. There was one where he referred to the railway notices which, plastered everywhere, asked for a "Square Deal." The story was about a short-sighted old lady who, upon giving up her ticket, gave the Ticket Collector 6d. saying: "Now, go and get yourself something to eat."

I thought this article out whilst travelling to the Office in acute discomfort, without a seat, and sandwiched between two gentlemen of bulky figures who seemed to take a delight in puffing volumes of poisonous smoke at me from still more poisonous pipes. Perhaps, therefore, I may be permitted to tell another story concerning a gentleman who was travelling from Chingford to China and who, upon reaching Liverpool Street Station, heaved a sigh of relief and said: "Well, that's the worst part of the journey over!" T.G.

EDITORS AND CIGARS.

I see, from a contribution in the December Magazine, that it is dangerous to write about Editors and to describe even an imaginary Editor as a "fierce-looking fellow." I am beginning to think that contributors walk in where angels fear to tread. Curiously enough I notice on the very opposite column, under Ipswich, that a writer there had received "a stern reminder"— apparently from his Editor.

I am not going to say that he did not deserve it, but my reference in the December issue was only of an imaginary Editor, and also imaginary cigars, the latter probably as much, or even more, imaginary to contributors as to Editors. My article had escaped the pencil of the Editor of this Branch, so I feel sure that he is not one of those fierce-looking fellows, and would hardly call him stern.

I have come to the conclusion that Editors must possess some very fine qualities and great capabilities. Tact is undoubtedly one great virtue, and when that promised article does not turn up owing to those various friends calling night after night, thus not giving the contributor a chance to write, or when the Editor is met with, "Awfully sorry, entirely forgot about it," the perfect Editor (as, of course, all our Editors are) appears (you note I only say *appears*) very sympathetic and, with gentle persuasion, most of us feel a little guilty, and the next day our article is in the Editor's hands.

I have often thought that if there is a person who deserves our sympathy and encouragement it is surely a Secretary of a Sports Club. Although he is in a position of honour, he has a considerable amount of work to do, and actually becomes the servant of the Club and receives few bouquets but the opposites in plenty.

I would place our Editors second on my list, if not first. There has been a very considerable improvement in our Magazine, and it is undoubtedly due to their efforts, and they are to be congratulated. If at any time they should appear "fierce," or give us a "stern reminder," we will freely forgive them.

G.C.

* * *

Sir William Jowitt once spoke for 90 hours when opening a case in the Court of Appeal.

COCKNEY CORNER.

Part of the make-up of the Cockney urchin is the resourcefulness with which he overcomes financial difficulties.

If there is anything he loves it is his Saturday afternoon "up the Pictures." In most cases the cinemas have a matinee programme for the children at a reduced price, which is generally 3d.

Unfortunately, owing to circumstances, its no use "tapping" their parents, and so, somehow or other, that 3d. has got to be found. There are various ways of earning it, such as running errands, cleaning door-knockers, helping the baker or milkman, but the widest field is what they term "wooding."

They get together in small gangs, and out they go scrounging wood. And "scrounge" they do! By hook or by crook they get their load—sometimes travelling for miles. Then home to chop it up and sell it. Father's saw and chopper are smuggled outdoors and, like little ants, they work.

When it is all ready, round they go knocking on doors selling it. These kids have a pretty shrewd idea of the material requirements, and when all is sold there is generally enough in the pool for a bag of cakes to take with them on their well-earned treat. Seeing these kiddies on their way with a bright expectant look on their faces is a real thrill, and one almost envies their happiness—a happiness truly deserved.

E.F.J.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT—?

Horse-power.

This compound word, of course, means power exerted by a horse, but as a method of reckoning the work of engines it has a special definite meaning.

James Watt, who made the steam engine practicable, found that the average work done by a horse was equal to the raising of 33,000lbs. to the height of 1ft. in one minute. Of course, some animals could be more, and some less, when the work was spread over a whole day, but James Watt took the average and called it "horse-power." Then he measured the work his engine could do by the amount of horse-power on this basis.

Indicated horse-power means the amount of work exerted by the piston, but where we come to use the engine some of this is lost by friction, and in other ways, and so the actual work done by an engine in driving machinery is known as effective, or brake horse-power.

It requires the same amount of energy to lift 1lb. 33,000ft. as to lift 33,000lbs. 1ft.

S.W.M.

1770 A.D. OR B.C.?

The ancient Egyptians believed that continued existence in a future world could only be insured if the body of the deceased person was preserved, and they therefore devised a method of preserving bodies by salting and drying.

The word "mummy" means "bitumenised thing." That is, a body preserved by bitumen. There were three different methods of embalming, the most expensive being used for Kings and high dignitaries, and the others, which were cheaper, for lesser persons. The brain and other parts were removed from the body, which was then filled with drugs and perfumes, and steeped in soda water for many weeks.

Professor G. Elliott Smith thinks that preservation of fish by drying and salting may first have suggested to the early Egyptians how to embalm the bodies of their relatives. It is startling, he says, to discover "that the most essential part of the original process of attaining divinity may be identical in method and origin with the method of pickling pork. Yet there can be no doubt of the fact."

He goes on to say, "In using for food such things as kippers, smoked bacon, salt pork, sardines in oil, pemmican, dried raisins, dates preserved in honey, or crystalised fruits, we are really eating mummified objects, and the method of preserving and storing is intimately related to the practice of the ancient embalmer."

Continuing, he writes: "The idea suggests some interesting sidelights on human behaviour. Do we eat bacon because Cheops (2800/2700 B.C.) was pickled in brine, or was the erection of the Great Pyramid one of the incidental results of a partiality for corned beef? Are we indebted to Alexander the Great's embalmer for dates in honey, or was the appreciation of the delicacy why honey was chosen to confer immortality upon the Macedonian conqueror of Egypt and India? Do we powder the surface of our pickled hams with spices because the mummy of Rameses the Great was so treated?"

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LEEDS.

Edited by G. C. CAMPBELL.

After the revelries and parties most of us have indulged in, among the thoughts which come into our minds during the Christmas season are many about whether it is all worth while. We go to a lot of trouble in our homes to prepare our presents and cakes and our decorations. Some of us make preparations for the entertainment of others, and some of us are possibly numbered only among the entertained. Nevertheless, there is a vast amount of forethought expended. In the Harris Magazine it might not be news to mention such a subject as the vastness of the organisation, or anything about the preparation of the untold tons of comestibles which represented the output of Calne, although one person at least would enjoy the tale. Obviously it is an enormous job of work. What some of us would like to hear about is of the unseen and unheard of hundreds whose joint endeavours of hand and brain brought that galaxy of variegated tit-bits to the feasts upon British and foreign tables. It is always the people behind the scenes who contribute most, and these are the very people who remain anonymous. Lord Stamp would be the first to acknowledge that, although his name appears on the front of all railway notices, it is really the humble driver and traffic superintendent, and even the pointsman and platelayer, who make the show run smoothly. So let us all pay our tribute to the unsung and unhonoured, but ever-reliable, labourer behind the scenes.

Among the more curious of the holiday season jobs just now are those held by the "Captain of the Girls," a romantic title which means the ballet mistresses in charge of the pantomime choruses. Their whole spirit is pantomime, they know everyone's part in pantomime, and yet, once the show starts, they are not on the stage.

My tutor in this matter is Miss Ivy Page, officially styled Captain of the Girls at "Cinderella," in Leeds. Three years ago she was dancing in "Red Riding Hood," in Leeds, and now she watches every performance for the next few months, making sure the others dance.

She can tell at a glance if a chorus girl raises her foot an inch higher than the rest. She never misses any of their steps throughout the season. She watches the dancing "Sunbeams," and holds a complete rehearsal once a week to keep everything in step.

It is not a job all of us would like, and I hereby present an award for patience to the "Captain of the Girls."

There is a dancing mistress in Leeds—a lady of rare refinement and perfect grace—who labours teaching Greek and ballet, and all the other sorts, to little children, to High School girls, to school teachers, and whose pupils finish up at Sadler's Wells or in grand opera. Yet her name never appears, and she herself is unknown to the public. But the great spectacles which are staged tell of a brilliant mind and infinite patience.

This Magazine has an Editor, and he does a splendid bit of work, but only a few of us ever meet him, and he remains anonymous.

We are just like children in this matter, We accept all the good things at our party. but fail to realise how and by whom it was accomplished.

Our thoughts may carry us further even than this. Do any of us appreciate the gifts which science, medicine, invention, and all the arts and crafts have laid out for our use?

At the beginning of this New Year it is our privilege to pay tribute to all those "*behind the scenes*" in industry and in Government who are bearing loads of untold strain. May we, whose lot is cast in humbler spheres, resolve to do some little extra, quiet, but useful piece of service for our fellow men? And someone some day may breathe, "Well done, good and faithful servant," though our names may remain anonymous.

During the holidays we came across some bright yarns for your delectation, and will pass them along.

Diner: What's all this leathery stuff?
Waiter: Fillet of sole, sir.
Diner: Well, take it away and see if you can't get me a nice tender cut from the upper part of the boot.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "I am going to tell you about the hippopotamus, but you will have no idea what it is like unless you pay strict attention and look at me."

REDRUTH.

Edited by A. J. CLARK.

The Christmas festivities over and the resolutions we so bravely made at the beginning of the New Year nearly all broken, we are settling down to our usual routine. It is difficult to cast one's thoughts ahead as we write these lines during the Christmas holiday, and realise that they will not appear for two months.

So many people are heard to be wishing for the "good old days" and snowy Christmasses that one wonders if they were pleased with the weather conditions during the Christmas now passed. From accounts reaching us from other parts of the country we realise that conditions must have been quite up to those "good old days." Rarely do we experience such Arctic conditions in Cornwall, but, compared with some places, it seems that the Duchy has fared very much better than they.

We mentioned in our article last month one or two customs in Cornwall which are quite unique, and the thought so intrigued us that we delved into some more sources to find other customs which have been popular in the past. We hope that we shall learn something of the customs of other parts of the country by doing this. All counties have their own customs, and the study of these proves exceedingly fascinating and interesting. While searching we learnt of many superstitions which have been rife in Cornwall in the past. As would be expected, most of the superstitions are linked up with what were the staple industries of the county—mining and fishing.

It was held to be very unlucky to mention any wild animal when at sea; the clergy and churches were also considered to be ill-omens, and if a clergyman happened to be near when boats put to sea fishermen were quire certain that their catch would be very small.

The robin, a bird which in some parts of the country is looked upon as being blessed, is regarded as being of very ill favour if it should chance to enter a house—it is thought to bring death with it.

A.J.C.

TOTNES.

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

Our sincere sympathies are extended to Mr. W. Watts in the heavy loss he has sustained by the death of his wife, who passed away on December 28th, at the early age of 34.

We are all indebted to our Ipswich friends and their Editor for the highly-amusing account of the Norfolk farmer's attempt to sell a well, which appeared in the Christmas issue of the Magazine. For real humour this was indeed a gem, and we hope to see more of the same sort in the future.

The item so tickled one of our readers that he felt compelled to express his thanks by means of an open letter which he has put together in real Wiltshire dialect. It may be noticed that in this the consonant "t" is often avoided, and many words condensed into as few letters as possible, in a similar manner to the Norfolk brogue. Our friend says that after his own experience he has carefully refrained from asking readers to twist and turn about too much when reading his effusion.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE IPSWICH COLUMN.

DEAR ZUR,

I thawt I'd write an' tell thee that I wur fur tickled to deff when I read abou' thic varmer up thy way drying to zell a well.

I be a Moonraaker meself 'snaw you, an' I be aalways aying me leg pulled about they ther' blokes who towled th' Zize Offuzer that they wur drying to raake a chaise out a dew pond.

Most volk only know thick part of th' taale snaw you, an' think that we Wilshire volk be a fur lot o' zimpletons, when all the time the truth of th' ma'er is that they 'ad zid this yer Offuzer a comin' an' 'ad chucked a cask o' smuggled rum into thic pond, an' when th' Zize bloke 'ad gone off laffin', they drugged theas yer cask out an' maade off wi it.

I tell 'ee, we bent zo zimple as volks ud think, wass thee zay?

Thas wot maade I laff when I red abou'

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thic varmer bloke up thy way. Vancy 'ee bein' zo zimple as to think 'ee could dig a well ou' of the groun' ah' cart an off. ' Een 'ad'nt though' abou' th' waa'er runnin' ou' at th' bo'om, 'ad 'a ? 'Ee migh' a kep. zom' on't in if 'ee 'ad a carked up th' bo'om, but 'eed a wanded a main big cark I be a thinking, an' zomebody 'ad 'ave 'ad to 'ave ther' bref a main long time do 'ave vitted un, wass zay yew ?

Coorse I migh'n a red it righ'. I did ay a bit of a job with it. I thawt twer zum furrin' langwidge a' fust till I red th' zart 'a introdukshun to 't. 'Nother thing, aying to kip on tarnin' owver did'nt 'elp a feller. If ther'd bin much moore on't I shoule 'ave got fur giddy. Fust I started off zat down narmol like, then when I coome to th' fust " tarn owver," I tarned owver to me right zide and then back to me leff zide at the' nxt " tarn owver." Durn good job twernt no moore on'em, th' owld 'oman wen' on at I as twer, fur kippin on a vitchitin, an' zaid she ud'nt be zurprized if I tried to read it 'tood on me 'ead or zummat daff like. I towled 'er that I wer' only vollowin' th' direckshuns.

Alle the zame, I couldn't zee the zence on't mezelf. I reckon theese must be a vunny lot of volk up thy way, an' even if thee bist daff nuff to goo diggin up wells and cartin' on 'em off, ther's no reason why theese shoulld expect other volk to copy tha an' stand on ther' 'eads when they be readin' zummat that thee 'ast written.

Well ! I must vinish now' cause I 'ave got to goo out an' kip the vlies vrom off'n the turmuts, so I'll thank'ee wunce agin for puttin' in zech a vunny articow in th' Magazine, an' if thic bloke do know any moore, axe 'im if theese can put 'em in, 'cause theas fust un maade I laff vit to bust.

Yourn wi appreciashun,

BUTTERCUP JOE.

P.S.—If thee doost print zome moore taales, try and 'ave zome that thee 'asn't got to goo tarnin' owver evry vew minutes. oost ? 'An if theese zee Mr. Ratcliff abou', just wish 'en a 'appy New Yer vrom us all 'ere at Totnes, 'ull 'ee ?

Doan't get gooin' yet, my owld 'oman 'ave jus' pointed ou' to I tha' I ough' to 'ave wished 'ee all a 'Appy New Yer whilul I were abou' it, zo this I be a doin' now.

" 'APPY NEW YER TO 'EE ALLE."

Working in the Firm.

(BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT).

The great thing had happened. We were engaged. On the Wednesday we were to call at the time office to sign our " credentials " and get instructions, and on the Thursday to start work.

What a wonderful thing it was ; but there were two sides to it.

There was a great fear, and a feeling of renunciation. How we walked round our old haunts, gazing up on them as for the last time ; through the house, wondering what it would be like left silent and forlorn. when we were out all day ; looked out on the garden, as if we were going to leave it for ever. It was a sad time. *How stupid :*

Life in this Firm is a *real* thing. The wonderful way in which everything moves, like well-oiled machinery. If one drops out there is always another efficient to take the place. The marvellous management of it all, although we realise what a strain it must be, and what strenuous work to " keep grips "" with it all, and in that respect, fellow workers, let us always be loyal and do our feeble bit to help that management.

Then the holidays ! That glorious week at the seaside. Whoever dreamt of such a thing in the old days ? Two weeks pay in one bag. The first time we had ours, it is true, the first inclination was to go back and say there had been a mistake ! (Don't laugh). We come back rejuvenated, with a great respect for our job, without which we could never have had so much pleasure, and the resolve that we will put all our strength into it in gratitude for what it has done for us. After all this comes the " Evensong." For twenty years service there is a " Long-service Medal for loyalty, &c.," and others follow as more years accrue.

Perchance we may not survive to enjoy those honours, but whatever the future holds in store for us, we are happy in the present, and we *do* say that it is a wonderful thing to have the privilege of working for " The Firm."

* * *

Genius has a twin brother whose name is Patience.

* * *

Deal with trouble quickly. Better not let it grow larger.

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BY APPOINTMENT.
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 13. —— MARCH, 1939. —— No. 3.



ELSEWHERE in our pages readers are asked to help the Carnival and Flower Show Section of the H.W.A. by suggesting new items which would brighten the Summer Show. We hope that this request will not pass unheeded. The Committee are anxious for hints which would provide variety and contrast to the Flower Show and Sports programme, although any novel classes in either of these sections would be introduced if likely to meet with popular support.

* * *

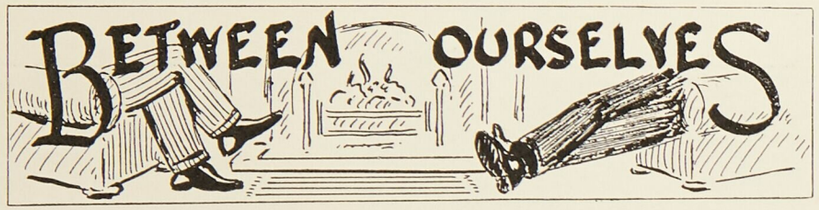
The renewed interest by our young people in the sports and social side of the Club House makes us optimistic regarding the outlook for the summer months. The Cricket and Tennis Sections are so well established that both are assured of continued support. A good opening occurs for our young friends who have organised such successful socials during the winter to carry on with their efforts. The grounds at the Woodlands and at Lickhill would prove splendid settings for open-air concerts. Now that our young people have given the social life of the H.W.A. an impetus, we see no reason why the good work should slacken for some time.

* * *

We notice in the local Press very gratifying reports on the table tennis teams sent out from the Club House. Such prowess deserves League status, which cannot be long delayed.

* * *

Another Section of the H.W.A. which invites support is the Library, run in conjunction with Boots. Miss J. Slade, or Miss Smith, will be pleased to supply full particulars to all who are interested.



THE days are drawing out. Thus every year Nature resolves the problems and doubts of winter by the happy auguries of spring.

I used to grow some wonderful snowdrops before Christmas in each year, but I fancy they have been a little later in coming recently. I suppose that is a slight illustration of hope being deferred. Anyhow, we have got our garden snowdrops now. And everything that is really worth having is worth waiting for. So, without initiative on the part of man, without pre-thinking or planning, Nature moves on her slow and well-ordered way from season to season until she evolves and completes the whole history of a year.

Life is pretty much like that too, though so many of its vexations and troubles are the results of interferences from within and without. Some think that the course of life is pre-destined from the start. Without offence to anybody, I would not like to think that. Experience is so often soured by mistrust, suspicion, fear, and perhaps more often, by misunderstanding. It is possible to be broad-minded without being slack, and a broad, understanding mind is a great virtue to those who possess it as well as a blessing to those who benefit from it.

I wonder what percentage of the total pain and misery of the world would be banished if all were charitable and unwilling to hear or believe ill of their fellows—quite a substantial proportion one thinks. Add to an understanding and sympathetic mind a true conception of duty and an intention to serve and we shall summarise some of the motive powers of characters that leave their mark.

What was it somebody said about—

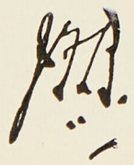
" Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer . . . ."

From which point I find it difficult to keep my mind away from its present obsession in regard to the plight of the Bacon Curing Industry of this Country as related to the general and widespread shortage of pigs. This worry, with all its consequential difficulties, has rested upon me from all quarters recently in connection with my work at the Bacon Marketing Board.

I think I mentioned in these pages at the time that the new Contract System commenced at a very unfortunate moment. The pork trade was, and is, at its peak demand ; there have been many outbreaks of disease, and there is a serious shortage in the pig population. The efficiency of the Bacon Industry Act is certainly being well tested in its early days.

We have found this shortage in a marked degree in all our Factories, and it has also been my job, not only to sympathise with, but to try to find some solution for the troubles of Curers in England, Scotland, and Wales. If, therefore, I am away more than usual from Calne and the other Factories the reason may be apparent.

Anyhow, I go back to where I started in these notes : " The days are drawing out," and I am hoping that as Nature's Spring is coming so we shall yet evolve, and enjoy, the solution of the problems affecting the Pig and Bacon Industries of this country.



"A Week on the Road—

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A GREENHORN WHEELMAN "

(Continued).

The following morning broke grey and gloomy, certainly not very promising for the day's run to Cheddar. Consequently, as a fair distance had been covered the previous day, I decided to make a later start, and before getting astride my cycle I strolled through the village in search of cards, one of which was sent to my home to assure them I was still on the face of the earth, and another was despatched to one of my workmates who had travelled these parts before. Knowing of his partiality for the girls and, having judged by his conversations that he had been somewhat of a favourite with the ladies around here, I felt confident he would not know which one had sent this card with its fond message.

Having fulfilled this little duty, I rode out of Amesbury about ten a.m. A slight misty rain had commenced, and I soon found it necessary to stop by the roadside to adjust my cape and sou'wester, as I had come prepared for any change in the weather. The Scotch mist soon developed into a heavy downpour, and this continued as I passed through Shrewton, and it was not until I was nearing Warminster the clouds began to break and the sun once more appeared. There being a post-box near the restaurant where I stopped for dinner, I decided to play a joke on another of our staff who is usually called " Perm " (not because he waves his hair, but just a nickname). Knowing that his fiancee's parents resided in the neighbourhood, a view card was sent him from " Mum and Dad," and I chuckled at the thought of the surprise it would cause him. As the sun was now drying the roads, I was soon heading for Frome much more comfortably with that cape gone from my shoulders. Had the wind been at my back it might have made a good mainsail, but we can't always have " jam on it," as the saying is. Passing through Frome, the route lay by way of Shepton Mallet, where there is a large prison. Not being interested in such places, I did not stop to inspect the building ; really it was not fear that caused me to speed on towards Wells, where I arrived about four p.m., and was at once struck by the beauty of the old Cathedral buildings, which I first saw from the hill-top overlooking the town. A fair snapshot of the Cathedral was obtained, as the light was good, but as a service was being conducted I could not witness the striking of the famous clock. After tea I resumed my journey to Cheddar in a leisurely manner, as it was not a long ride, and I was feeling somewhat fatigued, due to the state of the roads caused by the morning's rain. Arriving at Cheddar, my cycle was quickly garaged, and I then had ample time to explore the wonderful scenery of the Gorge, and the Caves, of which the people of Cheddar are so justly proud, and which is such a rare and valuable possession to the village. One needs to go through these Caves to realise fully their magnificence, which is somewhat too difficult for a novice like myself to describe. On arriving at my abode for the night I met two more " saddle sloggers "—Scotsmen they were. Some more notes were made for future use, and the rest of the evening quickly passed at the dart board and chatting with the villagers who sat around.

Next morning I had to consider how to fit in another day, for, owing to inexperience, I had got a little astray with my schedule, there being only Weston-super-Mare left, and then home. After consideration I decided to have a peep at Wales, and was soon careering along in the direction of Weston, where, after spending a little time watching the planes at the airport, I was able to get an early lunch and catch the boat for Cardiff. Being a glorious day, the trip across the Channel was a most pleasant one, and on landing at Cardiff I was much surprised to see so many darkies at the Docks ; their gutteral voices were very amusing. But I did not stay long as my programme included a visit to Caerphilly, some eight miles inland. Threading my way through the busy streets of Cardiff, I was soon on the main road again, with a blazing sun overhead. The Welsh people in that part appear to have been very lavish in their use of tar and bitumen on their roads, as I soon found when pushing the bike up a steep hill, and owing to the warmth of the sun, my feet were sticking to the ground at every step. The cycle became so clogged that I had to stop and scrape the tar and chippings from the tyres before proceeding further. However, I was soon riding down the hill into Caerphilly ; and, what a hill ! I should certainly hesitate about describing

(Continued on page 68)

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The Broad Highway.

Our congratulations to the following Representatives and Van Salesmen who have received from our Chief their Silver Medals for 20 years' service :—Messrs. G. S. Campbell, S. Lorimer, A. S. Thornton, W. T. Colley, and S. H. Jones.

We feel sure that all our Representatives and Van Salesmen will be very gratified to know that Mr. Bodinnar has decided to extend the Medals to the Selling Staff, and we hope to have the pleasure of congratulating many more of our friends on the road during the coming years.

With very real regret we have to record the death of Van Salesman H. Letman, who passed away on the 11th February, after an illness lasting some four weeks. Mr. Letman had been in the Company's service as a Van Salesman for some 2½ years, prior to which he had been driving for Messrs. Withers for ten years. We want to extend to Mrs. Letman and her small son our very deep sympathy on behalf of all the late Mr. Letman's colleagues on the road.

We welcome Mr. G. Clifford, of Easton, Winchester, who is now also working on the sales side of the business after many years spent in pig buying.

The very mixed weather to which we have been treated this winter has taken its toll amongst a number of Representatives and Van Salesmen, who have been away for varying periods. Fortunately the illnesses have not been serious and most of the invalids are now back to business.

J.H.G.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we record the passing of Mr. H. J. (Jim) Reeves, of the Office Staff, on the 30th January. His unfailing cheerfulness, despite the increasing disabilities of his long illness, was maintained to the end, and we are very sad that his death should occur at the early age of 29.

The interment, at Hilmarton, on the 2nd February, was attended by members of the Costs Office, with which deceased was connected.

We extend our deep sympathy to Mrs. Reeves in her bereavement.

C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd. Savings Scheme.

A general meeting of depositors in the Savings Scheme was held in the No. 1 Factory, at Calne, on the 27th January, 1939, when there was a full attendance of Calne employees.

The President, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, was supported on the platform by members of the Committee, and the Secretary to the Company, Mr. S. North Smith.

In submitting the audited balance-sheet for the Scheme, as at 31st December, 1938, the Chairman pointed out that practically all the investments are now in "dated" Stocks, the advantage of which is that capital values would remain nearer to par than might be the case with other Stocks.

Mr. Bodinnar also explained that during 1938, after long and careful consideration, the Directors and Committee had appointed Lloyds Bank, Ltd., as trustees of the Scheme, in place of the four individuals who had formerly been trustees. This arrangement had many advantages, and at the same time gave even greater security to the depositors, as all investments would now stand in the name of the Bank.

Some slight revision of the Rules had been necessitated by this change in Trusteeship, and copies of the Revised Rules have been inserted in all Pass Books before they were re-issued after audit.

The balance-sheet had already been exhibited in the Factories at Calne and Branches, and was unanimously accepted.

For the information of any who have not already seen a copy of the balance-sheet, it is printed in this month's Magazine.

It was also mentioned that about 74 per cent. of employees eligible for the Scheme were actually making use of it at the end of 1938.

* * *

VAUXHALL "10"

We are informed by Cyril H. Thomas, Motor and Cycle Engineer, Calne, that the price of the Standard Saloon has been reduced in price from £168 to £163, and the De Luxe Saloon from £182 to £175.

C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD., SAVINGS SCHEME.

The Annual General Meeting, of which notice had been given to all Depositors, was held at the Calne Factory, on Friday, 27th January, 1939, and we have pleasure in printing a copy of the Balance Sheet which was then submitted, and adopted :—

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1938.

LIABILITIES.

	£	s.	d.
Amount Due to Depositors.			
Including Interest to date	87,339	7	10
Reserve for Interest	445	19	6
	£87,785	7	4

ASSETS.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Cash Due by Lloyds Bank, Ltd.						
As per Cash Book				522	6	4
Investments at Cost (*Less Amount written off.*)						
£25,000 3½ per cent. War Loan	23,850	15	0			
£1,334 17s. 9d. 3 per cent. Funding Loan, 1959/69 ...	1,307	14	3			
£15,000 Commonwealth of Australia 3½ per cent. Registered Stock, 1950/52	14,783	4	0			
£5,000 Birmingham Corporation 3 per cent. Redeemable Stock, 1956/58	4,872	6	0			
£6,400 Birmingham Corporation 3¼ per cent. Redeemable Stock, 1957/62	6,264	0	0			
£500 Bristol Corporation 3½ per cent. Stock, 1961/66 ...	492	10	0			
£5,000 Liverpool Corporation 3 per cent. Stock, 1954/64 ...	4,741	11	0			
£10,000 London County 3½ per cent. Consolidated Stock, 1968/73	9,946	18	0			
				66,258	18	3
(The value of these Investments at middle market prices on 31st December, 1938, was £65,539).						
Secured Deposit with C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.				20,250	0	0
Interest on Investments.						
Accrued to date				602	8	11
Claim for Refund of Income Tax				151	13	10
				£87,785	7	4

AUDITORS' REPORT.

I have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books, Records, and Vouchers of the Fund, and find it to be in accordance therewith.

I have accepted Certificates from the Bankers to the Scheme for the Cash at Bank and for the Securities which are held by them on behalf of the Scheme.

I hereby certify that 99 per cent. of the Depositors' Pass Books have been examined with the Ledger Accounts.

(*Signed*) JOHN T. LEWIS,
Of Agar, Bates, Neal & Co.,
Chartered Accountants.

106, Edmund Street, Birmingham.
24th January, 1939.

1887—1939.

Through a mischance our January Mag. did not reach me until February. The number is of special interest to me by reason of the bit of history it gives of the growth of our business. I joined the Firm about the time when the 1887 photograph of the old Harris Factory was taken. Comparing the 1887 Factory with the present Factory one particular thing that strikes me is that in 1887 the business was an entirely masculine affair, but now such have been the extensions that it would be quite beyond the reach of "mere men" to keep all our concerns going. The gentler sex have now to take a very large share in the good work.

The delay in my receiving the January issue is marked by the fact that I did receive it on the anniversary of the first Bill granting the Parliamentary franchise to women, which Bill received the Royal Assent on February 6th, 1918. This Bill has had a great influence on our national concerns, for it marked the time when our men and our women began to share in national responsibility. The flood-gates were opened, and now, all over England, men and women join together in great business concerns. In no place is this more evident than in Calne.

Looking back over my lifetime, I recall the interest I took in this movement. Like most men of the period, when the Pankhursts and others started the militant movement, I opposed it. I opposed not only the militant movement but the whole thing. But I had not thought deeply, and did not until we had a big public meeting at Harrow, when all the rights and wrongs were discussed. I remember the case against the movement was stated by Mrs. Gladstone Solomans, who was the leading exponent against the Bill. The order of the meeting at Harrow was that this lady was allowed half an hour to state her case, and she did so, making the most of all the old points. Then a Miss Kenny, one of the militants who had been in and out of prison, put the other side. Each speaker was allowed ten minutes to reply, and then the audience were allowed to express views. This meeting changed my attitude for, to me, all the logic was on the side of the right of women to take a full share in the affairs of the Nation.

Later on I came into touch with the extreme militant movement. I had gone to the Bishop of London's garden party at Fulham. A considerable number of militants had somehow got tickets and gate-crashed. During the afternoon there were nasty incidents, ending in one militant being violently attacked and beaten by other women, who were disgusted that the afternoon's proceedings should be spoilt. I and a parson managed to get the woman, already badly damaged, away. The woman was, I think, quite insane and was raving. In the end the police came along and cleared things up.

The incident, unpleasant though it was, did not alter my views. All great movements have to carry violent people with one-track minds, who will go to any length.

Time has passed, and I am sure the movement has justified itself. The influence of women on public opinion is valuable. It has brought about reforms in such affairs as prisons and in child welfare. And when the great test came in 1914 the tremendous organisation for the suffrage was turned over to national needs and was most helpful.

At Calne I am sure the future of our business depends in some measure on the help it receives from women's work.

R.E.H.

* * *

FLOWER SHOW.

Mr. Walker is the gentleman of the junk world who is always "wanting to know."

He is not alone in this respect. The Committee of the Flower Show also want to know—and the sooner the better. This year the success of our summer event depends entirely upon *you*. Not collectively, but individually.

What are your suggestions?

Has there been anything previously that has served its purpose and can now be dispensed with?

What is there, new or novel, that can be adopted?

Where can we make improvements?

In short, what can the Committee do to make this year's Show the biggest ever?

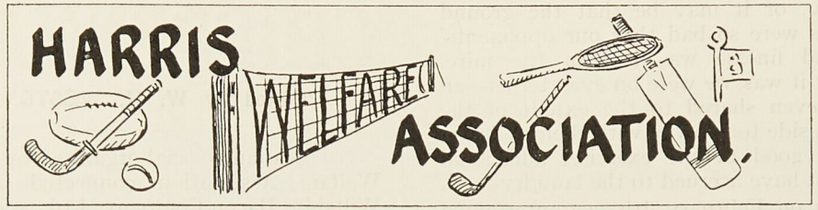
THE COMMITTEE WANTS TO KNOW.

Just send along a note containing your idea, criticism, or suggestion to this Magazine.

We promise you that each and every note will have consideration. Now, don't fail. Don't put off writing—and don't leave it to someone else.

DO IT NOW.

MINIM.



CLUB NOTES.

TABLE TENNIS.

The first team entertained Chippenham T.T. Club on February 9th, and suffered their first defeat by 15 games to 10. Reg. Goddard was our star of the match, winning four out of five games; H. Dobson and C. Edwards (captain) being next with two out of five. Many of the games, however, went to 20 all, and it was really the greater experience of our opponents which decided most of the games. The visitors used quite a different style of play, spin being a very important asset. Our team would do well to develop some spin and to learn how to neutralise it.

The second team to date have played two matches. On February 6th Bowden Hill was defeated at the Woodlands by 18 games to 7; and on February 9th our team had a splendid victory over the second team of the Chippenham Liberal Club of 18 games to seven. The personnel of the team versus Bowden Hill was considerably altered, but the team was still as strong. R. Stevens won all five games and B. Ash and A. Pinnigar obtained four games each. The new players are to be congratulated on their performances, and it is hoped that they will continue to improve.

At Chippenham Ray Goddard was invincible, winning all five games played, Hebbie Webb (captain) and K. Rutty were next in merit by taking four each.

These successes speak well for us as they can be used to substantiate our claim for admission into a League.

The Y.M.C.A. were our visitors on the 1st February, and playing them at billiards, table tennis, and darts, some excellent games were played. Although the Y.M.C.A. beat us rather easily at darts, we did manage to come out on the right side at billiards and table tennis. Light refreshments were served just after 9.30, after which a few words of thanks and appreciation were expressed from both sides, and thus ended a very pleasant evening.

The results of games are as follows, Harris being stated first in every case:—

Darts.—C. Rose lost to E. Slade, E. Bowyer lost to J. Thomas, D. Foxwell lost to R. Prior, E. Ward lost to R. Symes, B. Read lost to T. Zebedee, S. Clark beat E. Davies, and C. Butler beat M. Chivers. Result: Lost, 2—5.

Table Tennis.—H. Dobson, won 4, lost 1. F. Butler, won 5, lost 0. C. Edwards, won 3, lost 2. W. Penny, won 3, lost 2. N. Goddard, won 4, lost 1. Result: Won 19, lost 6.

BILLIARDS.

F. Blackford	125	A. E. Whieldon	100
L. Berry	125	D. Haddrell	92
D. Foxwell	125	R. Weston	120
A. Butler	57	D. Haddrell	125
J. Fisher	102	R. Clifford	125
R. Tenney	125	D. Horner	96

Result: Won 4 games, lost 2.

S.T.

HOCKEY SECTION.

Since our last report in January, we have, of nine matches, only played three. What a spoil-sport the weather can be! The scratched matches were versus Shrivenham, Old Sulians, Christchurch (Swindon), Wills' (Swindon), Bath Terriers, and Stothert & Pitts. On December 17th we journeyed to Bath and engaged the Terriers, winning by the narrow, but sufficient, margin of 3 goals to 2. K. Angell was responsible for two and F. Henly the other. The usual interesting evening in Bath followed the match. On January 7th we were at home to Chippenham, and the game resulted in a goalless draw. When we met this team earlier in the season we went down to the tune of 9 goals to 1, so how can one account for the difference in the two results? It may be that we were in better form than

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previously, or it may be that the ground conditions were so bad that our opponents' speed and finesse was lost in the mire. Whatever it was, we were on even terms—an equality even shared to the extent of the mud each side took away with them. Apart from the good of the exercise, additional good must have accrued to the laundry-man.

Then on February 4th, we entertained Whitley, a local game which always attracts interest and provokes a good game. This was no exception to the rule and, although we lost by 3 goals to 2, we were just a little unfortunate in not gaining the ascendancy. Two or three of our shots were unlucky not to have reached the net, and the absence of our goalkeeper probably added to our opponents' score. Nevertheless, it was a grand game and the play was as open as one could desire. Our goals were scored by K. Angell and F. Henly.

* * *

OUR TRIBUTE TO THE UNHONOURED AND UNSUNG

(Inspired by Leeds February Article).

Hurrah for the heroes, who are usually unheard,
And whose lot in life is usually the bird.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Hurrah for the platelayer, his praises unsung,
Instead of " unsung "—please uncork the bung.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Hurrah for the driver, he's humble and able,
A day on the train, and he's not like Clark Gable.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Hurrah for the makers of variegated tit-bits,
Everyone else are blooming old nit-wits.
Hurrah ' Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Hurrah for the Editor, who our Magazine rushes,
Be quiet, you cads, spare the bloke's blushes.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Three rousing cheers—Three rousing chirps,
To the unsung heroes and such like twerps.
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH'

CHIPPENHAM.

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

The annual social organised by the Staff Welfare Association connected with the Wiltshire Bacon Company, Ltd., was held at Chippenham on Saturday, February 11th. A company of about 150 were present, including several visitors from the parent Company at Calne.

During an interval in the programme, Mr. Bodinnar presented a clock, which had been subscribed for by the local management and employees of the Company, to Mr. John Dight, who retired at the end of last year after nearly 50 years' service. Mr. Bodinnar also presented Long Service Medals to the following :—Silver Medal (20 years' service)—G. J. Long, W. Harper, F. Church and A. B. Fortune. Gold Medal (40 years' service)—F. Newman and B. F. Pinfield.

After Mr. W. V. Long and Captain C. H. Smith had expressed the very great satisfaction it gave to them all to have Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar with them that evening, Mr. Bodinnar stated in reply the great pleasure it gave Mrs. Bodinnar and himself to meet their Chippenham friends.

Referring to the Efficiency Bonus and Savings Schemes, he suggested that the Savings Scheme should receive the very careful consideration of all employees as a provision for the dark days that come. Referring to his duties connected with the Bacon Marketing Board, Mr. Bodinnar stated that he had not an easy job, but he would like to pay a tribute to all who were trying to assist the Scheme. Concluding, Mr. Bodinnar stated that he was not downhearted about these Schemes, and he intended using his utmost endeavours to ensure their success.

Mr. G. B. Jamieson, speaking on behalf of the visitors, expressed thanks for a most enjoyable time ; in doing so he used the words of an old Chinese proverb :—

We came, we saw, we were delighted,
We'll come again if we're invited.

During the evening there was community singing and a programme of songs and sketches. Music was provided by Mr. Ewart Yeate's band, and a band of willing helpers dispensed refreshments.

The singing of " Auld Lang Syne " and

WILTSHIRE BACON COMPANY, LTD., CHIPPENHAM.

STAFF WELFARE ASSOCIATION ANNUAL SOCIAL.



Presentation by Mr. J. F. Bodinnar to Mr. John Dight upon his retirement after nearly 50 years' service.

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the National Anthem brought a very successful social to a close at 11.30 p.m.

SKITTLES.

VISIT TO DERRY HILL.

Our first match of the New Year was the return game with Derry Hill, and on Friday, January 27th, 1939, we made our way under rather Arctic conditions to the Landsowne Arms, where we received a warm reception. This ancient building, with its oil lamps and worn stone passages, provides a strange contrast to some of the modern places we visit.

Derry Hill has a reputation of being " killers " on their own alley, and we were given to understand that they had not lost a game this season, so we came away feeling pleased that our team had been victorious, although it was only by the small margin of five pins. We wish to thank our hosts for the excellent way they entertained us. Scores :—

Chippenham	113	114	121—348
Derry Hill	119	115	109—343

RAILWAYMEN ENTERTAINED.

On Friday, February 3rd, 1939, we had the pleasure of meeting a representative team of the G.W.R. Local Employees. This is the first occasion the two teams have met and, naturally, both sides went all out to prove their superiority. Our team, still inspired with their victory over Derry Hill, played with confidence. There was little to choose between the two sides during the first two legs. The third leg started with only one point in favour of the Railwaymen, but our men played well during the last leg, which they won by 20 pins, winning the match by 19 pins. Scores :—

Chippenham	60	63	76—199
G.W.R.	58	66	56—180

We are looking forward to the return game and feel certain that this will produce another enjoyable evening for all.

FOOTBALL.

CHIPPENHAM TOWN v. GORLESTON.

It was a disappointment to Wiltshire folk that Chippenham were unable to beat Gorleston on Saturday, January 14th, 1939. The better team won and we wish the victors every success in the next round. There is no doubt that the prevailing conditions were responsible for the Town's defeat. Gorleston, being a much heavier side, were able to adapt themselves to the muddy ground, and took full advantage of the opportunities given them. Result :—Chippenham Town, 1 ; Gorleston, 3.

CONGRATULATIONS.

We wish to offer congratulations to our Works Manager (Mr. T. Johnston) on the birth of a son and heir.

ILLNESS.

We are sorry to report that we have had several of our Staff on the sick list during the past month. Mr. H. Holder contracted pneumonia, but we are pleased to report that the hospital treatment he received has put him on the road to recovery. Messrs. E. Holder and E. C. Helps (Office) have both fallen victims of 'flu, but we are glad to know they will soon be fit enough to return to work.

A year after the Liverpool and Manchester railway opened, their time-table showed seven trains in each direction. Four were first-class only. The last train was at 5.30 p.m., and stopped only once. This one stop—we are informed—" was for the purpose of oiling and ' changing ' the machinery. As the stoppage will be very short, and as the Directors are determined by every means in their power to prevent the practice of supplying liqueur on the road, passengers are particularly requested not to alight." The second-class trains stopped at any of the 16 stations and, " to avoid delay, passengers are requested to have their money ready to pay the guard." This guard made out a way bill in duplicate for, say, 5 passengers, two males and three females, at so much per person. All this with fuller particulars than even the keenest " Harris " auditor could require were entered. The passenger's half-piece of paper counterfoil was gravely handed over and, as there were no cardboard tickets or that utter nonsense printed as to it being *not transferable*, the transaction was a fair one, even if a little laborious.

Horse buses went round the town by three routes to pick up and set down passengers for the first-class trains. No charge was made for the bus, but these first-class people paid 6s. 6d., whereas the second only 3s. 6d. Though these buses were free, " The Company draw attention that they cannot engage to call for passengers at any other place than the regular ones so appointed." Smoking was strictly forbidden, " even with the general consent of the passengers present, as the annoyance would be experienced in a still greater degree by those who may occupy the same coach on the succeeding journey." A striking contrast to the bludgeon notice, " NO SMOKING —FINE 40s."

An interesting fragment :—In the earliest accounts Railway is spelt in two words, Rail Way. Signalling was at first entirely done by hand, says the " Railway Companion " of 1833, and was done by Railway Police. " When a train approaches within a certain distance of a station, the policeman presents himself and signifies a clear road by assuming an erect position with his arm outstretched. Should he take the position of stand at ease, the engineer is aware that some obstruction exists. When a passenger is waiting at a station a red flag is hoisted by day and a swinging lamp exhibited at night." It further says, " the fire of the engine is sufficient to give warning to the policeman, or to any object upon the road, of the approach of a train." The policeman were supplied with beautifully-embellished truncheons.

H. W. HEIGHWAY.

* * *

If you want to lead the orchestra you must turn your back to the crowd.—J. JENKINS.

* * *

I think it frets the saints in heaven to see
How many desolate creatures on the earth
Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship
And social comfort in a hospital.

Mrs. BROWNING.

* * *

It is not by your sympathy but by your bravery that you help other people most.—NIETZCHE.

* * *

He is only defeated who believes himself defeated.—FOCH.

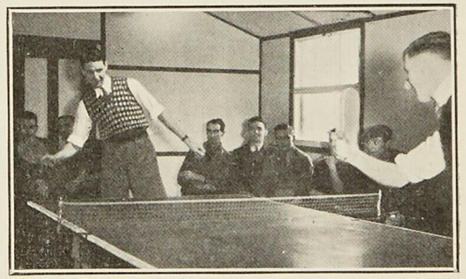
DUNMOW.

Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

Our monthly whist drive was held in the Recreation Hall on Friday, 20th January, when 14½ tables were in play. This is the largest number we have had so far, but we are hoping to do even better than that at our next drive. Mr. Ward was M.C., and Mr. Culpin presented prizes to Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Whybrow, Miss Fitton, Mr. Sewell, Mr. Crow, Mr. T. Walsh, Mr. J. Hulme, and Mr. A. J. Falkner.

On the 13th January our billiards and darts teams paid a visit to Ford End, where some very good games were had. The results were a draw at darts, and a win (6-2) at billiards.

Our table tennis team is now well on the way to being top of the Second Division of the Bishop's Stortford and District Table Tennis League, having won all their matches so far. Below is a photograph of two of our experts, L. Falkner (facing camera) and



R. D. Lungley. We wish them luck, and hope that they can keep up their record.

OUR MONTHLY HOWL.

A cuckoo is a bird which lays other birds' eggs in its own nest.

At the time of writing we are busy preparing for our Social, to be held in February. This year we are going to hold it in the Memorial Hall, as space was a little limited in our own Recreation Room last year. We are going to try out a new idea this year, and we hope to arrange a very

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enjoyable evening for all our employees and friends.

We are very sorry to hear of Mrs. F. C. Culf's illness, and hope that she will make a speedy recovery.

We also hope that Mr. W. G. Spurgeon will soon be through his troubles, and also Mr. E. Coyston. We shall be very pleased to see both these friends return to work.

I saw a heartrending photograph of two poor little mites, one a girl of about eight years, the other a little fellow, perhaps five years old. The girl had lost one leg entirely and the boy both feet, victims of that most atrocious of all modern warfare, the "Air Raid."

Thinking of this, it occurred to me how very fortunate it is that to very, very few of us is given the power of controlling the fate of millions of our fellow beings, more especially the lives and future of those poor little innocents who are so helpless without the love and protection which is their rightful heritage.

RAMBLER.

* * *

Our good wishes go with Miss Annie Shearer, who left us on February 28th to enter the honoured profession of nursing at the London Hospital.

* * *

A Week on the Road *(continued).*

Wales as a cyclist's paradise if all the hills are like that one. Arriving at Caerphilly, I soon found a quiet restaurant ; yes, "quiet" is a very true description. I was soon wondering what would happen to the little chap who managed it if they should by any chance become really busy ; but the tea was very good, which was refreshing after that sticky experience on the road. The country around Caerphilly was very beautiful, and I badly wanted to see more of it, but had to get back to Weston, so, tar-padding over the hill again, I reached Cardiff in good time for the return boat, and after finding a suitable place for the night's lodging, was able to obtain plenty of amusement at the wax-works and various fun-fairs, and was also able to obtain a good view of where the sea had been ; it was a long distance out that evening.

(*To be Continued*).

EASTLEIGH.

Edited by L. S. JONES.

ANNUAL SOCIAL.

The Welfare Association's annual social was held in the Welfare Hut on Friday evening, January 20th.

This event had been anticipated with real pleasure. in the knowledge that the President would be with us. The guests were assembled at seven o'clock, when, to everyone's disappointment, Mr. Taylor read a telegram, received from Mr. Bodinnar, conveying the news that owing to great pressure of work for several days in London, he regretted that he was unable to make the journey to Eastleigh. This news was received with a sense of real regret, and it was the unanimous wish of all that a telegram be sent forthwith to Mr. Bodinnar conveying to him loyal greetings from the gathering and an expression of keen disappointment that he was unable to be present.

The Hut had been gaily decorated by the members, who had given special care and attention to see that upon entering the building there would be that festive air about it, and they certainly did not fail in their objective for the whole scene presented a very pleasing appearance. A party of about 90 sat down to gaily-decorated tables, and the excellent meal, which by special request included Harris hand-raised pork pies, was thoroughly enjoyed, and made a very good start to the evening's enjoyment. The catering was, as usual, in the capable hands of the Bungalow Cafe. At the conclusion of the meal willing hands were soon at work to clear the tables and prepare the room so that the next part of the programme could be proceeded with.

Mr. Taylor, in a few well-chosen words, again expressed his regret that Mr. Bodinnar was unable to be present to give his usual words of encouragement. In passing, Mr. Taylor referred to the Pigs and Bacon Schemes, and said that he hoped it would be possible to have sufficient supplies of pigs throughout the year so that the tradition of the Eastleigh Factory could be maintained.

Then followed the presentation of the prizes for the handicaps in the various games which had been competed for in the Welfare Hut since the beginning of the season, the

winners and prizes being:—Billiards—Annual Challenge Cup (given by Mr. Taylor) and a small replica, won by Mr. B. Flynn ; runner-up, Mr. V. R. Collins, who received a petrol lighter. Darts Cup, won by Mr. A. Alderman ; runner-up, Mr. R. Haines, who received a watch. Snooker Cup, won by Mr. R. Jannaway ; runner-up, Mr. B. Neal, who received a clock. Table Tennis Cup, won by Mr. E. Stone ; runner up, Mr. L. S. Jones, who received a fountain pen. The recipients were given a splendid ovation upon receiving their due reward.

Mr. Taylor spoke of the excellent work accomplished by the Secretary of the Society, and said that as a result of a spontaneous wish of the members, a collection had been made, to which everyone had contributed, so that some practical expression of appreciation could be made, and he, on behalf of all the Staff, had great pleasure in presenting Mr. Beckett with a writing set and silver cigarette case as a mark of esteem and thanks.

At this juncture, too, reference was made to the absence of Mrs. Flynn, who through a serious illness, was unable to be at the gathering. Mr. Taylor asked Paddy to convey to his wife the sincere hope that she would soon be restored to health and strength.

The second part of the programme commenced with an innovation in the form of a tongue-twisting bee between the Factory and Office, the chief tongue-twister being Mr. E. Stone, who originated the idea. This departure caused great fun, and was enjoyed by competitors and audience alike. Messrs. F. Martin, R. Garnett, W. Collins, and E. Merrett were in great form for the Factory team, while the Misses Wagstaff and Heal, Mr. Clifford, and Cecil struggled valiantly to see that the Office side was not let down. Such twisters as "If a wicked witch wished a wish, where's the wish that the wicked witch wished," caused roars of laughter. Our congratulations are due to all concerned for the really excellent attempt to overcome the difficulties. The scores at the end indicated that each side had scored 16 points, which was a satisfactory result from all points of view.

Mr. Lanham, the genial magician, followed with another of his interesting turns, and we hope that a certain lady of the Office Staff has overcome the ordeal of having her millinery changed. Miss Fagin received deserved applause for the rendering of her songs, each one of which was encored with gusto. Mr. Peverly was another favourite artist, who, in his inimitable manner, gave good renderings of Scottish and Irish songs, which were very much appreciated.

Mr. E. Stone led a few community items, which brought to a close the second part of the programme.

Appropriately enough the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing to music supplied by the Selecta Dance Band. Even though we are not all gifted in this way, it was a source of satisfaction to see nearly everyone taking part, and thus entering into the spirit of the fun for the closing hours. Special dances were arranged, including a spot dance, which was won by Mr. A. Ridge and his partner. Thus came the stroke of midnight and the end of another annual social which will not be just a passing memory.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Taylor and the Welfare Committee for the excellent arrangements made, and we must not forget Mr. E. Stone who, throughout the evening, worked hard in his capacity of M.C., and to all who in any way contributed to the success of the evening we say that their work is greatly appreciated and is fully reflected in the enjoyment derived by all.

FOOTBALL.

There are only two football matches to report during the month of January, one a League match and the other the second round of the Northbrook Cup.

The League game was played at Hursley, and we ran out winners by 2 goals to 1. Hursley are occupying the bottom place in the table at the moment, but they certainly played well against the Four Counties. At half-time we were losing by 1—0, but with Maestro Angell calling the tune, our lads overran Hursley in the second half, and scored two more goals. The forwards seemed to be able to do anything but score, and indeed it was a very thankful crowd who made the journey home, as we just managed to gain both points. In fairness to the team, however, it must be stated that the game was played under appalling conditions, and in parts the ground was ankle deep in mud. Bath scored both goals, but we should never have won had it not been

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for the brilliant display by Ervine Angell at centre-half.

Our League position at the moment is looking very rosy. Of course, we have played fewer games than any other team in the League, but we have only lost one and drawn one, and at the present moment have won four. The League position is as follows :—

					GOALS.		
	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	PTS.
Rifle Depot	12	10	1	1	53	18	21
City Lads	8	5	1	2	29	21	12
King's Somborne	10	4	4	2	29	29	10
Four Counties	6	4	1	1	24	15	9
Itchen Valley	7	2	1	4	12	9	8
St. Cross	13	2	8	3	27	52	7
The Worthies	9	3	6	0	18	28	6
Micheldever	6	1	3	2	9	16	4
Hursley	6	0	5	1	7	22	1

In February we have to meet King's Somborne, Itchen Valley, Hursley, all at home, so we should be able to gather maximum points from these games.

On Saturday, January 28th, we played Micheldever in the second round of the Northbrook Cup.

It was a rousing game from start to finish, and although lacking in skill the game was interesting. We ran out winners by six goals to three, and are now waiting eagerly the draw for round three. Our goal-scorers in this game were Saint 2, Bath 2, and Angell and Richardson, although the display of the forwards was not up to their usual standard.

Chalk played a fine game at left back, and although he was knocked out in heading a heavy ball, he came back to play his best game this season. His partner, " Chum " Garnett, never put a foot wrong, and this player, as stated before in these notes, is certainly improving with every match. There is not much wrong with the defence, and with the whole team showing keenness and good feeling, as in the present case, we shall go far in both Cup and League.

Mention must be made in these notes of the two " old 'uns " in the team. I know both " Roly " Haines and Ervine Angell will forgive me for announcing them as such. Both of these players are giving their utmost for the teams benefit, and it is in a great measure due to both of them that we have done so well.

Now that the season is half over we are able to give the chief goal-scorers for the competitive games ; friendly matches are not, of course, included in this list. The table is compiled to the end of the Cup match with Micheldever and is as follows :—H. Bath, 14 goals ; F. Richardson, 13 ; E. Saint, 10 ; R. Jannaway, 3 ; R. Haines, 2 ; E. Angell, 1.

As can be seen, H. Bath leads the list, with Freddy Richardson a close second, but we should like to add that it makes no difference who scores the goals during the latter part of the season as long as we win our matches.

Just think, lads, how nice that Championship Shield would look in our Recreation Hut next year.

E.A.S.

RECREATION HUT.

The finals of our various handicap competitions were all played off during January, and resulted as follows :—

Table Tennis.—This was an " all Office " final, and a very fast and keen game was witnessed, resulting in E. Stone beating L. S. Jones by three straight sets. L. S. Jones, despite being a " veteran " (according to the ages of the players now playing in the championship games in London), gave his much younger opponent a very hard and difficult game.

Snooker.—R. Jannaway just managed to get the better of B. Neal by scoring 46 against 41, and as you can see, the result depended on the black. B. Neal, who received a start of 28 against the 7 of his opponent, kept a good lead up to the last four colours, and played a very steady game, and it was unfortunate for him that R. Jannaway was so deadly accurate in potting these last four colours. R. Jannaway played very well indeed to overcome his big handicap, as a start of 21 is very useful in a game of snooker.

Darts.—A. Alderman (or " Steamer ") proved too good for R. Haines (" Roly "). We are afraid that our " Steamer " rolled too much for " Roly," who must have had a bad attack of sea-sickness, as a number of his shots for the 20 found their way to the one. However, " Roly " did his best, but, as we all know, it would take a very good man indeed to beat " Steamer " at this game. I expect we shall have to handicap " Steamer " to throwing two darts each time instead of three ! !

Billiards.—B. Flynn easily accounted for V. R. Collins in this final, playing 250 up for game. Paddy, starting scratch, was not long in overtaking Reg. with his 50 start, and proved far too good for Reg. throughout the game, winning by 250 to 177.

Reg. is inclined to be a little nervous in games of this description, and this, no doubt, reacted on his play during this game, as we are sure he would give Paddy a much better game if it was just an ordinary game.

Paddy is one of our best billiard players, and, although he very rarely gets in any practice, he retains his form very well indeed, and we wonder what his play would be like if he played more regularly.

However, Paddy thoroughly deserved his win and the honour of holding for a year the cup kindly given by Mr. G. Taylor.

Bodinnar Cup.—This competition has proved to be very popular indeed. We are playing a total of 25 games, consisting of five games each of billiards, snooker, darts, table tennis, and table skittles, allowing one point per game. One game is played weekly throughout the winter months, the names going into the hat every week. Our fellows are always eager to see the draw each week to know who they have to play, and what chance they have of getting another point. Now that we have reached the last eight games, the keenness and interest is even more pronounced. We are, indeed, very much indebted to Mr. Bodinnar for his kind thought in giving us the opportunity of competing for this cup. We put the League up every week and, as a rule, there is usually a change in the positions each week, which all goes to create interest. As the League stands now it would be very difficult to pick out the ultimate winner, but it appears to rest between any of the first eight. However, we must wait and see.

The positions of the top eight players are as follows :—

	BLDS.	SNKR.	TBL.DTS.	TBL.TENS.	SK.	TOTL. PTS.
A. Jannaway	3	2	4	3	2	14
E. Stone	2	3	4	3	2	14
L. Toogood	3	2	4	3	1	13
E. Angell	4	3	3	0	3	13
V. Collins	3	3	3	2	1	12
L. Drayton	2	2	2	3	3	12
F. Richardson	3	2	2	3	2	12
R. Jannaway	3	2	3	1	2	11

A number of our members appear to prefer throwing their darts without flights,

(Continued on page 78).

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

We are sorry to hear that two of our old friends, Mr. Fred Lawrence and Mr. Alfred Wyatt, are seriously ill. We wish them a speedy return to health.

We congratulate Mr. C. A. Cross on the birth of a son on Monday, the 30th January. We understand that mother and son are doing well.

SPORT.

League Skittles.

We have nothing very exciting to report in League skittles, except that the Knock-out Cup competitions are just starting, and we have to play the Stragglers on the Berrow Club alley, and we sincerely hope our team will win in the first round.

Friendly Games.

The Burnham branch of the British Legion challenged us to a match on the Territorial Hall alley on Thursday, January 18th, 1939, 12 a side. We had a very enjoyable evening and thank the British Legion for their kindness and hospitality. Although we managed to win by some 30 pins, it was a very pleasant game and we are hoping to have a return match in the near future. The game was all the more interesting as several of our members were playing against us and we often heard the remark, " Make 'em pay." We hope other games of a like nature will be arranged.

" ANNE KIDLEY " CUP COMPETITION.

The fourth round of this very interesting competition was played on our own alley on Friday, the 13th January, and we are pleased to note that our Foreman and Captain of the League team, H. B. Blackmore, is heading the list with a lead of two pins over E. Cann, the runner-up and previous cup winner. As there are two more rounds to play, and several dark horses have still to complete their fourth round, it would appear that the struggle for supremacy is going to be very keen and exciting. There are only 13 pins separating the first nine in the

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competition, and anything may happen in the next round.

No.	*Name.*	1, 2, & 3 *Rd.*	*4th Rd.*	*Ttl.*
1.—	H. B. Blackmore	152	48	200
2.—	E. Cann	151	47	198
3.—	F. Pople	145	52	197
4.—	W. J. Young	144	52	196
5.—	R. Harding	150	46	196
6.—	W. J. Pople	139	53	192
7.—	H. Hardwidge	140	50	190

OUR ANNUAL SOCIAL.

Our annual social was held in the Town Hall, Highbridge, on Saturday, the 28th January, and was a great success. The only thing that marred the evening's enjoyment was the chilliness of the hall, and we are hoping ere the next social is held our local Council will make an improvement in the heating arrangements.

However, we were all glad when the dancing started, for it did rouse the sluggish blood in our veins to activity and made us forget the little inconveniences. We were very pleased indeed to welcome our President, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., and Mrs. Bodinnar, also Captain C. Herbert Smith and Mr. A. J. Baker, and also all visitors, and we hope they spent a pleasant time, as it is the wish and endeavour of our untiring Committee to make everyone feel happy and at home.

The social consisted of a supper and dance, and we must congratulate our caterers for the generous spread provided, as all appear to have done justice to the good things set out for them. Our President was in the chair, supported by Mrs. Bodinnar, Captain Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Kidley, and Mr. P. H. J. Doble, together with the joint secretaries of our Welfare Association, Mr. W. J. Pople and Mr. R. C. Lynham, and members of the Committee, Mr. C. B. Shier being our toast-master for the evening. After the "King" had been toasted we settled down to hear what the various speakers had to say for themselves. Captain C. Herbert Smith, in a very pleasing speech, toasted the "Visitors," and was responded to by Mr. A. J. Baker, our representative in the Birmingham district. "The Long Service Medal Holders" were next on the list, and were well brought to the fore by Mr. P. H. J. Doble, who in a few well-chosen words said much that was appreciated by these medal holders. Mr. W. J. Pople and Mrs. Bevan respectively responded. The fourth toast was to Mrs. Walter Young and helpers, and this was proposed by Mr. R. C. Lynham, who, in a breezy speech, made it known that such functions as these could not be possible were it not for the very kind help and assistance given in the catering department by Mrs. Walter Young and helpers. Mrs. Young, in response, said that she and her helpers were always willing to give their assistance, and that they were "veterans" at the game and would, no doubt, in time be awarded the usual medallion for loyal service. The last toast, the most important toast of the evening, was to "Our President and Mrs. Bodinnar," proposed by Mr. A. G. Kidley, and was received with great acclamation and enthusiasm. Musical honours were accorded to our President and his wife. Mr. Kidley, in his usual style, welcomed them in the name of Highbridge, and expressed the great pleasure it was to see them amongst us once again, and thanked our President for the interest he had taken, and was taking, in the work at the Highbridge Factory, and also brought to the notice of all, the work our President was doing for us all as our Managing Director and as Chairman of the Bacon Marketing Board.

Mrs. Bodinnar was then presented with a lovely bouquet of red carnations by the youngest member of the Office Staff, Miss Agnes Brewer.

Mr. Bodinnar responded to this toast and said how pleased they were to be amongst their friends at Highbridge, and expressed many thanks for the lovely bouquet of flowers. As we always look forward to our President's speech, we were not disappointed, as we realised when he started we were going to hear something of importance to us all. Our President is very definite in his remarks, and perhaps in his manner of dealing with business affairs of the great importance of being earnest, and expressed himself that although the Pig Scheme had only been in existence a few weeks, there were signs of improvement, although the supplies of raw material were not up to expectation; but we must all live in the hope that things will eventually turn out better than expected. He emphasised the old maxim of "Never say die," and if we adopt this idea things that appear dead will ripen into fruition and bring us what we are hoping and looking for—(loud cheers).

Mr. Bodinnar then presented the medals for Long Service, as follows:—

Gold Medal, 40 years, Mr. W. J. Pople.

	BARS.	YEARS.	
Silver Medal	3	35	Mr. H. B. Blackmore.
,,	3	35	Mr. W. H. G. Young, sen.
,,	2	30	Mr. A. Holley.
,,	2	30	Mr. L. C. King.
,,	2	30	Mr. W. J. Young.
,,	1	25	Mr. A. C. Solomon.
,,		20	Mr. A. H. Hill.
,,		20	Mr. A. J. Baker.

From about 9.30 p.m. until twelve (midnight) some 120 of us enjoyed the pleasures of the dance, and the whole proceedings were brought to a close right on the stroke of midnight to the tune of the National Anthem. We can safely say that this was a jolly evening, well spent, and gloriously lived.

BRITISH LEGION NOTES.

As our correspondent referred to "Legion Activities" at Burnham, and to the forthcoming annual supper, we have to report that this annual gathering was a huge success, thanks to the committee and British Legion members who heartily supported the idea. We had hoped to have had the National Chairman with us, but, unfortunately, he was prevented from coming, being laid up with influenza. We, however, had the pleasure of the company of the Somerset County officials, together with Captain Wills, county chairman, and we heard much of the work that had been done in our own county, and was being done, for the disabled and unfortunate ex-Service men who were suffering from the effects of War service, now in their middle age. The president of our local branch, the Rev. Egerton Smith, C.F., made a suggestion that if a further international crisis arose in the near future they should call together Legionaires from all lands, friends and foes alike, and let them handle the situation, and said he would trust the veterans of the Great War to do the fair and just thing to secure peace for the world.

* * *

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world.—CARLYLE.

* * *

The fool to-day cannot be the wise man to-morrow.

IPSWICH.

Edited by J. E. SMITH.

SOCIAL SECTION.

THE 11TH ANNUAL SOCIAL EVENING AT IPSWICH

This year's social evening was preceded by the children's party, held on the afternoon of Saturday, January 14th, at the Crown and Anchor Hotel.

We were very pleased to welcome some 74 children, together with their parents. Very soon the children were enjoying themselves at games and community singing, being ably led by Mr. P. Cobb and members of the committee. To peep into the ballroom and to watch the children going through the actions of "The Chestnut Tree" and other favourites, gave one the idea that Mr. Cobb had hidden his talent from us for far too long.

Next came "the" item of the afternoon, the appearance of Father Christmas (ably portrayed by Mr. C. Hobbs), who was welcomed with tumultuous cheers, and who proceeded to distribute to each child a toy from the heavily-laden Christmas tree. To Mr. and Mrs. H. Ludgate the Club offers its thanks for having provided the tree and toys. In addition each child received a bag of "good things" provided by the Club.

A very engaging scene was witnessed when little Miss Sheila Hobbs presented Mrs. Ludgate with a bouquet of pink carnations. This was followed by presentation of the prizes, and as each child came up to receive their prize from Mrs. Ludgate it was noticeable how each bore on his or her face that unmistakable look of pride of accomplishment.

Tables having meanwhile been prepared, the children sat down as guests of Mr. Bodinnar to a sumptuous tea. Soon the noise of the pulling of crackers was heard, and the festive scene was completed when each little one donned their paper hats. During this time Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. Ludgate had arrived, and were making their way from table to table renewing old and making new acquaintances, and as is their way, endearing themselves in each child's heart.

Having cleared away, the children

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settled down to enjoy an hour's cinematograph entertainment, and loud was the laughter as " The Gang," " Charlie Chaplin," and other screen favourites went through their activities.

All good things come to an end, and after having expressed their appreciation to Mr. Bodinnar, Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate, and Father Christmas in good and hearty cheering, the children gradually prepared for home.

Following the afternoon of children's fun, the Staff of Ipswich, together with their friends, assembled in the dining-room below to do full justice to an excellent dinner. After dinner, Mr. Ludgate, who occupied the chair, rose and asked the company to give the Loyal toast.

Mr. Ratcliff, following, recalled to the gathering the origin of the Harris (Ipswich) Sports and Social Club, remarked on its pronounced growth, and expressed the sentiments of the members when he thanked our President, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., for his continuous understanding, friendship, and generosity. He also paid tribute to Mr. A. H. Mackenzie for his pioneer work in the Club's early days, and to efforts of the present Committee. Before Mr. Ratcliff proposed the toast of " The Club," he gave us a conundrum of the advanced " Syd Walker " type, and it is hoped that Mr. Ratcliff will be induced to give the answer in the " Mag." The Secretary replied on behalf of the Club.

In reply to the toast of " The President," proposed by Mr. Ludgate, and heartily given by the company assembled, Mr. Bodinnar expressed his pleasure at being able to once again be with us. He expressed his great delight in being able to welcome as his guests those retired members and their wives of the Ipswich branch, and hoped that they would be spared to enjoy their well-earned retirement.

In connection with service of the Company, Mr. Bodinnar, in calling upon Mr. C. McNamara, said that it gave him great pleasure to have to present to Mr. McNamara his medal and two bars, which indicated a loyal service to the House of Harris of 31 years. Humorously expounding upon the good qualities of our " Charlie Mac," for the purpose of enlightening Mrs. C. McNamara, Mr. Bodinnar caused great amusement by using that well-known wireless comedian's phrase of, " Can you hear me, mother ? "

In conclusion, Mr. Bodinnar expressed his satisfaction at the increased thrift of the employees, as shown in the balance-sheet of the Savings Scheme.

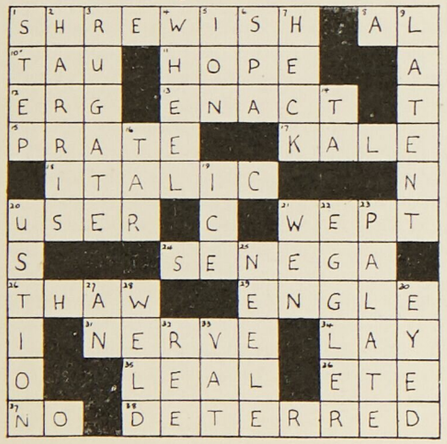
Mr. Mackenzie, in his toast to " The Visitors," welcomed the retired members, and also the Seager Shop Staffs, who, through the kind understanding of Mr. Bodinnar, had been able to attend the social and dinner.

Mr. G. Quinton, in reply, expressed on behalf of the retired members and their wives their very great pleasure in being able to accept Mr. Bodinnar's kind invitation.

After a short interval the company made their way to the whist and ballroom, there to enjoy cards, games, and dancing. An event worth recording was a gentleman's request for an encore in the ladies' musical laps. All too soon the evening drew to a close, and after Mrs. Ludgate had kindly presented the prizes, the company had linked arms for " Auld Lang Syne," a fitting close to a very enjoyable evening.

L. P. STOREY, *Secretary*.

Solution to The Ipswich Crossword No. 2.



IPSWICH A.R.P.

In view of the activity throughout the country, there are, no doubt, a number of Wardens in the Harris Associated Branches.

We do, therefore, feel that if space is kindly allowed in the monthly Magazine, a very interesting subject can be discussed which will prove of practical value to us all. We, at Ipswich, shall be only too pleased to exchange views with other Branches through this Magazine on matters relative to Air Raid Precautions, and a monthly discussion would, no doubt, prove to be very helpful to all concerned.

We have, of course, good facilities at Ipswich for the training of Wardens, Decontamination Squads, Fire Fighting Brigades, and also First Aid, and many of the employees at this Factory are being trained in these capacities.

What about you other Branches ? Let us hear what you have to say and so set the ball rolling, which we are quite certain will prove a very interesting feature.

MUSTARD.

FACTORY NEWS.

There have been two outstanding features in the first month of the New Year—one a " Harris " event and the other of a more general interest.

The first, as you will have guessed, was the annual Works Social, preceded, as usual, by the children's tea, where the kiddies are the guests of Mr. Bodinnar and the Sports and Social Club. A detailed account of these functions appears elsewhere in this issue from the Secretarial pen, so I must content myself with a few brief notes.

First, we were very glad to welcome Mr. Bodinnar to Ipswich once more, and, to quote Mr. Ludgate, " our only complaint is that he does not come often enough." Glad, too, we were, to note in his speech a vein of optimism, of real hope for the future. In the days to come, when our industry is enjoying prosperity, let us all pay tribute to his unconquerable spirit, which would not know defeat, nor yield to weariness, but steadfastly moved towards its goal.

Both the afternoon and evening functions were very successful, the saddest moment being when it was all over. We were sorry that none of our friends from London and Dunmow were with us this time —their presence is always an added pleasure to the evening's enjoyment. Mr. and Mrs. Coles, indeed, would have been with us, but fog prevented them from making the journey from London. A happy innovation this year was the presence at the dinner of the Managers of the " Seager " retail shops and their ladies. In previous years they have been unable to attend, but this year, by the kindly co-operation of Mr. Bodinnar, it was made possible.

An excellent dinner, a whist drive, dancing, games, and happy re-union with old friends—no wonder the clock seemed to beat all records. Let us gratefully record our appreciation of the hard work and good organisation of Mr. Secretary Storey and his Committee, whose efforts on our behalf have again been so successful.

December having provided us with some outstanding specimens of winter weather, I suppose January did not wish to be lacking in interest, and, therefore, provided us with a flood. I can myself recall a flood in Calne many years ago, when Church Street became a river and The Strand a lake. That flood, however, followed a cloudburst, and was a very sudden (and disastrous) affair.

Here, in Ipswich, we had, as you will have read in your papers, a flood which came as the result of continuous heavy rain, on to ground already saturated by previous rain and snow. The river Gipping, which normally gathers the little streams and surface waters from a wide area in Suffolk, and discharges them into the Orwell en route for the North Sea, became quite inadequate for its job. Steadily its level rose, until the water over-ran the river banks and flooded the fields on either side.

An enormous volume of water was flowing from all sources into the Gipping, and presently the Seven Arches Bridge became choked with debris, and the main London road was flooded. Still the water rose, and streets and houses were inundated over large areas in Ipswich and many of the surrounding small towns and villages. Business premises, factories, shops, and private houses suffered alike by flooding, telephones were cut off, rowing boats were used in the streets of the town to carry food and coals to the many hundreds of marooned people, men had to be rowed to their houses on their return from work, many could not get to and from their work at all, whilst many, again, were put out of work through the flooding of factories.

We were fortunate here in that, although our Factory grounds were flooded from the river Gipping, which forms our northern boundary, to a point quite close to the Factory itself, no water reached the Factory level. A pathetic sight, as the water was rising over our grounds, was to see the rabbits being literally washed out of their burrows. Scores of them were to be seen scampering wildly about and swimming strongly across the various pools which filled the hollows in the grounds. Never before

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had I seen rabbits swim, and the sight of so many of them was amazing. Most of them eventually reached one or the other of the railway embankments which form our Eastern and Western boundaries. One poor little chap, quite a baby, was sitting at the edge of the burrow, from which he had been ejected by the water, too terrified to move, wet, cold, and miserable. I picked him up and carried him across to the railway bank and put him down, when off he scuttled as fast as he could in search, I suppose, of his parents. I hope he found them.

One member of our Staff sought to profitably employ the lunch-hour by potting a bunny or so for the larder. With this intent he fetched his gun, and strode down to the flooded area, where plenty of rabbits were to be seen. A glance at the scene and up went his gun—a left and then a right, bang, bang—and at that same instant his hands shot upwards and he took the neatest header into the water that ever you saw. For a second or two he completely disappeared beneath the water, and then, some eight or nine feet further out, up popped his head, and he was then seen to be making for the shore, so to speak. And so home for a rub down and a change, with a good gun submerged (recovered three days later) and an opinion on rabbit-shooting which the Editor dare not publish.

All sorts of incidents occurred in the flooded areas. One man, whom I know, rescued his nine pullets and two cockerels from a flooded garden, and took them upstairs into a spare bedroom. He swears that on the second morning three of the pullets laid their eggs, whilst the cockerels became so vociferous in the early morning that nobody in that street required an alarum clock.

A member of our Staff tells the story of his daughter and a friend of hers who were making their way home by devious routes to avoid flooded streets. It appears that one young lady was wearing Wellingtons, whilst the other had on only ordinary shoes. They had nearly reached their home street when they were confronted with a sheet of water about 9ins. or 10ins. deep, and this they must cross to get home. Just as the one with ordinary shoes had decided to wade for it a young gentleman, who had come to the same point as themselves, said, " Excuse me, but I've got to wade through it—no sense in us both getting wet—jump on my back and I'll carry you through." This gallant offer was accepted, and away went our Sir Walter Raleigh (Ipswich version) with his fair burden, and all was well until about mid-stream, when our hero slipped, and both he and his " passenger " went full length into the water ! !

Another man tells me (I won't vouch for this) that the water took a large ornamental bowl, containing a fern in a flower pot, from his front room, through the back, down the garden, and it was eventually discovered high and dry on the top of his garden wall.

Yet another story tells of an incident which occurred at the Bramford road—Yarmouth road crossing, where the traffic lights continued to function, although the roads were flooded. A man, wearing waders, and carrying a bicycle on his shoulder, approached the crossing, and meekly waited until the green light showed before he waded across.

One of our Town Councillors tells this yarn. It seems that his son and a friend went down the Orwell to Pin Mill and brought their dinghys back to the town, where they rowed about doing whatever they could to help people. Passing the end of one of those small streets which lie off Princes Street, they caught sight of a towel, or something of that sort, being vigorously waved from an upstairs window in one of the houses. Thereupon they turned and rowed along to the house. " Hello," they called out, " don't worry, we'll soon have you out of this." The towel waver, reaching far out of the window, said : " I'm all right. I don't want to come out, but I wish you'd take this envelope and post my Littlewoods for me."

In those days of flood, as in all times of crisis, the British characteristics showed strong as ever. With homes flooded and ruined, furniture, carpets, linos, wireless sets, pianos, and rugs spoiled ; with gas and electricity cut off by flooded meters ; living upstairs, feeding and sleeping as best they could, the sufferers yet laughed and joked about it all. Almost every man with whom I spoke told, not so much of his own loss as of the greater loss of " poor old so-and-so." The police, Salvation Army, the various denominations, and many private individuals were unceasing in their efforts to help, and many, many good deeds will be unrecorded, save in the hearts of those directly concerned in them—but they will not have been done in vain.

Things are better now. The waters have gone down, the weather is fine, and people are taking up their lives again and trying to restore their homes. The Mayor of Ipswich has opened a fund, to which a splendid response is being given, to help the flood victims in their grievous losses, whilst the local authorities are seeking to find a way, if possible, to prevent, or at least minimise, a recurrence of such a disaster.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. Goodchild we offer our congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Our bill of health is very good, and we are glad to welcome back Mr. F. Bloomfield and Mr. F. Dowsing, both of whom have had quite a spell of illness, whilst we hope that Mr. A. Garrod, whose family and himself are laid low with influenza, will soon be well again.

To-day the sun shines, the sky is blue, and my wife has found a snowdrop in bloom in our garden. The days are drawing out, and soon we shall see those signs of Spring which are so beautiful and heartening, do we but look for them.

A. H. MACKENZIE.

BETHLEHEM—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

It is interesting to note that there really is a town of Bethlehem still in existence two thousand years after the birth of Christ.

Bethlehem has a permanent population of 7,000, it boasts as many as 18 butchers' shops, together with a slaughtery. All these are regularly inspected by the local Medical Officer of Health, and necessary measures are enforced to safeguard the people against food poisoning. It will be seen that, despite its ancient character, Bethlehem is conducted along modern lines.

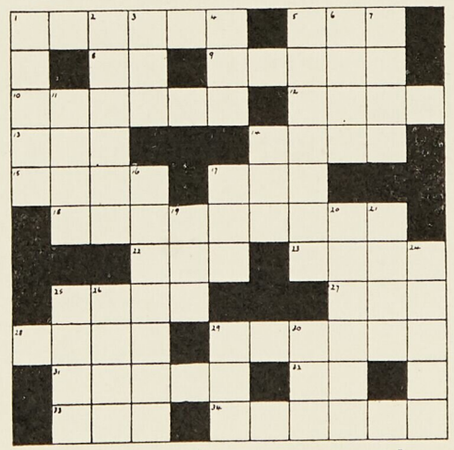
There are, however, two Bethlehems, the one where the tourists eat and buy their souvenirs, and the other which is the native quarter. This latter is, naturally, the most picturesque, and while the butchers of the European quarter have up-to-date premises, electrically lighted, butchers from the older part purvey their meats in those stone, windowless archways which comprise an Oriental bazaar.

Imagine the Bethlehem housewife, her basket on her head, pausing at a meat stall to bargain long and excitedly with the shopkeeper. She is dressed in trailing biblical garments, and wears a mantilla* which was introduced to Bethlehem by the Crusader ladies. Passing by at the same time are camels, mules, and pack donkeys, led by men who are clad in long-skirted garments

THE IPSWICH CROSSWORD (No. 3.)

ACROSS.

1.—It often repeats itself.
5.—The shepherd knows this well.
8.—Beginning and end of era.
9.—Found on invoices.
10.—You'll find this cold.
12.—Equal in quantity.
13.—Perch.
14.—Boys.
15.—A cowl.
17.—A witty saying.
18.—Miners paid by shares.
22.—Downcast.
23.—To determine.
25.—Clothed.
27.—Meadow.
28.—To dig up.
29.—Downright.
31.—A burst of applause.
32.—Indefinite article.
33.—To lengthen.
34.—Ejects.



DOWN.

1.—A puddle.
2.—A clergyman.
3.—Rodent.
4.—Convulsive muscular movement.
5.—It's been a long time coming.
6.—Among.
7.—Inquiries.
11.—Uproar.
14.—Destiny.
16.—To render unfit.
17.—It's very dirty.
19.—Evil.
20.—To tell.
21.—Observed.
24.—Comrades.
25.—To soften grain.
26.—Bookmakers cannot do without it.
29.—Past tense of eat.
30.—Rent.

The solution will appear next month.

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a scarf noosed over the crown of the head, with a cord of goat skin.

Some of the butchers roast their meat over a charcoal fire and sell it in the street; others have a table or two for customers who may choose the cut of their fancy and have it roasted on the spot for their consumption. Although about a million pounds yearly is spent on imported meat in Palestine, Bethlehem uses mostly home-killed produce. Bethlehem butchers have a more informal way of doing business than the butchers of Britain. Much of their time is spent sitting outside the shop smoking and gossiping. As their requirements are only elementary ones, they find life not nearly so harassing as small shopkeepers do in this country. Perhaps this is just as well, for the violence of the past three years has hit the Bethlehem meat trade hard, especially as the staple foods of the people are fruits and vegetables rather than meat. On the other hand, there is little competition from the preserved tinned meat which is sold in non-butchers shops in our own country. During Christmas, however, meat meals would be in evidence among natives and pilgrims, just as in Christian lands.

All in all, life to-day in Bethlehem is very much as it was centuries ago, and the butcher in this Biblical township conducts his business, substantially, no differently from his forefathers—yes, even to the total exclusion of pork.

B. J. Haste.

(*Mantilla, in Spain, a scarf worn as a headdress).

This Month's Quotation.

"The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and reasonable nature."—Marcus Antonius.

Same Thing.

Scene in a music shop. Customer: Have you a song called "English Summer?" Assistant: No, madam, but we have "One Fine Day."

* * *

A Simple Matter.

A messenger who worked on Bank-holiday submitted the following request for adjustment of the matter: "I beg to ask if it will be convenient for me to take the day's holiday I had yesterday next Saturday, instead of next winter, as I want it this summer."

* * *

Risked It.

Wife: Hoo are ye sae late, Geordie? Did yer bike brak' doon? Countryman: Na, I cam' tae one o' thae new signs that said "30," so I waited 30 minutes, but it didna cheenge so I chanced my luck and rode on.

* * *

Reasons.

"Yes, I had a beard like yours once, and when I realised how it made me look I cut it off." "Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realised I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard."

* * *

The Only Thing.

He: What do you think will go well with my purple and green stockings? She: Wellington boots.

W. O. Mills.

* * *

This Month's Hint.

When a pipe bursts upstairs in your home the water leaves a brown patch on the ceiling.

To remove this patch, mix a small quantity of vinegar and water together and brush it over the patch. Allow to thoroughly dry, then go over your work with whitening.

Result: A perfect finish, with no discolouration.

K. C. Downes.

* * *

EASTLEIGH (continued.)

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and to these we would like to suggest that they use a little more care when "*snatching*" their darts from the board, because, after all, there are other members who prefer their darts with flights, so please do try and remember, "Not yours, but *ours*."

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Jones quite enjoyed *trying* to get out on the double in their game of darts in the "Bodinnar Cup," and after breaking one electric bulb and spiking the table tennis ball(?) Mr. Taylor managed to beat Mr. Jones, who played much better after half-time.

Anon.

KIDLINGTON.

Edited by L. STOCKDALE.

We have all heard about the Irishman who sent a letter to his girl friend and mentioned inside that she was to write him if she did not receive it. Our friend who spends quite a lot of his spare time at a local cafe set about the laborious task of expressing his deep sentiments towards his "latest" by letter. Blots and the intricacies of the English language gave him cause to re-write the epistle three times, and at last it was sealed in its envelope and carefully addressed. Imagine our love-sick swain some time later eagerly taking a letter from the postman, only to find on opening it it was the very one which had caused him such trouble. He had addressed it to himself!

WHIST DRIVES.

The weekly whist drives held in the Club Room still prove to be very popular. During the month of January four successful drives were held, the prize-winners being:—

January 4th—Mr. G. Teal 177; Mrs. Shirley, 174; Mrs. Soames, 173.

January 11th—Mr. Freeman, 174; Mrs. Rodgers, 172; Mr. W. Hellier, 168;

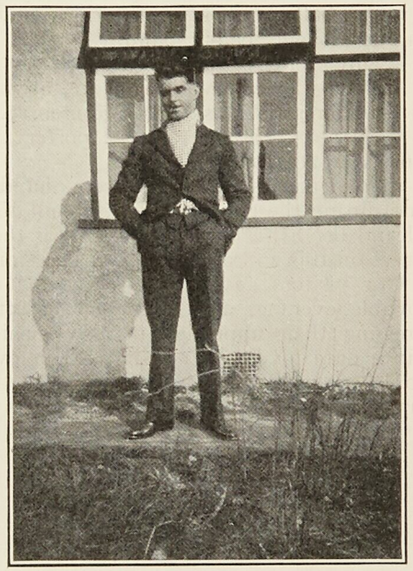
January 18th—Mr. Jeffries, 170; Mrs. Cooper, 168; Mr. Griffiths, 167.

January 26th—Mr. G. Teal, 178; Mrs. Hunt, 174; Mr. Dore, 173.

Great interest was caused during the recent snowstorms when a seagull, exhausted and too weak to fly any further, landed in the Factory yard. The bird showed no fear of the many spectators, and revived after several tit-bits from the men's lunch bags had disappeared. Taking to the air, the bird circled the Factory a few times, and then, once again, went on its way.

It is interesting to note that the game of tennis was played for the first time in England behind the premises of Sanders & Co., High Street, Oxford. The building itself is 17th century, at that time being the Salutation Inn, the landlord being one Thomas Wood, who actually had an inn sign representing a tennis racket.

We introduce in our Photo Gallery this month Mr. H. J. Richardson, who has been with us for about five years, and is known at Kidlington as Johnnie.



Mr. Richardson plays for the local football club, and takes a keen interest in all social activities of the Factory Recreation Hut.

SOCIAL CLUB.

As the result of a challenge, excitement ran high on Wednesday, January 12th, when matches in the Club's various games were arranged between the Office and Factory Staffs.

The representatives for the Factory were Mr. A. Pollard, Mr. A. Stockford, Mr. J. Onslow, and Mr. G. Teal, while the Office team consisted of Mr. R. Gardner, Mr. R. Fairbrother, Mr. Faull, and Mr. Gale.

The Office team were successful in gaining most points at all the games and are to be congratulated on the fine stand they made.

Another pleasant evening was spent by all when the married members of the Club played the singles.

As our guests on the evening of January 17th we had the instructors and staff of the local Flying School. The airmen turned up in full force and showed that, besides being

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able to loop the loop and corkscrew dive, they knew quite well how to handle a billiard cue and table tennis bat.

Good spirits were the keynote of the evening, and one man who persistently hit the wrong ball at snooker, was accused by a comrade of being colour blind.

"Sure, I know I am," said he.

"Then what are you going to do when you get married?" asked his tormentor.

"Oh, I expect I'll kiss the porter and tip my wife 2d." he replied.

Coffee and sandwiches were handed round during the games, and we thank Mrs. Bull and her little band of helpers for their services on this and all other such occasions.

Our visitors gave thanks for such an enjoyable evening, and later sent a letter expressing their appreciation, also wishing to fix a date for another visit, as their own Club Room was not yet completed, for the return match.

* * *

LEEDS.

Edited by G. C. CAMPBELL.

On the 18th January the Duke of Devonshire was installed as Chancellor of Leeds University. This great seat of learning has reached a standard worthy of the importance and needs of Yorkshire and the North; and, when the further additions have been completed, our University will be housed in a series of beautiful modern buildings, of which we shall be proud. Earl Baldwin, after the presentation of the degrees, addressed the congregation on behalf of the honorary graduates. One would like to print his whole speech, but space permits only a summary.

Referring to the fact that the modern University is usually placed in a centre of population as distinct from the old Monastic idea of learning, he considered this good and right. "It is good for those who struggle for wealth—well-being as well as money—that there should be a group of men among them whose main object in life is far removed from that; whose work and whose pursuits cannot lead them to wealth, and who show, by their lives, that to them come *first* things of the mind and of the *spirit*; and the influence that they exercise is incalculable." "In the same way learned men should know something of the raw material of the struggling mass of humanity among whom they live." He emphasised how important it is that learned institutions should hold aloft the lamp of intellectual integrity, and spoke of the "awful peril" should the influence of the State or Parties make themselves felt in our search for truth. His warning should be noted, and his advice taken to resist "should any attempt be made by any Government department of any colour to make money gifts conditional on what is taught or how it is taught." No doubt, we in this freedom-loving Isle may never be faced with such an attempt, but it is well to be reminded.

Like most of England, Leeds has suffered a very hard month through storms and snow. The great Kirkstall Power Station was flooded through the River Aire overflowing, and our A.R.P. recruits were mobilised to assist the fire-brigade.

Round about here many of us are trying to decide what special extra job we should offer to do. While that is a matter for private decision, one may note that the lessons and text-book studies can be of great local value apart from national significance. A friend of mine has taken a refresher course of First Aid, and the other night was motoring home when he found a lorry driver seriously injured, and a bus and his lorry smashed up. He was able to render first aid until the ambulance arrived, and now he is leading a local crusade to induce the Ministry to put on the speed limit on this section of the road. That first decision has brought out hidden ability which is serving his fellow men already.

There has been also a mild epidemic of gastric influenza in Yorkshire lately, and among the many victims of the malady (which, among other things, puts people off their food) has been a certain small boy.

Beginning to feel better after a few days on very light diet, he appealed to his mother for something to eat. "I'm beginning to feel very empty," he said, "I'm sure I could eat a good dinner."

His mother was sympathetic, but not sure whether a square meal at this stage of recovery was advisable. "We shall have to see what the doctor says," she said.

"Well," said the youngster, "I'm fed up with drinking; and you know what daddy says, that drinking on an empty stomach always makes him bilious."

LONDON.

Edited by T. GODWIN.

GARDEN VERSUS FLATS.

A generation ago everybody considered it to be the order of society that they should either rent or buy a house, and the value of the house was often determined by the size of the garden. In other words, a garden was a vital necessity to any house. People worked their garden and took a great pride in the ownership of it.

This is by no means yet a thing of the past, but there is a very definite change coming with the present generation, and a very large section of the community have no time for, or interest in, gardening of whatever shape or form.

At one time it was considered not to be the proper thing to live in a flat, but to-day it is becoming the fashion and, practically everywhere, one sees advertisements of luxury flats which bear some imposing name. Whether to-day there is any satisfaction in having an address of some Mansions or Court I do not know, but I really think that some people find it far more pleasing to have such an address heading their note-paper than just a plain number in a certain street, and incidentally, there are plenty of streets where the names could be altered to ones of a more pleasing character.

What has led to this great change? In London it has become necessary to put the greatest number of people in the smallest amount of space, and by building many floors is the only way to obtain this result. I think to-day, without these flats, the London suburbs would be far more crowded, and there would be further spreading outwards of still more streets and houses.

Perhaps in this connection these large blocks of flats are a necessity. Then, again, one of the chief problems to many families has been that of servants, and for the housewife a flat is apparently much easier to run.

Then I have never heard of the head of one of these families living in a flat and renting an allotment; usually he has no time for gardening, and the pulling up of a few weeds or the straffing of a few wire worms and caterpillars would be an abomination. However, a keen gardener, with his own house, would get even more satisfaction out of this than going to the pictures.

It does appear that, unless of a necessity a family have to live in a flat, there must be something entirely different in the make-up between flat dwellers and house dwellers. In the former there is a tendency to be rid of as many encumbrances as possible and a desire for comfort and entertainment; in the latter, while he also likes his comfort and perhaps his entertainment, to give up his garden and perhaps a bit of a greenhouse where he can muddle about with odd jobs would seem to him to be losing one of the joys of living.

G.C.

ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE.

Once again it is a pleasure to have to report the happy evening that the members and friends of the Social Club spent on January 21st.

It was the occasion of our eighth annual whist drive, dinner, and dance, which we held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street.

Whist, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Chidgey, started early, and when eventually the whole party gathered prior to dinner, those who had participated seemed most enthusiastic of the "Crazy Whist" that had been arranged.

The atmosphere at dinner was, as ever, very gay. Many were the quips and stories (too numerous to relate) that went back and forth. As to the dinner itself, the general opinion was that the hotel had surpassed itself. I duly passed the Club's compliments to the Chef, through Assistant-Manager Mr. Beiweg, who, by the way, has been a good friend to the Club in general, and to its youthful secretary in particular.

For the first time in the Club's history we had two ladies on the toast-list, and Mr. Bodinnar, on rising to announce Mrs. Gramolt, said that he had been looking forward with eager anticipation to her speech.

Mrs. Gramolt said that, although she had taken on the job as a result of what was, in the first place, a joking invitation, she was delighted to extend to the visitors the hospitality of the Club.

Miss Meyer, who responded to this toast, said she was very happy to come along to our annual dinner, and was sure

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that for all the guests the evening would end, as it had commenced, very happily.

We were also delighted by the speech of Mr. Tattersall, who said that he owed his invitation to his friendship with Mr. Coles. He said he was very glad to be the guest of the London Social Club of the House of Harris. He had travelled abroad a good deal, but even in the remotest spots had always been able to find some products of our famous house.

Mr. G. Coles proposed the toast to " The Chairman," and in the course of his speech, said that we were all delighted to have Mr. Bodinnar with us. He had hoped, with the inception of the Bacon Scheme of December 1st, that we should be having the pleasure of visits from Mr. Bodinnar at the London Warehouse, and was sorry that events had not permitted him to do so. Mr. Coles once again pledged the loyalty and affection of the London Warehouse to our Chief.

Mr. Bodinnar rose and said he was particularly happy to once again be able to attend. He looked forward very much to the evening spent with the London Social Club, and as usual, had noted the happy atmosphere that pervaded the gathering. Without such a basis of friendship everywhere he would find it difficult to do the job of work he had to do.

Mr. Bodinnar said he had been thinking of the value of a tradition. In that connection a man who came to his mind was Mr. R. E. Harris, who stood out as one who upheld a great tradition, and who had a part in the building of the House of Harris. He thought also of another—one who would be laying down his tools on January 31st—Mr. J. F. Kington, of Reading.

He was sorry that his London work took up so much of his time. He missed his visits to the London Warehouse, and regretted the limitation of opportunities of meeting the happy band who worked there.

At the conclusion of his speech Mr. Bodinnar presented Long Service Medals for 20 years' service to Mr. A. E. Bird and Mr. A. K. Hopkins, and added a second bar to Mr. Coles' medal, denoting a total of 30 years' service.

With the conclusion of dinner the room was quickly cleared, and we danced until nearly midnight. Our now expert M.C., Mr. E. F. Johnson, was in charge, and woe-betide anyone who failed to start dancing promptly !

Mrs. G. Coles presented the prizes that had been won at whist and during the dance, after which we sang " Auld Lang Syne," and went home very happy.

THE SEC.

COCKNEY CORNER.

One of the means adopted by some Cockney youngsters of supplementing their incomes is selling newspapers.

In quite a number of cases they work as errand boys during the day for quite a small wage, and after they have settled with Mother on pay-day, have precious little left—probably a shilling to see them over the week-end. So Monday sees them down at the newspaper offices offering their services to the men who distribute the evening papers. Their job is to run the streets, and for every three papers they sell they earn a penny.

If often happens that their net earnings are a couple of coppers, but on evenings when there is news of some importance they often earn a couple of shillings.

An amusing story (quite true) can be told of the evening of January last when Herr Hitler's important speech was broadcast. Some London evening papers printed a special edition round about ten o'clock, and two youngsters thought this a wonderful opportunity to earn their " pictures " money. They were given three quires of " specials " each, and told to run around the vicinity of Waterloo Station shouting " Hitler Sensation," and were promised half-a-crown each for displaying the paper's newsbill.

Off they went their different ways, promising to meet later at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge. Some time later, getting on towards midnight, a weary newsvendor, his arm breaking with the weight of the papers, made his way to the rendezvous. His spirits were very low, he'd sold exactly one copy, and it didn't improve his feelings to see his pal standing there with just one copy under his arm.

" Blimey," said Harry, " is that all you've got left. I've only sold one paper. Be a pal and take half of mine. I won't get my half-crown."

" No," said Porky, " I couldn't do that. You should be like me, you don't shout loud enough ! "

So after an argument concerning the virtues of comradeship they decided to pack up.

Harry shouldered his bundle and started off with Porky at his side. After a few paces Porky disappeared into a doorway, emerging with a bundle similar to Harry's.

It transpired that he hadn't sold even one. Their sense of humour came to their aid and they laughed all the way home. They got their half-crown as promised—so what !

E.F.J.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT—?

THE SWASTIKA.

The Swastika, adopted by the Germans as their national emblem, is by no means a modern design. In fact, the Swastika, sometimes termed " Fylfot " or " Gammadian," goes back to pre-historic days, and is found on Greek, Cyprian, Etruscan, Roman, and Chinese pottery and ornaments in the East, as well as in Africa and North and South America. It has also been traced stamped on the base of columns of buildings. Under the name of " Fylfot " or " Gammadian," it appeared on ancient religious vestments and idols.

Mr. Thomas Wilson, the historian, says no-one can say where the Swastika originated, and that its symbol, although now lost in antiquity, was strong enough to charm the whole world, and what is also surprising is how this design travelled throughout the world. Also, why the arms on some of the crosses turned right and others left is now known.

Australia is the only Continent where it cannot be traced as used by the ancient aboriginies.

S.W.M.

* * *

It is not the going out of port, but the coming in that determines the success of the voyage.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

* * *

Never allow yourself to be so far defeated by another man's evil as to seek to repay it with evil.—BISHOP MOBERLEY.

* * *

The snob thinks most of the treatment he receives from the world; the gentleman thinks first how he shall act courteously to others.—F. M. CRAWFORD.

* * *

Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
ALFRED TENNYSON.

REDRUTH.

Edited by A. J. CLARK.

Writing at the end of the first month of the New Year we have not had a long time over which to look back, but in that very short time much has happened here in Cornwall. During the latter part of 1938 a strike occurred at one of the Tin Mines in the district, and this unfortunate state of affairs still exists.

The last week of January will ever be remembered by those of us who were in Cornwall at that time for a terrific gale which raged during the week-end. A tremendous amount of damage was done in the immediate neighbourhood, but this was eclipsed by the shocking news which awaited us on Monday, the 23rd. Everyone knows of the bravery of the lifeboatmen, and when the news of the loss of the St. Ives lifeboat with seven of its crew of eight was received, one realised more than ever the sacrifice which these men make. The treacherous North Coast of Cornwall has accounted for the loss of lives of many brave men, but none braver than those who launched their boat in a tempestuous sea to go to the aid of a vessel in distress. There must have been several wrecks off the coast which will never be known, or at least until some wreckage is washed in, but it is now ascertained that the Glasgow vessel, " Wilston," has been lost and many bodies have already been washed ashore. We are reprinting in our next issue by kind permission of the " West Briton and County Advertiser," an informative article on Cornish Wrecks and the gallant services rendered by lifeboatmen during the last century.

A.J.C.

* * *

It is the greatest part of human skill
To use good fortune, and to bear our ill.

* * *

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—SPURGEON.

* * *

We are children at school . . . .but many of us want to sit in the master's chair and rap the desk, and cane the other children.—A. C. BENSON.

TOTNES.

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

The Editor's request for copy for the Magazine has this time caught us in the position of being on bare boards as far as items of any interest are concerned. This is not unusual at this time of the year, for, generally speaking, it is a very quiet period for Totnesians. At the time of writing we are all eagerly looking forward to the visit of Mr. Bodinnar at our annual social, which is shortly to take place, when we hope to again meet our Tiverton friends, as their presence amongst us at our socials in recent years has added so much to our enjoyment of these events.

After the construction of the by-pass road was completed the Mill House and cottage, which stood in front of the Factory, were demolished, and the site converted into a shrubbery and garden with paths and seats. The planting and upkeep of this garden space was taken over by the local branch of the Girl Guides' Association, and it must be said that they have made a thoroughly good job of it. In the autumn a very considerable number of daffodil and narcissus bulbs were planted, and these now look most promising, so that we can soon expect to have quite a pretty outlook from the Factory windows. As we have quite a number of gardening enthusiasts on our Staff, the work of the girls receives from time to time a close and critical inspection, but, from present appearances, our experts will have to look to their laurels or they may find their own efforts surpassed. A short time ago the Association was presented with two young trees by Lady Baden Powell, and these they have successfully planted. It may be that these trees will be a symbol of the growing strength and usefulness of the movement. W.J.T.

* * *

A TALE IN VERSE.

A story have I here to tell,
Of a certain man we all know well,
He's what you'd call a "gardening bloke,"
And we hope he won't mind this little joke.

His family were out of town they say,
A Social was in progress over the way,
To this our friend hied, and had a good time,
As it drew to a close was just in his prime.

The Social over, home he goes,
A job to be done, well Arthur knows,
The greenhouse fire can do with a stir,
It needs lots of attention this time of the year.

Having finished the task, I'll sit awhile
He thought, and suited the style.
And the fire it burns with a gentle heat;
Thinks Arthur, how peaceful, how sweet.

Time flies, the candle long since out,
Arthur sleeps, with never a doubt;
The family return about four hours later,
Were dreadfully scared to find no pater.

So armed with a torch all set out,
Prying and peering and looking about,
Till the greenhouse they search, and what a sight
Awaits them there, in the moonlight!

Asleep in the chair, paper hat on his head,
Lies Arthur as warm as in bed,
So all are re-united, no harm has been done,
And Arthur and all then join in the fun.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE TOURNAMENT.

Results to February 24th 1939.

	Played.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Drawn*	*Pts. Ob.*
Retort, &c.	51	33	14	4	70
Boning and Rinding	48	32	14	2	66
Slaughter (B)	54	29	23	2	60
Front Yard	48	22	26	0	44
Warehouse	39	21	17	1	43
Slaughter (A)	45	20	23	2	42
Slaughter (C)	48	19	26	3	41
Engineers	45	18	26	1	37
Kitchen	48	15	30	3	33
Office	36	12	22	2	26

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BY APPOINTMENT.
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 13. —— APRIL, 1939. —— No. 4.

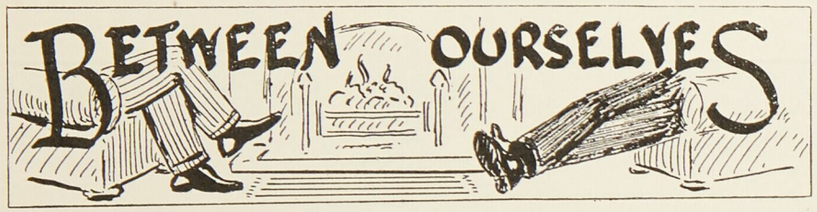


WE extend our thanks to all who continue to contribute to our Magazine's success. The excellent impression made on advertisers is to be seen in the increased number of advertisement pages in this issue. An excellent achievement is reported by our Redruth Branch, which has doubled its list of subscribers since the beginning of this year.

In spite of the continued success which still attends our efforts, there is annually a large deficit on the production of the Magazine. To keep this loss within reasonable bounds our contributors can help by condensing their efforts, so that we can keep each monthly issue within the confines of 24 pages. Illustrations are an expensive item, and we trust that our friends will only expect those included which are of especial interest and importance to ourselves and our industry.

Our distributors can help by enrolling those employees who are not at present on the subscription list. If every employee helps there is no reason why this useful and interesting publication which comes to you each month should not be a financial success.

In conclusion, our thanks and compliments are extended to those stalwarts at the Branches whose help is appreciated, not only at their home Firms, but to an equally great degree at the parent Company.



WHAT a great deal can happen in a month—or in a moment!

Last month we thought together of the Spring and of Peace, and of some other things that matter. Since that time the democracies of the world have been plunged, without hint or warning, into an unexpected crisis. But, nevertheless, Spring has marched into her possessions.

What is the urge for power, aggrandisement and territory which gives rise to the disregard of the basic laws of peaceful penetration and natural evolution? Does the acquisition by doubtful means of someone else's property produce an element of greed which cannot be satisfied and which is so often miscalled a mission of deliverance? Whatever may be the verdict of history there is now a world of reasonable people standing aghast at the modern methods of dictatorship.

We, in this country, are often blamed that we are lackadaisical and slow. However true or untrue that statement may be we have now been roused to a determination to protect and defend those who are the unwilling victims of lawless aggression. Where this may lead us in the days to come no-one may yet prophesy, but that we should be prepared in every possible way, even at the cost of much that we hold dear, is certain.

So far we have prospered throughout the ages on the voluntary efforts of our folk. We have been able to avoid what is known as conscription. I suggest that although the spirit of our people is still against legal conscription there is an overwhelming case that every individual should be urged by their individual conviction to a moral conscription of their time and opportunity.

May I appeal to all our friends to prepare for strenuous days ahead and to offer themselves to some suitable form of National Service in view of the issues that face us.

I suggest that the last thing we should do is to say that war is inevitable. A bully only succeeds where fear dominates his victim. Most bullies go down, and go down quickly, if they are faced with prepared realities, and very reluctantly that seems to be the course which we now have to follow, in company with all men and women of good-will, so as to ensure the peace without which mankind will be unable to attain its goal.



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St. Ives Heroes.

LIFEBOATMEN IN THE GREAT TRADITION.

A COAST OF TRAGEDY.

A few hours after the tide had left her it was difficult to realise, until one came fairly close, that something terrible had happened to the John and Sarah Eliza Stych. To the stream of sightseers approaching from Gwithian she looked intact and trim standing on an even keel on a great rocky platform, with Godrevy Island and the intervening mass of broken sea as a background. Close to, the holed bows and the stove-in side told their own story, but even so the lifeboat looked as if a giant hand had lifted her from the sinister gully on her port bow and set her down plumb in the middle of a platform, almost in a direct line with the boathouse from which she had emerged upon her last service.

Standing at her stem one would have looked on a fine day straight across the bay to the clustered grey houses of St. Ives. But on Monday it was as if the elements had deliberately fashioned a pearl-grey, impenetrable veil to hide this town of sorrow from the eyes of strangers grouped around the lifeboat. Above the Knill Monument and massive Trencrom a winter sunset flared, making a vast silhouette of the land below. And across this dark background, what was still unspent of the seventy-mile-an-hour gale bore along with it an unending curtain of spray from the tumbling seas. Thus shrouded lay the little town where sorrow walked the streets or sat unresponsive at the fireside.

Historically this is a bay of tragedy. Along the 36 miles of coast from Cape Cornwall to Trevose Head there were wrecked between 1823 and 1846 no fewer than 131 vessels, besides a dozen of St. Ives' seine boats. The number of lives lost was about 200, and the total tonnage of shipping involved was about 23,000. In single storms, such as the one that raged throughout Sunday night, great numbers of vessels have been lost along this wild stretch of coast. On October 23rd, 1823, for example, 14 vessels and 12 boats, all of the latter from St. Ives, were wrecked in a N.N.E. gale. And of this total of 26 eight vessels and all the boats were lost in St. Ives Bay itself. In a night storm in February, 1840, there were nine wrecks, and less than two years later a storm destroyed seven vessels.

Former Deeds of Gallantry.

This bay, then, has a tradition of destructiveness, but along with it goes a tradition of human courage and endurance that culminates in the gallantry and self-sacrifice of Coxswain Cocking and his crew. The men of St. Ives have largely made that tradition, sometimes individually, sometimes as crews. Of individual gallantry there is the story of the un-named young St. Ives man who, in September, 1811, when a brig went ashore to the east of Hayle Bar during a storm, stripped on the beach and swam out through huge seas with a rope to the ship. Two men had been swept from her riggings to their death before he left the shore. There remained one man at each of her masts, clinging to the riggings for dear life. One mast, with its occupant, was swept into the sea, and just before the St. Ives hero reached this man the rope he had been bearing slipped from him. So he swam on to the mast and helped and cheered the sailor still clinging to it. Meanwhile, from the shore, "in opposition to the entreaties of his father, who trembled for the safety of his son," a young Hayle man plunged into the billows with another rope, and the combined efforts of the two Cornishmen resulted in the survivors of the brig's crew being brought safely to land.

The tradition of gallantry was worthily upheld in the era before lifeboats by the pilots of St. Ives. There was an example of this in January, 1819, when a Jersey brig, which had been driven 600 miles out of her course, and which had carried away her foremast and mainmast, was observed to the westward of St. Ives. Two pilots put out in a tremendous sea, and by their intrepidity and skill prevented the brig from being driven ashore and saved her crew from almost certain death. Yet again, in January, 1834, a vessel homeward bound from New York, with log wood, appeared off St. Ives one Wednesday evening, a tremendous sea "having cleared the decks and reduced the vessel to a complete wreck. Six men in a pilot gig ventured off to her assistance. During the night great anxiety was felt for their safety. Very providentially they succeeded in boarding the vessel, but they lost their own boat. They were finally enabled

to get the vessel into port, with sails that were sent to them from the shore." Never, surely, was double heroism more succinctly recorded. For sails are not sent from the shore in such a gale without grave risk to those who undertake the task.

First to Capsize.

Quite early in its history the Royal National Lifeboat Institution realised that the North Coast of Cornwall would require its assistance, and in a comparatively few years there were lifeboats at stations from St. Ives to Bude, the forerunner of them being the boat at Padstow, built at a cost of £30, as compared with the £14,500 required for the present "Princess Mary," which was on service in the gale recently. By the middle 'sixties of last century bigger and better lifeboats were stationed along the North Coast, but even so they were known to capsize. And the first lifeboat to capsize in the West of England was the one at St. Ives. This was the manner of it. At daybreak on October 28th, 1865, the French brig, "Providence," was observed flying signals of distress, and a messenger was sent to St. Ives to summon the lifeboat. Meantime the brig had been driven on to Hayle Bar, and as the St. Ives lifeboat, with a crew of nine, approached the wreck, she was caught by a very heavy sea and turned over. All hands except Levett, the coxswain, and Curnow, the second coxswain, were thrown into the sea, and these two men remained under the boat until she righted, a period, it is said, of quite two minutes. As soon as the boat righted, all the crew who were in the water managed to fight their way back, except one man, who was later picked up by his comrades.

Almost exhausted, and in imminent danger, the lifeboat-men courageously pushed on with their job of saving the crew of the brig. They got the lifeboat into the channel to leeward of the ship, but for over half-an-hour they could not get within a hundred yards of her because of the strong undertow of the tide and the sea. Having got within that distance, they brought the boat up, since it would have been foolhardy to venture closer. Two of the crew of the brig left her on a raft, which they had fashioned, and they were within a few yards of the lifeboat's bows when three or four seas broke over them in rapid succession and one of the men was drowned. The other reached the lifeboat safely. He had not long been in her, however, before she was struck by another great wave and, for the second time, capsized. This time she righted herself in less than a minute, and waited for those remaining on the brig to leave her. This the three men did, in their small boat, and were half-way to the lifeboat when the little craft was swamped and the sailors were struggling for their lives. Immediately the lifeboat was pulled towards them and picked them up, and soon they were landed at St. Ives. Hats, clothes, and boots the lifeboat-men lost on this service, and lost them at a time when, the pilchard fishery having failed, dire poverty confronted most of the people of St. Ives. Within a short time, however, over £113 was subscribed for the lifeboat-men and volunteers who assisted them. Their gallantry was recognised in another form. To Coxswain Levett the R.N.L.I. sent its silver medal, and to each of the crew its parchment of honour.

When, two years later, the Padstow lifeboat, Albert Edward, was overturned—to be more precise, turned end over end before a great sea—the crew were not so fortunate as their St. Ives comrades had been. Of the 13 in the boat five were drowned, and for the widows and children of these Padstow's own subscription of £200 was increased tenfold by the country at large. Now, just over 70 years later, a similar disaster has befallen St. Ives. It is a great price to pay for a tradition of heroic service; but it is paid by lifeboat-men because inborn in them, and often, never once articulated, is the conviction that, whenever they are needed, they must go to the rescue of the distressed at sea. "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and the storm," and the Lord knows the hearts of these His servants, who go out to succour when the great storms break.

CLAUDE BERRY.

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* * *

On February 27th we were shocked to hear that our friend Mrs. Sarten, nee Miss Jessie Smith, had departed this life. She was only with us for four months, but in that short time she won the esteem of her fellow workers in the Boning Department, Calne. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Jack Sarten, accepted our token of sympathy in a wreath from the Department.

"A Week on the Road—

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A GREENHORN WHEELMAN"

(*Continued*).

During the night a very strong wind sprung up and, as this was blowing hard up the Bristol Channel, it effectually disposed of any idea of record speeds being attained, and also necessitated an earlier start to enable me to keep to the schedule planned. However, before leaving Weston the last of the mystery cards to another of my workmates was despatched, and then the slow journey to Highbridge was commenced. The force of the wind was such that it took two hours to cover the ten miles to the Highbridge Factory.

Arriving there, I obtained permission from Mr. Kidley to look over the works, and the same kindly treatment that I met with at Eastleigh was again everywhere in evidence. I can assure any of our readers who have not done so that they need have no qualms as to their reception should they consider calling at any of our Branches.

The slower rate of travelling caused the stay in Highbridge to be a short one, and I soon arrived at Burnham, which is a small seaside resort about a mile distant. Here the needs of the inner man were attended to, after which I was en route for Bridgwater and Minehead; at the little town of Dunster a brief stoppage was made, as its Castle and the old Market Place and buildings proved most interesting.

The weather conditions having now improved, more rapid progress was made, and Minehead was reached at tea-time. Suitable accommodation having been found, the evening was spent exploring the sea-front and other attractions, including a visit to the cinema. On retiring, my thoughts were of regret that the holiday was so soon to end, but quickly changed to mentally conjuring up visions of fresh ventures on the road in the years to come. Breakfast was taken on the last day in the company of a number of cyclists and hikers, and the conversation was so interesting that it was with reluctance I bad them farewell and set out on the last stage of my tour.

The homeward journey proved to be not nearly as exciting as the outward one had been, as my appetite had been whetted, and there was a persistent desire for more of what had been to me a delightful experience. The weather and roads being favourable, a good average speed was kept up during the day, and after making a short stop for refreshment at Tiverton, I came in sight of Totnes at about five p.m.

Tanned by the sun and wind, I arrived home to surprise my parents, who on seeing me exclaimed, "Why, look at his face and knees!" Recounting my experiences and enjoyment to them occupied the greater part of the evening, after which I changed into my usual attire and paid a visit to one of my usual haunts to obtain a nightcap, and my amusement can be guessed when, as I sat enjoying this, I heard some voices discussing the anoymous cards they had received. I came near to exploding when one of the speakers said, "I had a stick of rock as well as a card," and a hurried exit had to be made to prevent giving the game away.

Well, it had been an eventful week, by far the best holiday ever for me, and quite an inexpensive one; in addition to which I had gained in health, knowledge, and experience, and the advice my friend gave me before my holiday, "to shove off out of it and see a bit of the country," I can pass on to others as being sound words of wisdom, especially to those who have youth on their side and who are wondering how to spend their time during their holidays.

Readers at the Factories mentioned herein will have been able to guess the identity of the contributor of these notes, but to those at Calne who may be wondering who this crank is, well it is quite possible they may see him speeding down the High Street there during Easter, in which case, if you have found these notes very dull reading, store up your bad eggs, &c., ready for his appearance.

* * *

Don't worry too much about what other fellows think; but try to ascertain what the "fellow" inside you thinks.

* * *

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

* * *

Use prudence in correction, lest in seeking too eagerly to scrape off the rust the vessel is broken.—DOM. MARMION.

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THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

Writing these notes on the 20th March we are all wondering just what is going to turn up during the next few weeks. Without being unduly pessimistic, the international situation at the present time really looks grave. We can only hope that wise counsels will prevail and that it will be possible to make some arrangement with the other Great Powers to put a stop to the marching armies of Europe.

We referred in our last issue to the number of Representatives and Van Salesmen who were away ill. There have been many other casualties since then, and several of our Representatives, particularly, have had very severe attacks of 'flu. We are glad to say that most of the absentees are now back at business, and we hope that the epidemic is over.

We welcome J. D. Bonnick, from Bournemouth, and H. J. Gibbs, from Calne, who have recently made a start as Relief Van Salesmen.

During March we have attended a series of Conferences all over the country, and have met all our representatives in groups varying in size from 14 to three. It has given us great pleasure to meet every representative once again, and we feel that these meetings, which we hope are now firmly established as annual events, are very helpful to all concerned as, not only is it possible to discuss individual problems affecting the different territories but there is also an opportunity for each representative to become better acquainted with his colleagues on the road.

During March and April there are a number of Exhibitions in progress; the first commenced at Newcastle on March 15th. The attendances to date have not been what we had been hoping for. A Food Fair, under the auspices of the Leicester Grocers' Association, opens at Leicester on Wednesday, March 22nd. We have a small Stand at this Exhibition, where we are featuring 4½d. Galantines, particularly with a view to getting these firmly established in the district. We also have smaller Shows at Lowestoft and Redruth. The Ideal Home Exhibition commences at Earl's Court on April 11th, and will be open until Saturday, May 6th. This is the first year that the Exhibition has been transferred to its new quarters, and it will be interesting to see what effect the change of venue will have on the success of the Exhibition. J.H.G.

WHIST.

At a whist drive held in Cobb's Hall, Fulham Palace Road, on Monday, February 20th, all the prizes given were from a very choice selection of "Harris" Wiltshire Bacon. The first lady and the first gentleman each received a whole Gammon. The second lady and second gentleman each received a 10lb. Gammon Hock. The third lady and third gentleman each received a 5lb. Corner Gammon. For the two half-time prizes, two full-cut Harris Wiltshire Forehocks were given, and full-cut Harris Wiltshire Forehocks were also given for the four mystery prizes. The bacon was all tastefully arranged on d'oyleys on a table in the Hall, with two of our cardboard pigs and some of our blue Masseeley cards.

Over 220 people attended, and were very appreciative of the choice selection of prizes which were supplied by one of "Harris" Old Faithful's, Mr. J. Charity, of Fulham Palace Road.

This idea is worth spreading, with other "Harris" products as prizes for whist drives.

TOUGH.

Whilst some of us have been shivering in our shoes and pinched with cold during the severity of the winter, it is a standing joke with Londoners to remark "What's it like in the Serps this morning?" I said this to one of our customers on a biting cold day and was amazed to get the answer that it was absolutely O.K. when you had broken the ice. This customer, whose photograph has frequently appeared in the daily and evening papers, has a regular dip every day in the Serpentine, irrespective of weather conditions. He considers the younger generation get too much coddling, and says there's nothing like a cold plunge on a wintry morning to get the circulation moving. This idea is also worth spreading. Try it at home in the bath.

From Mr. P. Stockwell, High Wycombe.

During the recent snowy weather I witnessed an amusing incident.

A breakdown service lorry was towing a saloon car to the garage, which was situated at the top of a hill. The saloon had had a crash which crumpled the radiator. The lorry had got the car to within six yards of the garage entrance when wheelspin stopped progress, and no endeavours of eight mechanics could get it any further.

After spending 20 minutes with sacks, chains, ropes, and pieces of wood, the attempt was given up and the lorry disconnected from the car. The lorry was then driven into the garage and a mechanic dismantled the radiator fan from the car and started up the engine and drove it quite calmly into the garage amidst the cheers of the spectators.

* * *

Wedding Bells.

At Chippenham, on February 9th, Miss Phyllis Grainger was married to Mr. Horace Stevens, of York. Miss Grainger was nine years in the Kitchen Department, and was the recipient of a travelling trunk from her colleagues.

On February 10th, at Chippenham, Miss Eunice Frayling was married to Mr. Trevor Evans, of Chippenham. The bride wore a mauve dress, with fawn swagger coat, mauve hat, shoes and stockings and gloves to match. Miss Frayling was over five years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery.

The wedding took place on Saturday, February 18th, at Portishead Parish Church, of Mr. H. F. Salter and Miss Ivy Rugman. The bride was given away by her father, and wore an ankle-length dress of oyster satin, with wreath and veil and silver shoes, and carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations. The bride was attended by her two sisters, who wore dresses and coatees of pale blue satin, silver shoes, and mob caps, and carried bouquets of pink tulips. The reception was held at the Girl Guide Hall, where Miss Rugman was formerly a Ranger; about 50 guests assembled. Among the many gifts received was a frameless mirror and set of brushes from the Boning Staff, to which Mr. Salter is attached and Miss Rugman belonged for 15 months.

The wedding took place at Derry Hill Church, on January 21st, of Mr. Howard G. Smart and Miss Joan Ellery. The bride, who was a member of the Hockey and Dramatic Sections of the H.W.A., received as a present from her colleageus at C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., a canteen of cutlery. Mr. and Mrs. Smart are residing at Bexley Heath.

At Calne Parish Church, on February 4th, Mr. Victor Gale was married to Miss Marjory Strange, of Calne. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a navy blue costume, powder blue jumper, navy blue hat, navy shoes and gloves, and wore a spray of lilies of the valley, and carried an ivory Prayer-book. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Gladys Strange, who wore a navy blue costume, jumper to match, navy blue hat, shoes, and gloves, spray same as the bride's, and carried a Prayer-book. Mr. Gale was presented with a canteen of cutlery from the Maintenance Staff.

* * *

H.W.A.

TABLE TENNIS.

The programme since the last issue of the Magazine has been quite varied. The ladies played their first match against the Calne Co-operative Stores and, true to the Harris spirit, won fairly easily by 11 games to 5. It was a very enjoyable game, and the team is looking forward to a return match in the near future.

Our next match was a visit from Heddington, and although we had a number of fresh fellows in our team, we experienced another victory. F. Brindle and C. Butler played their first match and gave a very creditable performance.

Devizes Territorial Club were our next visitors and we, apparently, put out too strong a team for this young Table Tennis Club as the final score was 24 games to 1 in our favour.

We are very pleased to see the enthusiasm displayed by several of our players in the Factory. They have issued a couple of challenges against the Offices, and although the Offices have won both by a small margin, some very good games have resulted.

A mixed doubles match was fixed up during the month, and, judging by the remarks passed, the players did not hesitate to *voice* their interest, even if very little tennis ability was displayed. We hope to fix up one of these once a month.

Inter-Departmental matches are now in full swing, and by the appearance of the score sheet the last few matches of the tournament should be of great interest. The tournament at the time of going to Press is about half-way through. C.E.

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CHIPPENHAM.

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

WEDDING.

On Saturday, 11th February, 1939, the marriage was solemnised of Mr. R. C. Edwards, of Chippenham, and Miss L. Blanche Russ, of Sutton Benger. The service, which was choral, took place at All Saints' Church, Sutton Benger.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home, attended by many guests, including the bride's former employers, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Redman, of Calne. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Edwards left for their new home, 19, Rowen Road, Chippenham.

At the close of business on Tuesday, 21st February, in the presence of a large gathering of the employees, supported by Mr. T. Johnston and Mr. T. Bullock, our manager, Mr. W. V. Long, handed to Mr. Edwards a clock, subscribed to by the Management and Factory Staff. In making the presentation, Mr. Long wished Mr. and Mrs. Edwards every happiness, and referred to the high esteem in which Mrs. Edwards was held by someone closely connected with Chippenham, and felt sure that the loss her former employers had sustained was Mr. Edwards' gain.

Mr. Edwards very suitably acknowledged the good wishes conveyed to him.

HOSPITAL CARNIVAL, DARTS TOURNAMENT.

Our Welfare Association has entered a team to compete in this competition, which is being organised in conjunction with this year's Carnival programme. We take this opportunity of wishing those members who have kindly come forward to take part in this tournament every success, and their progress will be watched with interest.

FAREWELL GIFT.

After " Ronny Wood " had clocked out for the last time on Saturday, 25th February, Mr. T. Johnston called him aside and, in front of the entire Factory Staff, gave him a safety razor and cigarette case as a parting token from his fellow workmates. After 4½ years with our Company " Ronny " has embarked on a career in the R.A.F. Mr. Johnston, in making the presentation, said that in most cases the recipient still continued to work amongst them, but in this case he was leaving them altogether and he hoped that the small gifts given to him (Wood) that day would remind him of those with whom he had worked.

On behalf of everyone, Mr. Johnston wished him every happiness and success in his new sphere of life.

SKITTLES.

Once again a very happy and enjoyable evening was spent with our friends at Lacock when we visited them on Friday, 24th February.

It was a pleasure to all that our manager Mr. W. V. Long, was able to come along and take part, and we wish it were possible for him to join us on more occasions as it gives us an opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the interest he shows in our activities.

Unfortunately, we could not retain the form of recent matches. The margin was very small in the first two legs; Lacock, however, got going in the last leg, which proved they were the better team. It was an interesting match, and played in a sporting way.

Lacock	60	68	83—211
Chippenham	64	63	62—189

ILLNESS.

We regret to report that Mr. F. Jones and Mr. H. Smith have both had to go to hospital for internal trouble. We hope, however, the treatment they are receiving will enable them to make a speedy recovery.

W.H.W.

400th ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRINTING OF THE BIBLE IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Great care has to be taken not to offend the religious feeling of anybody who reads an article for publication in a magazine intended for general interest. An earnest effort of watchfulness will be made by the writer lest he should offend . And so to my task.

The Bible is the most important book in the whole world. Its teachings have brought more help and comfort than the teachings of any other book that ever was published. It is all about God and man and their relationship—their spiritual relationship with one another. No other book teaches this. The Bible teaches the great principle of redemption by one sacrifice—the establishment of faith. That is the principal and vital thought throughout its pages. It teaches people how to live well and to die well. It teaches children their whole duty to their parents and the whole duty of parents to their children.

It is a God-influenced book, and that it is inspired—divinely inspired—there can be no doubt, because millions have and can testify to its having altered their lives for greater good. It is not merely an authority, but it is *the* authority. When it speaks, men listen. When it commands, wise men obey. Everything that is good is drawn from it. Its influence for good is inexhaustible. It teaches how to get to know God, no other book teaches this. It is unique, it is indestructible; has stood the test of time. Enemies have raged against it, but have never moved it. Those who read it become aware that no-one but God could have caused such words to have been written. In it are the oracles of God; nowhere else.

All relationships of human conduct are reviewed and regulated. The supreme quality of love is described in one phrase, " Love beareth all things." These four simple words are perfection itself. Is there anything else in human language like it? In its sacred pages there is wisdom and guidance for every occasion. So profound is its wisdom that we draw near in deep humility. From such wisdom we learn both man's duty towards God and man's duty towards his fellow man.

The Ten Commandments are here, as also is the eleventh, which is, " Love one another." This, surely, is man's duty towards his fellow man. Our great Exemplar called it a " new " Commandment.

H. W. HEIGHWAY.

We very much regret that owing to an oversight on our part the names of the following silver medallists were omitted from the list of presentations made at the Chippenham annual social:—

Silver medal and two bars (30 years)—P. B. Coward and E. J. Johnson.

* * *

An easy thing becomes difficult, and a difficult thing becomes impossible, if put off.
—SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON.

DUNMOW.

Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

It is not easy to condense a 3,400 word speech into 280 words, but that is a task set, and must be attempted. Nor is it possible to convey to those not present a well-knit set of ideas as to what happened on our social day.

We were glad beyond expression to have Mr. Gale and several men over from Kidlington, and we hope that they will favour us many times with such fellowship.

Those more Western folk can generally best hold a gathering together and in good spirits, by supplying music or other entertainment. We, in the East, are different—may be we lack soul?—and we, as a body, love a lecture or address. This time we had what all enjoyed, a most excellent and stirring address from our Chief, and to reduce it to very small dimensions, he said, amongst many other things by words, or in effect: " I have shaken most of you by the hand, and am glad to greet you again as my friends. Owing to lack of time I get very little recreation, and too little home life. My time is largely taken up in trying to put into action a very ponderous machine—the Bacon Scheme. This machine is not quite the kind of thing that some of us wished to see as a finished article. All of it is not to our liking. We sat for months trying to build another, but this Scheme—embodied in the Bacon Industry Act—is here, and we have to work it."

" I am sorry you at Dunmow have suffered from a shortage of pigs. You have not been so badly placed as some. . . . I am not a pessimist. I look for better times to come, only meanwhile we have to make sure that we are all pulling our weight, and doing the job which is to hand. If you ask me, ' Am I downhearted? ' I am going back on a lifetime of habit, that whenever there have been difficulties the worst way to face them is to be downhearted. The thing to do when there are difficulties is to realise that old Father Chance has just, in his mischievious mood, placed another boulder along the path of progress up the hill, and though we may stub our toes in kicking the boulder away it is going to be moved, and we are going on progressing."

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We were warned not to listen to, or read matter founded on rumour, which had killed many schemes and plans. In fact, very hard things were said re those who had adopted these backdoor tactics in order to kill the Bacon Scheme. Actual words were, "I hope these cheapjacks may be slowly anaesthetized, so that their tongues may be less vicious and harmful, when so many of us are sweating our life's blood in an attempt to put this thing on its feet."

We also had from Mr. Bodinnar timely advice and warning on Bonus and Savings Scheme matters. It was a pleasure to hear that bonus would continue for 1939, "unless there are any changed circumstances which are forced upon us by unforeseen causes, or by outside interference, and I am going to advise you once again not to use that bonus for anything but the most worthy causes."

The speech, as so many have since said, was *the* item in a very happy social.

W.C.

The most important of our recent activities was our annual social, held in the E. T. Foakes' Memorial Hall, on February 18th. We were indeed very fortunate to have Mr. Bodinnar with us, and we much appreciate his coming all the way to Dunmow to be with us, when we know that he has so very little spare time. Mr. Bodinnar made a very interesting speech with regard to the Pig and Bacon Schemes, and he concluded with a word of advice about the Savings Scheme.

In the afternoon we played our Kidlington friends at billiards, table tennis, &c., and it was a great pleasure to us to entertain them here. We are very much looking forward to the return matches.

Our social commenced at 6.30 p.m., and we had supper, interspersed with items of entertainment, and dancing until midnight. Miss Edna Gunn, of Braintree, played the piano-accordion delightfully, and was a great favourite; as were Mr. Ken Beard, Mr. Edwin Pulford, Mr. Andrew Sams, and the pupils of Miss Doris Rodd, who gave us a very good display of tap dancing and acrobatic dancing.

We were very pleased to meet the friends who came from a distance to be with us, and we hope that they enjoyed the evening as much as we did. May this be the forerunner of many socials as successful as this one.

B.B.

The February whist drive was held on Friday, 24th, when there were 13 tables in play. Prizes were won by the following:—Mrs. T. Baines, Mrs. G. Dobson, Miss Fitten, Miss Gypps, Mr. Lungley, Mr. W. Petchey, Mr. J. Stacey, Mr. W. Franklin, and Mr. H. Spivey, who had the lucky number.

HOWLERS.

A herbaceous border is a man who boards all the week and goes home on Saturdays and Sundays.

* * *

Oliver Cromwell had an iron will and a large red nose, but underneath were deep religious feelings.

While travelling in the Luton area recently I had rather an amusing experience. Going from Luton to Dunstable I noticed crowds of people lining the road, but did not pay much attention to them. There were several batches of school-children, complete with flags and streamers, and I wondered why the road was so unusually clear of traffic for the time of day. Just as I passed these children they commenced to wave their flags and cheer frantically. I looked round, but mine was the only car in sight, so I just drove on, undecided whether to raise my hat or make out that I was used to it. When I reached the turning at the top of the road a broadly-grinning policeman said: "Don't think the civic reception is for you, my lad, it is for Royalty."

Actually, the people had turned out to welcome Queen Mary on a visit to open the new Luton Hospital.

S. L. Hall.

Mr. R. W. Short has again very kindly written some more of his interesting experiences. There will probably not be room for them all this month, so they will have to be continued.

SOUTH RUSSIAN MEMORIES.

With seven companions, I landed at Batum on a very wet, miserable morning in June, 1919. This, added to the fact that we had been about six weeks on the journey from London, did not tend to give a good first impression of the town. We were hungry, having had a very poor menu on the final stage of our trip (Constantinople to Batum). However, we had arrived, and were looking forward to a good meal as soon as we reached Headquarters. There we were introduced to the Quartermaster-Sergeant, who calmly informed us that we would not be entitled to rations for three days. He was kind enough to say he would open the canteen to enable us to purchase eatables. As we had been without pay since before leaving London, we were all suffering from empty, or nearly empty, purses. I don't think that Quartermaster had been used to old soldiers. All his active service had been spent in the canteen. Well, after a few forceful remarks from us he relented, and I must admit he treated us well. He found rations all right—but not all Army rations; I think he must have raided the canteen, because a nice long cut ham was placed on the table That, with the other food provided, put us in a better frame of mind.

The next morning we were detailed for our different duties. Two were posted to Tiflis, one to Baku on the Caspian Sea, and five of us remained in Batum. My job was despatch clerk in the Wholesale Department. I had two Russians working under me. What they knew of the English language and what I knew of Russian was about equal but I soon learned enough to make them understand what I wanted done. My drawback was that I had only one pair of eyes; I could have done with 20 pairs with those merchants. I found them one day with a lot of empty bottles; they left, and after a time I was transferred to the Retail Shop as manager—a more interesting job.

Our hours of opening were from 9 until 12, and from 2 until 4.30. During those periods we were busy, as the soldiers were all doing their best to make money while the going was good. Many of them would buy £3 or £4 worth of goods, such as chocolates, cigarettes, milk, chewing-gum, soap, and even bootlaces. These could be re-sold to the townspeople at double or treble the purchase price. Even the Indian soldiers and the Chinese Labour Corps had their customers. We were forbidden to sell to the townspeople unless they could produce a permit signed by the Military Governor, which entitled them to £2 worth of goods per month. I'm afraid I broke the rule on several occasions. I remember one woman with a small baby asking to be served with some tinned milk. I refused at first, but when she went on her knees and said it was for the baby, well, the rule was broken. Yes, supplies were very scarce in Batum in those days. It was quite a common sight to see women wearing costumes made from mosquito netting and coats made from Army blankets. I have also seen them wearing grey Army socks—not quite so comfortable as the silk stockings worn by the ladies nowadays.

The town was not much to write home about. There were two or three decent streets with good class shops (with very little stock) and hotels, but the other parts were dirty and poverty stricken. One district in particular we called Tin-town. It always reminded me of the Kaffir locations I had seen in South Africa. As for the inhabitants, I think they were about the most cosmopolitan crowd I have ever rubbed shoulders with. The Cossacks were the most imposing, with their high boots, long, tight-fitting coats, fur hats, and equipped with the sword, revolver, and dagger which most of them carried. There were also Georgians, Armenians, Greeks, Turks, Russian Jews, and Germans. But, as usual, Tommy made himself at home with them all.

There is a very nice Park situated on the Black Sea coast, where we spent a lot of our spare time. The first occasion I visited it I was surprised to meet an old comrade who had been with me when serving with the Royal Scots Greys. The last time I had seen him was at Dunbar, Scotland. But there, the world is a very small place after all. Needless to say, we celebrated in the usual manner.

When the British troops evacuated Baku, Tiflis, and other stations, refugees began to pour into Batum; Denikin's White Army retiring as the Reds were advancing. The railway sidings were crowded with trucks full of these unfortunate people, herded together like cattle. How they existed I cannot imagine. I do know that quite a lot of our rations found their way to some poor family or other, and our old clothing was also gratefully accepted by them.

By this time I had been appointed n.c.o. in charge of a British Officers' Rest House. Amongst the staff was an English lady, married to a Russian General, who, with their daughter, shared one room of the Rest House. With the exception of a few personal belongings they had lost everything. Mrs. M., as we called her, was a Devonshire woman. I met her later in Constantinople, where she was hoping to get a boat for England. I hope she succeeded.

(*To be continued*).

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EASTLEIGH.

Edited by L. S. JONES.

STAFF WELFARE DANCE.

On Friday, February 3rd, the Welfare Committee held another public dance in the Eastleigh Town Hall, and although everyone present had a very enjoyable evening, I am afraid the attendance was again poor, and consequently a disappointment to the organisers. About 85 people only occupied a floor, where anything up to 300 people can comfortably dance. The Rhythm Masters' Dance Band were engaged for the occasion and played well throughout the evening. A spot waltz was part of the programme, and the prizes were won by Miss D. Way and Mr. F. Richardson. The prizes for the elimination dance went to Miss M. Drayton and Mr. W. Collins. While on the subject of elmination dance, I wonder if our capable M.C., Eric, has learnt how to walk through a brick wall yet? Mr. G. H. Taylor kindly presented the prizes to the successful dancers. Mr. F. Beckett ran another fruit draw, which was well supported, the lucky number being 139, held by Miss G. Smith. Mr. L. Toogood was an able door-keeper and cashier, and Messrs. Brown and Alderman looked after the Gentlemen's Cloakroom. The Bungalow Cafe again supplied the refreshments.

A.F.J.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Our football team is going from strength to strength. Three matches were played during February, two in the League and one in the Northbrook Cup, all of which were won.

On February 4th we entertained Hursley, and were successful in obtaining our first double this season, when we defeated the "Villagers" by 5 goals to 1. Bath (2), Richardson (2), and Saint were the goal-getters, and the defence, held together by Ervine Angell, was very sound.

On February 11th we entertained Itchen Valley in another League fixture, and won by three clear goals. The Valley certainly made our team work for the point and proved themselves to be thorough sportsmen. Ervine fired a penalty shot high over the cross-bar in the closing stages of the game and, of course, although it made no difference to the result, he let himself in for a considerable amount of good-hearted leg-pulling from his colleagues. Bath, Richardson, and Saint were again amongst the goals, each obtaining a single.

The Cup match was played on our own ground against St. Peter's Athletic from Winchester, on February 25th. The "Birds," as St. Peter's are called, are probably one of the finest junior sides in the county, and are the leaders of the Winchester League Division I. at the moment, and are also last season's Cup winners. We, therefore, looked forward to the game with great alarm, and were talking and discussing tactics all the week prior to the match. We took a mascot, which was a horse-shoe from a local smithy decorated in black and white, and also our bugle decorated similarly, to the game, and the horseshoe was hung on the net.

The game, which was played before a good crowd, was fought out at tremendous pace. The ground was in an atrocious condition, and it rained continuously throughout the match. "The Birds" soon proved themselves to be a clever combination, and our defenders had a strenuous time keeping them out. Play was transferred to the other end, and after some good work by Haines and Toogood, Richardson netted with a hard drive. St. Peter's then held the initiative, and V. Veneer, their centre forward, picked up a through pass and gave Beckett no chance with a neat goal. Our lads fought back, and we took the lead when Bath scored with a beautiful shot from the edge of the penalty area. There was no further scoring this half, and at the interval the score was:—

Four Counties	2
St. Peter's	1

The "Birds" started the second half on the attack, and kept the ball in our half for a long period, It was during this long spell of attacking they were awarded a penalty. Amid great excitement the kick was taken and Beckett, our goalkeeper, made a great save.

This let-off put more heart into our team, and in a swift attack Saint made matters safe with a good header from a centre by "Roly" Haines. This goal was brought about by some quick thinking by Toogood, who threw the ball in quickly to Haines, who, in turn, centred for Saint to score. Although St. Peter's tried hard they were unable to reduce the deficit, and the game ended with the score:—

Four Counties Sports	3
St. Peter's Athletic	1

We shall now meet Twyford in the semi-final, and at the moment are arranging a large party to accompany the team because the game has to be played on a neutral ground. For the victory which we won great credit must be given to the defence, who played so well under such trying conditions.

We have a full programme every Saturday till the end of April, and we probably shall have to resort to an evening game or two in order to complete our fixtures. However, we are going all out to win both the championship of the 2nd Division and the Cup, and we wish the team and its enthusiastic committee the best of luck.

E.A.S.

WELFARE ASSOCIATION.

"BODINNAR CUP" COMPETITION.

This competition is still going strong and the interest in it is keener than ever. Last month we were able to show eight names from which the possible winner would come, and this month we have been able to reduce this eight to five. As there are now only another four games to play it is impossible to try to name the winner, so that we shall have to wait another month before we can know the winner of this Cup, so kindly given by Mr. Bodinnar.

The first five positions in the League are as follows:—

	Blds.	*Snkr.*	*Dts.*	*Tble. Tens.*	*Tble. Sktl.*	*Tol Pts.*
A. Jannaway ...	4	3	4	3	3	17
E. Stone	3	3	4	4	3	17
E. Angell	5	4	3	0	4	16
L. Drayton	3	3	2	4	4	16
L. Toogood	4	2	4	4	2	16

This week (W.E. 4/3/39), A. Jannaway is drawn against E. Angell, and E. Stone against F. Richardson at darts. We have put these two matches in as they affect the two players on top of the League; also because they are very difficult matches for them to win, and should they lose and the other two players win, there will be five players with the same number of points, which will make the League look very interesting indeed. Should this position arise, you can guess how keyed up these five players will be in their remaining three games, and we are all looking forward to some fine games to decide which of them is going to hold the Cup.

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

We have to congratulate C. A. King on the birth of a son on Friday, the 10th February, and we understand mother and son are doing well.

We are very sorry to hear of the motoring accident that befell Mrs. Walter Young (the genial superintendent of the Catering Department at our socials and wife of our Foreman at the Creamery), and we are exceedingly glad to know that she is recovering from the effects of the "rough and tumble," and sincerely hope she will soon be quite well again.

We are pleased to hear that our old friends, Messrs. Fred Lawrence and Alfred Wyatt, are a little better and we sincerely hope they will soon be themselves again.

WELFARE NOTES.

Our Committee met for their monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, the 21st February, under the chairmanship of our Manager, and apparently they had a very busy night.

The accounts of our annual social were presented and were considered satisfactory. Our correspondent is pleased to note that a resolution was passed that a complaint should be lodged with the local authority regarding the heating arrangements of the Town Hall. This requires to be remedied.

An "annual outing" was discussed, and it was duly proposed and seconded that London be the destination on Saturday, the 24th June, and it was resolved to get the permission of our President. We are informed that the outing has received the sanction of Mr. Bodinnar, for which we give him many thanks.

A question arose as to property purchased by the Welfare Association from time to time, and it was agreed that we should take stock of all property held by the Association annually, and that the depreciation be written off and the times value be shown in the balance sheet at the end of the year, and that members of the Committee should be held responsible for the care of this property.

CHIPPENHAM VISIT.

We are now looking forward to Chippenham's visit to Highbridge in connection with the Inter-Factory Sports contest. The pros and cons of the annual Flower Show were discussed, and it was decided that this event be held on Saturday, 26th August. It was proposed that a class of a collection of vegetables be included in this year's schedule.

At the close of the meeting the Chairman remarked that that being the last Committee of the Association's year, he would like to express his appreciation of the hard work and regular attendance and punctuality of the members at the meetings, particularly as they had had a full year.

Who was the "Skittler" who came in on Monday morning with only half his face shaved? Was it absent-mindedness, or was it a near "shave" on time?

Who was the gardener who mistook "Liver" pills for sweet pea seeds? Our correspondent is anxious to know.

SPORT.

League Skittles.

Our League matches continue to create enthusiasm amongst our skittlers, and they are good triers all, although they do not register many wins.

"Anne Kidley" Cup Competition.

This popular competition is holding the attention of the competitors and one is unable to mention the likely winner of the trophy, as any one of the first eight may top the list, and even these may be knocked out by one or two who have yet to play in the fifth round. The next round is the final to be played in March, and we are looking forward to some keen skittling and interesting results.

BRITISH LEGION NOTES, BURNHAM BRANCH.

Our President, the Rev. Egerton Smith, C.F., very kindly gave us a lecture on the Gallipoli campaign on Thursday, 16th February, and to all ex-Service men, whether they were at the Peninsula or not, was most interesting, and as our lecturer spent some time at this spot as Senior Chaplain, he is certainly an authority on some of the incidents in this campaign. The lecture was illustrated by Cine-photos, from originals taken by the lecturer on the spot.

We are very grateful to our President, who is gifted in this direction, for putting his time at our disposal.

We hope to hold a "Dug Out" Supper and impromptu Concert on Saturday evening, March 11th, at the Territorial Drill Hall, from 8 p.m. to 10.10 p.m. (lights out), and look forward to having a good time. (Last post, 10 p.m.)

DRESS.—Field service (ground sheet, blankets, ginger beer bottle and candles, to be shown at kit inspection). Iron rations to be consumed during the evening, washed down with anything one likes to pay for.

The evening to conclude with realistic effect of an attack by "bombs" and "scroungers."

* * *

IPSWICH.

Edited by J. E. SMITH.

EDITORIAL.

The very witty article entitled "Sale of a Well," contributed in dialect by one of our Norfolk farmer friends, "Jimmy Waterhead," appeared in our December issue. This brought an echo from a Moonraker, "Buttercup Joe," in Wiltshire dialect. "Jimmy Waterhead," not to be "bested," returns to the attack as below:—

DARE MISTER EDDITOR,

Thank'ee werry much for lettin o' m see that thare letter from Mister Buttercup Joe. He fare a werry merry sort o-r-a blook an' he made me larf. Tawk abowt a fourrin langwidge—well wot abowt his? Oi moight 'a had a little bit o' trubbel onderstandin on it, oonly Oi wunst cooted a little mawther wot lived down at West Lavinton, an' she use ter tawk ezackly loike that. Oi reccolect we wunst went owt tor the daay an' we see that thare grut woite hoss on the ills down thare somewhare. She woos a noice little bit o' stuff—Oi mean the gal—but that nivver cum t' nourthin. Oi doan't know nourthin abowt raikin a chaise owt o-r-a du-pond, but a-readin the last peragraft in Joe's letter that du look as if he moight 'a-bin a-hevin a good pull at that thare cask o'rum an' got werry fuddled. Oi'll spake abowt that later.

This hare chap fare t' maake a lot o' chunterin abowt them a-puttin a cawk in the bottom o' the well t' keep the water in.

Tha's werry onnessisary t' taake the moike at that coos Oi nivver awfered 'em the water. Oi awfered t' sell 'em the well—nut the water tu. That belonged t' me, an' they hatter foind their ourn water, an' o' coos they'd foind that as sune as they'd dug their hool an' wun-inded the well down. Nawfolk min doant allow peeple t' taake away wot they doan't pay for, even if them moonraikers du, an' if Oi'd a-sin them a-troyin t' cawk up that thare well an' steal moi water they'd 'a had the langth o' moi tung, pretty quick.

An' then, wot du he mean wi-r-all this hare fuss abowt "tarn over?" If he'd 'a-read th' esplanations wot yow give, Mr. Edditor, at the begginin he'd 'a-knourn wot them tarn overs woos for. But o'-coos if he loiked t' tarn his silly self over instid thare moight be some raisin in that tu. Coos, no dowt, he woos a larfiin fit t' split his soide, an' wen wun soide woos a-aikin that woos only natchural 'at he should tarn over an' let the tuther soide hev a go. But he musnt complane abowt me if he wanted t' du that.

But the warst arrer he maade wos wen he said he must lave orf an' go an' keep the floys orf o' th' tannups. Doant fergit he wroot this in Jenniwary, an' Oi want t' know wot he wos arter a-keepin floys orf o' tannups at that toime o' yare. If ennybody wos mug enuf t' drill tannups then, an' them tannups wos fules enuf t' put their hids owt o' th' grownd they woont want noobody t' keep th' floys orf coos they'd doi a natchural death. An' wot abowt them thare floys? Did they hev little wooly jackets an' mittens on, an' capts wi' lug-flaps loike the Eskimoses t' keep 'em warm? An' did they hev skeets t' git abowt on th' oice with wen it froose? An' woon't they look natty a-hopping abowt on the snow? Thare's wun thing, yow could see t' *ketch* 'em. No, no, Mr. Joe, yew oont pull moi leg loike that. Haps yow'd bin a dramin, or elst a-gittin tu much o' that thare rum abood.

Well, Oi shall hetter goo now an' rack up th' hosses, an' sune be a tarning in. So tha's all an' Goo-boi for now.

Yars truely,
JIMMY WATERHEAD.

SOCIAL NEWS.

After the heavy rains, snow, and floods of January, February was in benevolent mood, and treated us to some very nice weather, and to-day, as I write, we are in March, and the sky is blue, the sun is shining, and all around are abundant signs that Spring is at hand.

From the point of view of work, February was disappointing, as pigs seem to have become as rare as mastodons. Perhaps they have taken to hibernating, and will re-appear with the warmer weather.

The sufferers from January's floods are slowly recovering; houses are drying out, and people are once more beginning to enjoy a normal and less amphibious existence. The response to the Mayor's Fund has been widespread, and very generous—at the moment it stands just short of £11,000. Everybody has done his, or her, bit towards it, with donations from firms and individuals, collections in factories and shops, concert and whist drive proceeds, in fact, in every possible way.

An outstanding event in February was the presentation to Mr. L. P. Storey, on the occasion of his leaving the Company's service to take up a position with the Bacon Development Board. Mr. Ludgate, who presided at the farewell gathering, spoke of the time, now some 13½ years ago, when Mr. Storey, then a young man just out of his apprenticeship with a leading engineering firm in Ipswich, came to us, seeking not merely a job, but something with a prospect of advancement. He was placed in the Maintenance Department, under Mr. Mackenzie, and in the years that followed showed consistent progress, winning the esteem of his colleagues and of the Management. When Mr. Mackenzie resigned the post of secretary of the Sports and Social Club, it was Mr. Storey who took up those duties, and under his efficient guidance the Club had gone ever forward to its present prosperous state. A loyal comrade, a skilled and competent workman, a conscientious and ambitious servant of the Company—these were the qualities which had brought Mr. Storey to the point at which he now stood. He was leaving us now to take up a position with the Bacon Development Board, and the future held still further possibilities for him. On behalf of us all Mr. Ludgate then presented to Mr. Storey a wristlet watch, suitably inscribed, as a tangible memento of our warm regard for him, and our sincere wishes for his future prosperity.

Mr. Mackenzie, associating himself with

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Mr. Ludgate's remarks, commented upon the sadness of parting from one who for so many years had been so good a friend and colleague, and reiterated the good wishes of us all. Mr. Hobbs, on behalf of the executive of the Sports and Social Club, emphasised the gratitude of them all for the good work Mr. Storey had done as secretary, and announced that Mr. Storey had accepted a vice-presidency of the Club.

Mr. S. Bloomfield, the Club's new secretary, thanked Mr. Storey for the help he had given to him in taking over his new duties. It was a difficult task, said Mr. Bloomfield, to follow so good a man, but he would at least have a good try to make a job of it.

Mr. Storey, who was deeply moved, said how difficult it was for him to even try to express his feelings. Now that it had actually come to the parting, he felt most keenly the coming separation from his old friends in both Office and Works. However far he might be fortunate enough to travel in his new career, he would always be to us " Les " Storey, and he hoped that he might be able, from time to time, to join with us once more and renew old friendships. For the present we had given him he thanked us, simply and sincerely. It would be, to him, a most valued possession, an ever-present reminder of many happy years and many good friends.

So another one goes forward on, we all sincerely hope, the path of prosperity. The daily companionship of years is broken, but friendship endures.

Good-bye, Les ; the best of luck.

A word of welcome here to our new Club Secretary, Mr. Stan. Bloomfield. I, who write, know him well, and appreciate his qualities, which will, I believe, render him a good and popular secretary, full worthy of the confidence we have placed in him.

Our sick list has been somewhat heavier lately, and we extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Mr. G. Springgate, Mr. W. Adamson, Mr. A. Storey, and Mr. H. Baker ; whilst we were very glad to see " Genial Joe " (officially known as Mr. J. E. Smith) back in harness again.

Our very real sympathy goes to Miss J. Notley, who has suffered an irreparable loss through the death of her mother.

We spent a very busy week-end on February 11th-12th, when the Office Staff moved into their new abode. Such a bustle and scurrying to and fro you never saw, but there was some little method in our madness, and the whole job was got over without hitch, so that on the Monday the Staff took up their duties in their new and very pleasant Offices.

A. H. Mackenzie.

WITH APOLOGIES IN ADVANCE TO FRIEND " MAC."

Our Uncle Mac's not got a shack,
For it's got a lawn both front and back.
It's very well made and not a flop,
And in its garden there's a sweet snowdrop.
When the sun shines bright and the sky is blue,
When the days draw out and there's no more 'flu,
We sit on a tack and, lo, here's the spring,
With a hey nonny no and a ting-a-ling-ling
Then sing tra-la-la and trip a merry hop
Around and around that sweet snowdrop.
The wind's in the East, and we don't hear the cuckoo,
Still we've got something coming, a'tish and a'tishoo.

Fersinand.

SUFFOLK'S GOODLY HERITAGE.

This county of ours is often spoken of and referred to as " Silly Suffolk ; " the word silly in this instance has no doubt been derived from the word Seeley, or Seely, which, years ago, meant Holy, and there are people to-day who say " Silly Suffolk " without realising its true meaning. The title of " Holy," or " Seely," was given to Suffolk owing to the fact it has more churches for its area than any other county.

There are quite a number of churches which I have not yet had the pleasure to visit, but here are particulars of a few. Icklingham All Saints possesses the most beautiful chest in England, Woolpit the best of all porches, Needham Market the most wonderful roof, Lakenheath the loveliest of all early English fonts, Ufford, near Woodbridge, and St. Gregory's, Sudbury, have the finest font covers in the county ; Dennington and Hesset posses unique survivals—a pyx canopy and a pyx cloth ; Bramfield, near Halesworth, has the finest screen in Suffolk, and the neighbouring village of Wenhaston, the most famous " Doom "* in the world ; a few miles further on, at Blythburgh, it is said it took two brothers a lifetime—50 years—to build this wonderful church.

The churches of Aldeburgh-on-Sea and Kessingland can be seen miles out at sea. Years ago sailing ships were able to take their bearings and set their courses from them. Dunwich, once a very important town with a fine church, has all been lost and washed away by sea erosion, and a small church erected further inland.

Making a tour of churches, one comes across several interesting and outstanding features. At Bramfield the circular tower and belfry is detached, and stands several feet away from the main building. At Trimley, near Felixstowe, there are two churches in one churchyard. The story goes that two sisters decided to build a church, and not being able to settle their differences, they each built their own with very little space between, each church having its own incumbent. East Bergholt is noted for its " bell cage," a wooden structure built of fine old oak, standing in the churchyard, and containing a fine peal of bells. This church probably claims more visitors than any other, being situated in Constable's country, and quite close to Flatford Mill, where Constable painted one of his famous pictures. " The Hay Wain." Lavenham Church also claims a large number of visitors, and is certainly worth seeing. This village was once the centre of the wool industry and, no doubt, wealthy wool merchants were responsible for such a lovely building.

Other countries can show us very pleasing pastoral scenes, but no other country in the world can show us such pictures as our village greens with its beautiful churches and cottages mellowed with age. The sound of of the anvil, alas ! is almost extinct, but let us hope that these typical rural scenes which go to make up this England of ours will remain for ever.

Essex runs Suffolk very closely in numbers of churches per acre, and the church of Little Dunmow, standing well off the beaten track, is certainly worth a visit. As I have no desire to get into trouble with the lady Editor for Dunmow, I must not poach on the Essex preserves.

B. J. Haste.

*(When the chancel was restored in 1892 an antique painting on wood of the " Doom," or " Great Day of Judgment," was discovered. It is said to be one of the most remarkable as well as best preserved relics of early 15th century art now in existence.—Ed.)

* * *

There are ten pairs of white socks and ten pairs of black socks all mixed up in a drawer. If you went to the drawer when there was complete darkness what is the minimum number of socks you would have to take out at one attempt to know that you had taken out one pair ?

The answer is three (either three white, three black, two white and one black, or two black and one white).

P. Stockwell.

* * *

No man in the wrong can stand up against a fellow that's in the right and keeps on a'comin'.—Captain Bill McDonald, of the Texas Rangers.

* * *

Everyone complains of his own memory, but no-one of his own judgment.—La Rochefoucauld.

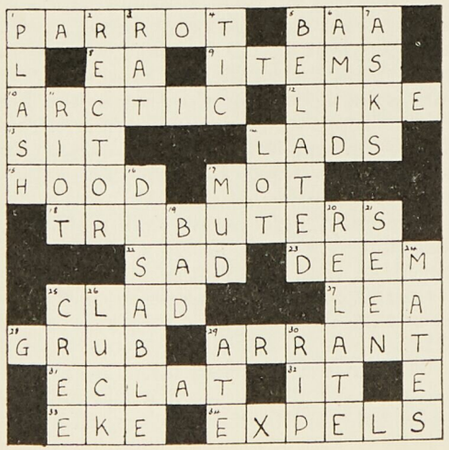
* * *

They that govern the most make the least noise.—Sir Charles Selden, 1639-1701.

* * *

There is always a harvest . . . .
Whether of grapes and figs or thorns and thistles.—Canon Grensted.

Solution to The Ipswich Crossword No. 3.



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LONDON.

Edited by T. GODWIN.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

A soprano had engaged a new accompanist. Several songs had been sung when the pianist suddenly stopped playing.

"Well," said the soprano, "what are you waiting for?"

To which he replied, "It's no use. I gife up ter chob. I blay der black kays, I blay der white keys, and always you sing in der cracks."

* * *

It was a Flag Day for the local hospital. Collectors were everywhere, and one approached a cross-looking man sitting in a luxurious car. "Will you buy a flag for the hospital, please?" she asked.

"No, thanks," came the surly reply. "I contribute regularly to the hospital."

"Ah!" put in the girl sweetly, "but we're collecting money to-day, not pedestrians."

* * *

Judge: And what, pray, is the meaning of the term, O.K.?

Learned Counsel: M'lord, I understand that it is a vulgar expression of American origin which, through the insidious agency of the cinema, has gained regrettable currency in the language of our people. From information supplied to me, I believe the expression is employed to indicate that the speaker considers everything is quite in order.

Judge: Oh, yeah!

MOSQUITOS.

I do not suppose many of us have seen a bull fight, and Spain has had something else to think about for the last two years; but one can imagine the crowd thrilled with excitement as the bull charges here and there until it is driven frantic by the picadors. The excitement increases until the climax, when the matador lays the beast on the ground and, with a sword plunged through its heart, acknowledges the shouts from the crowd.

Brave, perhaps, but bravery that serves no purpose. I would not take off my hat to him, but I would salute the scientist who could find something to exterminate the Death Watch Beetle, or some means of preventing Foot-and-Mouth Disease.

I don't know who it was that said "It's the little things that matter," but certainly it is the smallest things that are the greatest enemies of man. Ask a gardener if he ever uses any language he is not accustomed to use when he gets the White Fly in his greenhouse, or the Codlin Moth on his apple trees, or the Black Fly on his beans. However, my real grouse is mosquitos.

What a lovely description my dictionary gives them: "An insect famed for its blood-sucking habits."

In bygone days different countries were much more shut off from the rest of the world than they are to-day and, to some extent, kept their troubles to themselves. Quick and easy transport of goods and people from one place to another by trains, ships, and aeroplanes has changed all that. It is a common thing now for an insect pest to gain a footing in a new district and do even more harm there than it did in its own home. But, as I said before, my real grouse is mosquitos, and I feel sure that if something is not done to combat the breeding of mosquitos in this country it is quite possible that they may become a real menace.

Our parents, if ever the word mosquito was mentioned, would have thought of some insect whose hunting ground was in the Tropics, but now we find them outside our back-door, on the cricket field, ready to join you and bring their friends along to your camp, and will thoroughly enjoy a picnic as well as yourself.

Sometimes I visit some friends, and from the end of their garden there is an entrance to some woods which afford a most delightful walk in the evening. One of the party, being so terrified of mosquitos, will carry some special preparation before him, which is supposed to chase away any of these insects that might be out for blood. The extraordinary thing is that they take a fancy to some people more than others.

One day, perhaps, we shall realise that something ought to be done, and it will take more than one year's concerted effort to rid this country of this pest—or shall we be buying mosquito-nets to put over our beds?

If that matador had killed a mosquito instead of a bull the crowd would not have applauded; but I would have raised my hat to him!

G.C.

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TRANSPORT.

While we see everywhere at the moment posters requesting a "Square Deal" for the railways owing to the competition put up by motor transport, there are districts abroad with motor roads across regions where railways could not be made a commercial success.

The largest motor-coaches running on any service to-day ply between Damascus, in Syria, and Baghdad, in Iraq, a distance of 500 miles across a trackless desert. By means of these coaches, which are fitted up very comfortably inside, travellers can do the journey in about 30 hours, whereas formerly it took approximately 25 days travelling by water round the Arabian peninsula.

The coaches have 18 wheels, are 68ft. long, 8ft. 8ins. wide, and 11ft. high. Sixteen of the wheels are in pairs, and all are fitted with pneumatic tyres. Inside, the coaches are spacious, with reclining chairs for comfort, a kitchen to supply meals, and every convenience, including a special tank for keeping drinking water cool.

The coaches cater for first and second-class passengers (36 in all), luggage, and mails, and do the journey with only one stop. The crew consists of three drivers, a steward, and conductor.

S.W.M.

* * *

LEEDS.

Edited by G. C. CAMPBELL.

The spring-time is here again. As usual we all feel that the past winter has been the longest ever. One friend remarked that it had lasted for 10 months. Most districts suffered from lack of sunshine last year. This was followed by a dreary winter, with flooding and storms spreading destruction. February has come to us with a good record of sunshine; was it 111 hours? There was no "fill dyke," in the accepted sense, in most areas, although Ipswich had more than its fair share. Taking everything into consideration we have not made a bad start, and shall proceed to expect more good weather, and build our hopes upon a warm, sunny summer.

Spring-time is the season above all others of earnest looking forward—of great expectations. Can we expect peace on earth, which will enable us to enjoy the blessings?

Since we are on the subject of weather, there is a cheering word to be said about our good land. In an interesting paper delivered by Mr. R. W. Haddon recently, he surprised the Farmers' Club when he pointed out that the gross output of British agriculture exceeds that of any other country by £62,000,000, and the number of people employed in farming is 1,353,000. Canada employs 1,110,000, and the gross value of its output was £187,000,000, against the United Kingdom's total of £249,000,000, which excluded glass house produce. These are impressive figures. Another interesting fact he discovered was that the drift of men townwards is prevalent throughout the Empire. This is something which must cease. The statesman who can bring about the turn of this tide in our country will have contributed the most practical step towards the solution of our unemployment problem in this generation. Let us look upon the bright side and think about it, whatever else we do; *and hope without ceasing.* It is admitted that people employed are healthier and happier than if, unfortunately, they are unemployed. Idle hands are no good to the owners, nor to anybody else. Moreover, what is the attraction of great cities? We, who walk city streets, long for the country, and we devise gardens to bring us into contact with mother earth. Has our education failed to teach the dignity of labour, the joy of craftsmanship? Some more capable correspondent may take this theme up and enlighten us. The following chat upon a Manchester bus with a talkative old neighbour may be a guide.

As the 'bus passed the cinema he remarked:—

"Amusements is too easy these days. When I were a lad we 'ad nobbut lantern shows, and if one were comin' we talked of nowt else fur weeks. We 'ad one onced on t' 'Travels of Livingstone i' Central Africa.' It were due to start at 7.30, but I were outside t' door by six. In a bit a chap oppens t' door and asks if I were waitin' for t' show. When I ses I were, e ses I were just 't chap as 'e wanted, and would I 'elp 'im wi' t' lantern.

"Lantern were run off gas from a big bag, and my job were to sit on t' bag and keep pressure up. I 'ad a grand view of Livingston enterin Africa, but I never seed

'im reach t' middle, fur t' bag went flat as t' gas were used, and I dursen't stand up. If I lifted up at all t' chap at lantern 'issed sharp-like, 'Siddown! Thou'lt 'ave t' light out.' Eh! I were fair done over that; but I'se never forget it."

Has our education and our modern machinery made us too sophisticated to learn to use our hands and enjoy the common things of life, including our daily occupations, and do we procure our pleasures and needs too easily? Surely people do not drift to cities for mere pleasure. It is an interesting topic!

In lighter vein I will return to Leeds.

William Blake used to long for the day when we should have built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. He should be with us in Leeds. Perhaps it is too much to claim that we have built Jerusalem here, but we have at least a large number of its citizens in our midst. Their presence occasionally supplies us with problems of etiquette unknown to other Yorkshire towns.

One such problem, I am told, was unexpectedly encountered the other day by a certain Leeds news photographer. In the exercise of his profession he had visited a Jewish gathering, at which much feasting and song was in progress. The Jews were extremely hospitable, and invited him to join them in the sumptuous repast which was laid out on the tables.

The photographer surveyed the scene with longing eyes. Every conceivable form of food appeared to be laid out before him. But, alas, he had other duties, and there was no time to do it justice.

"No, thank you," he said politely. "All I want is a few HAM sandwiches."

* * *

The Jewish community specialises in stories at the expense of Jews. A friend of mine who lately attended another Jewish function in Leeds brought me back an assortment which he heard at it, and from which I will select the story of the Jew who encountered a sixpenny-in-the-slot cigarette machine on a station platform.

It was the first time he had seen such a thing. He argued that a machine couldn't think, and that it wouldn't be able to tell the difference between a sixpence and a threepennybit. So, being a man of business, he put in a threepenny bit and awaited results. Nothing happened. Ha! he reflected, perhaps it can think after all. So he put another threepenny bit in, and again nothing happened. And at that point a Gentile arrived, put in a sixpence, received a packet of cigarettes, and walked away.

The Jew, with loud lamentations, summoned the station-master. Someone else, he complained, had put in sixpence and got a packet of cigarettes, while he had put in two threepenny bits and hadn't got anything.

"Of course not," said the station-master. "Its an automatic machine."

"Automatic?" cried the Jew tearfully. "It's anti-Semitic."

* * *

REDRUTH.

Edited by A. J. CLARK.

All those of us who possess wireless sets were listening to the West Regional Station on Friday, the 3rd February, when Mr. Roynon was taking part in a discussion from that station on the all-absorbing problem of pigs and bacon. With him were the Agricultural Organiser for the county of Cornwall and two farmers from Devonshire, whose attitude towards the present contracting system was enlightening, but not favourable. The discussion was very interesting, but all too short from the point of view of those listening, but no doubt, was quite long enough for those actually taking part in it. Mr. Roynon has kindly given us an account of his experience:—

Having had the privilege of taking part in a discussion on the wireless this month, your correspondent is very anxious that I should relate my experiences for the benefit of others who some day may have a similar opportunity.

When I had the invitation to take part in a meeting of the "Federation of West-Country Farmers," I was somewhat perturbed as I am not a public speaker, and the fact that I had to speak to thousands seemed overwhelming. However, having had the permission from the Directors to take part on behalf of the Bacon Curers, I set about preparing my script, which naturally I thought we should use, and having previously obtained from the others who were to take part in the discussion the trend of their

remarks, I prepared my replies, but when we met in Plymouth for the audition the two Devonshire farmers and myself were somewhat taken aback when we were given to understand no script would be used, but it was to be simply an open discussion. This, I may say we did have in our audition of 40 minutes. The Chairman was placing us to the best advantage for the microphone. In this my main difficulty was to address my remarks to the microphone, which was on my left, as I repeatedly wanted to turn to the Chairman, who sat on my right. This difficulty was eventually overcome by re-arranging this microphone and the seats so that I had the microphone immediately between the Chairman and myself. In listening to the others I thought my time was never coming, and that in the meantime I should forget all I wanted to say. However, I was called on eventually, but it seemed that no sooner had I started to state our case than we were informed it was all over.

Now what possibly will be more interesting to many will be some of the facts which I recalled in preparing for the occasion. I had a very clear recollection that it was back in the 80's that the bonus for lean pigs was first introduced. It was, in fact, in '86 when a bonus of 2s. 6d. per pig was paid on those pigs of less than $2\frac{1}{4}$in., which you will notice is now classed as D or stout bacon. This was continued for about seven years, when the method of payment according to weight and thickness of fat was introduced. This had a disastrous effect on the industry, and had to be discarded in 1906, after trying with a bonus of 6d. per score for a short period, owing to the great falling off in supplies. All this time the firm was buying and distributing suitable stock pigs.

First of all they tried the Tamworth breed, and later the Yorkshire Large White. This pig is, undoubtedly, the most suitable for producing the long, lean sides so much in demand by the general public, and with which the Danes and other importers have cultivated and developed so large a trade in this country. During all this time no effort was spared by the curers, and practically no response from the breeders and feeders, to secure a share of the ever-increasing demand for lean bacon, and were it not for the superior quality of the genuine Wiltshire bacon, the trade would have been overwhelmed by the leaner class of imported bacon in ever-increasing quantities.

As the following figures will show. In 1895 the Danish imports into this country were approximately 1,009,537cwt., and the Irish 541,743cwt. In 1932, when the Scheme was introduced, the Danish imports had increased to 7,672,030cwt., or 660 per cent., and the Irish to 1,256,059cwt., or 132 per cent. In addition to this all the Baltic countries and our Colonies were sending us large quantities, whereas our production remained practically stationary through all these years and, in consequence, we have been driving the English provision shops to purchase imported bacon through our inability to supply the growing demand.

Through the Pig Scheme producers have an opportunity of sharing this business, and it is encouraging to see that an improvement has been made in the type of pig we are getting. The Scheme has done more in five years than curers had been able to do at tremendous expense in the previous 50 years. Before the Scheme we were only getting 14 per cent. to 15 per cent. of pigs not exceeding 2in. of fat, whereas we are now getting 45 per cent.

Let us hope that the British farmer, now that he has Government assistance with subsidies and quotas, will make an effort to increase supplies of suitable type pigs. By so doing he will please the Government, consumers, and at the same time increase the productiveness of the land, thereby benefiting the whole community and not least himself. W.A.R.

Our Social this year was held on Saturday, February 4th, 1939, at the Masonic Hall. Everyone had been looking forward to this annual event with great interest, for it meant to us one of those all too rare occasions when we all have the pleasure and privilege of meeting our Managing Director, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, and when we heard that Mr. Bodinnar could not manage to be with us we were very disappointed, but as all our arrangements had been made we had to carry on. The supper started at 6.45 p.m., and everyone did full justice to the good things provided.

In opening his speech, Mr. Roynon, our Manager, first read a letter he had received from Mr. Bodinnar, which explained why he could not be with us, and wishing us all a very enjoyable time. Mr. Roynon said we all regretted Mr. Bodinnar's absence. He knew it was a great disappointment to

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all, but, he continued, our Chief was just as disappointed as we were, and he hoped that Mr. Bodinnar would come and see us later on during the year. A telegram was then read that had been sent to Mr. Bodinnar expressing our sincere regret at his absence, and assuring him of our continued loyalty.

Mr. Roynon then referred to the passing of our old friend, "Mike" Crowley. This was the first time we had held any function in connection with the Firm that "Mike" was not with us, and he asked all present to stand in silence for a moment as a mark of respect and affection.

Mr. Roynon continued by saying he had now a very pleasant duty to perform, that of presenting Long Service Medals to some of our employees, and with a few well-chosen words to each, Mr. Roynon pinned medals on the following:—

Mr. W. Carpenter, Silver Medal (20 years).
Mr. G. Webb, Silver Medal (20 years).
Mr. S. R. Perry, Silver Medal and Bar (25 years).

And now, acting on Mr. Bodinnar's request, Mrs. Roynon, now completely recovered from her illness we are glad to say, had a pleasant duty to perform—a very, very pleasant one we know—that of presenting our esteemed Manager, on behalf of Mr. Bodinnar, with a Silver Medal with one Bar, showing 25 years faithful service, truly a good record, and this presentation was made amidst great cheers.

The Camborne Harmonica Band, who were going to entertain us, were now waiting outside, and the "right away" was given for the lighter part of the evening, and everyone settled down for 2½ hours of excellent music and song, with a little community singing here and there. The fun was continued until 10.30 p.m., when everyone went home declaring they had had a very enjoyable time, and I believe they did.

Mr. Roynon gave a word of thanks to the Committee responsible for all the arrangements, and to the ladies who so kindly helped, and the writer would like to add his word of appreciation to the wonderful help given.

O.J.S.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Our congratulations to Redruth on the successful result of their intensive campaign to increase their number of readers. Double the number is good going and will encourage our other Branches, &c., to redouble their efforts also.

TOTNES.

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

We received ample compensation for having had to postpone our social this year, as we were thus able to extend a warm welcome to Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, who had made a very special effort to be present amongst us, all of us realising the extra strain and call on his time which it must have involved.

The company of about 70, including our Tiverton friends, assembled for an excellent dinner at the Royal Seven Stars Hotel. Seventy stars might have been an even more fitting name for the occasion. We found there that the tables had been tastefully decorated with gorgeous narcissi and tulips, which had been kindly sent by a Cornish friend who had discovered his pigs had been allocated to this Factory.

After the needs of the inner man had been satisfied, Mr. W. B. Friggens, who presided, proposed the toast of the evening in his usual able manner, and Mr. J. F. Bodinnar replied with a very impressive speech, during which he dealt with the many problems connected with our industry, and to the urgent need for a more settled outlook in the affairs of the nation, showing clearly how the lives of all of us were affected by these matters. He also illustrated vividly the necessity to "keep on trying," whatever the difficulties may be, applying this to every problem with which we may be confronted.

The toast of "Our Visitors" was then proposed by Mr. J. N. Powney, who emphasised the pleasure everyone felt at having the company of our Tiverton friends at our socials. Mr. H. Clemo suitably responded.

Medals and Bars were then presented to the following:—Mr. F. W. Smith, 35 years; Mr. H. Robjohns, 30 years; Mr. W. B. Friggens, 25 years; and Messrs. C. Rogers, C. Harding, and W. Hill, 20 years.

To each of these recipients were addressed the kindly remarks which are typical of our Chief, and which were so obviously sincerely meant.

The presentation of medals was followed by an hour's entertainment by the locally well-known Lidstone Brothers, who are very talented artistes. Their witty remarks, songs, impressions, and ventriloquism caused roars of laughter.

Various games occupied the remainder of the evening, including a darts match between Tiverton and Totnes, which resulted in an away win, which was well deserved, as our visitors appeared to have had the seven stars included in their team. Anyhow, those of Totnes failed to shine, although they are already vowing vengeance on those friendly foes when next they meet. Many other amusing games were joined in with enthusiasm, which was so great that in one a competitor blew out the match instead of the candle. He must have been cross-winded, not cross-eyed! The antics of some in the pole and basket game were heartily applauded. Well, all good things have to come to an end, so at 11 p.m. we joined hands in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," thus bringing to a conclusion one of the best socials that we have yet held. Up to the present we have not heard of any bad effects of the conviviality, although we understand that one of the staff who was unavoidably unable to take his wife with him, found himself locked out when he reached home, as his better half had retired for the night. He says he is not going to leave her behind again.

W.J.T.

THE GARDEN.

At this time of the year a great deal can be heard and read about gardening, and excepting perhaps those who have to live in flats or in the crowded areas of our large cities, the thoughts of most married men turn, or maybe are turned, lovingly, or otherwise, towards the garden. As most of what we hear on the subject is in its favour, and seeing that there are two sides to every argument, it may not be out of place for these remarks to be made in a more or less humorous manner, from the, shall we say, "otherwise" point of view.

Speaking generally, in the days of youth, not a great deal of interest is displayed in gardening, but when mere man has chosen his partner in life, and they have settled down together in the nest they have selected, the garden problem soon makes its appearance, and his charmer will commence enlarging on the great advantage of having fresh vegetables, &c. Better give in at once and make a start, as no amount of excuses will avail against the power of feminine persuasion and coaxing which will be brought to bear on the subject, more especially as lately they have been aided by the "back to the land" stunt. Yes, sooner or later, you will be lured into following the example of others, so if any timely hints herein are found of use, then the ink will not have been wasted.

In order to preserve peace and harmony in the home, I have, like many others, listened to the Sunday radio talks on the garden by an eminent expert. But somehow he doesn't appear to give over much attention to the very important Mr. Pocket, which has to be considered by a very ordinary man like me before launching out on big ideas. For instance, the state of the textile market has to be consulted—will that spring coat and hat be more costly than last year, or will silk stockings, &c., go up in price?

Having satisfactorily settled these knotty problems, a good way to start is to send your better half to the chemist to get in a stock of liniment, backache pills, smelling salts, and gripe water—you'll need 'em! The next step is to see the local surveyor, or get a map, and locate your garden. You will probably find it under the weeds and that heap of rubbish you were going to clear away last year, only it rained each time you felt like doing it. When you have found your garden, borrow your neighbour's spade (if you've returned it), and proceed to dig it up. Do the job badly at first, on the off-chance that he may offer to show you how it should be done.

Once the surface is broken up and all the old cans, bicycle wheels, kerb stones, and crockery are thrown over the fence, hurry up and get the seeds in before the weeds come up, or you may have to start all over again. You will easily be able to distinguish between the weeds and the vegetables, which you hope will turn out like the picture on the packet—*the weeds will grow.*

A few words now on culture and some specialities. All the smaller seeds are grown on a piece of finely-raked or sifted soil, which is called the "seed bed," or cat's walk. Some people have been known to select the same site as the dog had chosen for his emergency underground food storage, but that's their look-out. To avoid this, you can, of course, make your seed bed upstairs; hang it all, what are bedrooms for? Your wife will probably tell you, but surely she

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won't try to get between you and the first prizes.

Now, what to grow. Let's start with onions. There are several varieties, but they all taste more or less the same—like onions. There is the spring onion, used for salads, so called because of its habit of repeating. Then there is the Tripoli onion, an uncle of the spring onion. This originated, as you may have guessed, from Tripoli—where the tripe comes from ; in fact, it makes a splendid dish cooked with square-holed tripe and flavoured with a little garlic or gunpowder to taste.

That's enough about onions, except to mention that they appear to thrive best on ground where the wife threw the old soot from the range last autumn.

Let's take some of the root crops which you all admire at the shows,—parsnips 4ft. long, carrots 3ft., and beetroot like nothing else on earth, and nearly as useless. To obtain results like this you have to bore a hole, or, if you are patient, wait till the dog has done it for you, and then shoo him off. When the holes are made, size is not particular, you make what is called a compost of, say, three-parts sifted soil, one of leaf mould, peat, or anything you have handy, and a few brickbats to ensure good drainage. By the time you have mixed this your back will be aching so much that you may sling the stuff over the fence, and decide to buy the darn things for civilisation's sake. If you should proceed, I may say I have seen some experts holding a cane in the hole and shaking it during the filling process. This greatly surprised me, as I understood during my schooldays that a cane was intended for another purpose, but we live and learn.

I could go on like this until haymaking time, but the Editor says there isn't enough space, and you probably wouldn't appreciate it if I did, so I will just make a few brief remarks on some other items :—

Asparagus—Sometimes mistaken for bundles of wood ; tastes much about the same.

Kidney Beans—Good for the backache ; you can stand upright and pick 'em.

Lettuce—This offers a change of diet for the junior's pet rabbit.

Marrow—These are best used for thanksgiving festivals.

Peas—Wrinkled and marrowfat ; the latter cannot be eaten with a knife only—they slip off.

Potatoes—The junior partner to fish and chips. Never grow potatoes alongside onions or they may cry their eyes out and thus retard growth.

Sprouts—Those who have gathered a basketful of this delicacy on the morning after 10 degrees of frost can appreciate their full worth. A kettle of boiling water simplifies this disagreeable task.

Turnips—Wiltshire is the only county where these can be grown successfully—they know how to keep the flies off.

And so on, ad infinitum; singly they don't amount to much, but taken together the garden is another worry which comes to man when he acquires a wife, and we've to blame Adam for both, so I had best close with the following lines :—

Spring is here, hip-hip-hooray,
I'll dig my garden up to-day ;
Put seeds and plants out one by one,
Go to bed and pray for sun.
Starts to rain, thought it would,
Sunday gardening ain't no good.
By-and-bye it starts to grow
And falls a prey to every foe.
The slugs they come and eat the shoots,
The wireworms start to gnaw the roots.
Potatoes get the dreaded blight,
The wife just says, " It serves you right."
But if I try and persevere
A crop I'll have when Autumn's here,
And some to spare for rainy days,
Just like the good old proverb says.

HARTICHOKE 'ORACE.

* * *

YOU CAN'T LET THE SIDE DOWN.

This little paragraph is to emphasise the appeal in last month's Magazine.

The success or failure of this year's Flower Show is in your hands. It is no good leaving it to the other fellow. It is your idea, your suggestion, and your criticism that is wanted.

Send along something—and this is important, send it *now*.

Remember the old school tie !
Up the school !
You can't let the side down.

MINIM.

* * *

HOLIDAYS.

About this time of the year we get many requests for recommended holiday addresses.

Will our readers help us in our endeavour to comply with same by sending along any addresses they know. Thank you.

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

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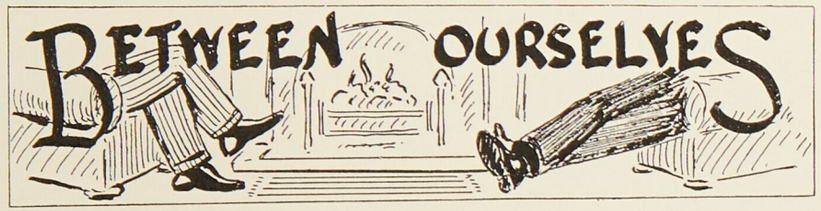
OUR readers have noticed with satisfaction the reports from all the Branches of the House of Harris of increased interest in social and recreational work. The usual gatherings held at each Branch during the early part of the year reflected the healthy understanding prevailing and the desire to uphold the name of Harris both in business and in sport.

Our Eastleigh Branch is to be congratulated on the excellent result of its Football Club's efforts during the past season. The fame of Kidlington's Tug-of-War team is known over a wide radius, and Highbridge possesses skittlers of no mean prowess.

A new phase of our Welfare work is being developed by the visits of sports teams and parties from various Branches to others within reasonable access.

For several years the Summer Show at Calne, in August, has been a meeting place for all the Branches of the family, but this sense of unity is now being increased by the inter-change of visits between Totnes and Tiverton, Highbridge and Chippenham, Calne and Chippenham and Kidlington, and Kidlington, London, Dunmow, and Ipswich.

This social intercourse between the Welfare organisations of the various Factories is now in its early stages, and we wish it a robust and healthy development.



WE are passing through strenuous and difficult days. Unfortunately, circumstances are such that the international situation seems to govern all one's thoughts and, so far as they can be made, plans.

I am writing this on April 17th, two days after the great action taken by the President of the U.S.A.—one of the greatest Democracies in the world. Surely, to any mind that is not determined on war for war's sake, the appeal that has been made to the nations of Europe can only be looked upon as reasonable and wise. At the moment all we can do is to pray that the miracle will happen and that instead of aggression there shall be reasonable discussion, with the understanding that all will be prepared for giving as well as taking.

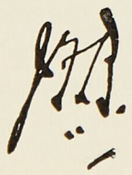
In the midst of all this turmoil of thought and anxiety there can be no excuse for a lack of consideration, followed by action on the part of every individual in regard to voluntary service for the State. Defence is being speeded up. Food Control plans are being publicly announced to operate if war comes. Surely mental and physical alertness and well-being, together with a long view of the moral issues involved, are necessary for each and all.

In the midst of all these things we have to do our daily tasks and common duties. These are not being made easier so far as Bacon Factories are concerned by a shortage of raw material. Deliveries under the Pig Contracts are not being maintained. There are clamours everywhere from Producers about their Pigs Marketing Scheme and the Bacon Industry Act. A full measure of worry and responsibility is resting on those who are members of the Bacon Marketing Board, and some are asking whether the Act on the Statute Book is calculated to give the best results for consumer, producer, and curing establishment.

We cannot lightly disregard anything that has been hardly won. Caution and patience, combined with careful examination and review, are essential at this stage. The job of those who have to stand between a disappointed trade and the powers of regimentation involved in the Bacon Industry Act is not an easy one, fraught as it is with such great responsibility. If it were not for the large measures of friendship and loyalty which have been displayed the job would be well-nigh impossible.

In the meantime opportunities for personal contact with our own immediate circles of Factories and Offices have been seriously diminished. I am relying upon the old-time community spirit of understanding and loyalty in every Factory, in every Office, and in the mind and heart of everybody upon the road and elsewhere. We must keep our House flag at the top of the mast, and there must be a larger distribution of our goods till every shop in the land can supply any demand made upon them for goods of our manufacture. I am relying upon everybody to make this achievement.

Past, personal, and local difficulties and prejudices can all be overcome by those of right mind and personality, and in these days when National duties are making such great calls upon some of us we are relying more and more upon those who are doing any sort of job for us to see that the necessary initiative and conquests are forthcoming.



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West Riding Humours.

WASHING-DAY.

Washing-day up here has its amusing aspect to a newcomer. In saying "Washing-day" reference is really to the aftermath of the washing, viz., the hanging-out process.

All over the country we are familiar with the usual drying grounds, clothes-lines suspended 'twixt verdant trees in spacious orchards, or from neat posts at regular intervals up the garden path. In congested areas, however, where neither orchards or garden paths are available, necessity has to improvise, and by-streets, alleyways, &c., are utilised. By mutual arrangement lines are stretched across the road from house to house, and it is here that all the assortment of articles—of heavy or diaphanous materials—are pegged up to dry.

The pedestrian "ducks" under the more lengthy hangings, side-turns to avoid a flick in the eye from the sleeve of "Pop's nightie," while vehicular traffic—tradesmens' cycles, horses and carts, and motor-cars—have a sort of jig-saw puzzle course to pursue in steering between the props. One soon grows accustomed tc the unusual sight, though compelled at first to smile at the curious novelty.

CLEANING WINDOWS.

Reference has previously been made to the presence of a big proportion of soot in the air of industrial districts. Special provisions are therefore called for to maintain cleanliness and visibility in respect of windows in houses, shops, &c. Professional window-cleaners abound, plying a busy, regular, and (let's hope) lucrative occupation, but in "between-times" our housewives, shop-keepers, &c., get busy themselves in *keeping* the windows clean.

And we have a special implement for the job in the form of a brush made of soft, fine bristle, shaped as required, and fitted to a handle measuring 4ft. to 15ft. in length, as demanded by the altitude of the windows.

THE DOORSTEPS.

Then we are very fastidious about our stonework—gate steps, doorsteps, area steps, window-sills, &c., have to be regularly cleaned.

First we wash and scrub. This is followed in many cases by a sort of holy-stone finish in colour-schemes of cream, ochre or brick-red, with edges whitened, to enable us to count our steps when coming home late at night.

* * *

A very usual address one to another here is, "Love." "Good morning, love," "Thank you, love," &c., &c., &c.

One to whom the greeting "Love" had generally been regarded as a term of the tenderest endearment is somewhat bewildered when, say, some glamorous, lovely waitress accosts him with, "What's your order, love?"

He fondly imagines himself the manly embodiment of all the film "heart throbs," with Adonis thrown in, till he finds the exquisite term is extended to the next customer as well, in fact, to all and sundry. But when one has returned to a normal state of sober sense and proper proportions, there is still a great attractiveness in the Yorkshire "Love." The county has a most intriguing *pronunciation* of that word, but to get the real quality of the term it must be said by a Yorkshire-bred girl—age does not matter, 6, 16, or 60, they all have it. Acquisition of the really local pronunciation seems very difficult, there is a doubtful sound about it when attempted by "foreigners."

So, when in Yorkshire, listen-out to hear the "natives" say "Love."

A.E.W.

* * *

BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE GATEPOST.

You *must* have been busy. This is the best excuse that can be made for you.

If you haven't, then why haven't you sent along that suggestion for the Flower Show?

It is no good saying during, or after, the Show, "Why didn't they do so and so?" We can all be wise after the event. Let us have exceptional wisdom and send along some idea NOW. There is no need to worry about details. It's the idea that is wanted. The working out of the details is the Committee's job, and between you and me and the gatepost, we'll see they have plenty to do.

MINIM.

* * *

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice.—BEN JONSON.

Spring.

I expect everyone but the football fans will rejoice that March has passed. Here, at Herne Bay, it has been a month of very cold N.E. winds, and as different as could be from the March of 1938. This March has, however, been more in keeping with normal local conditions, for along this part of the coast March is usually the coldest month in the year.

The results of March, 1938, and the queer weather that followed on are evident by a famine of vegetables and fruit. Unfortunate for me, I have been put on a special diet largely composed of green foods and fruits, with all salted and preserved foods on the black list. This being so I have to forego the ideal English breakfast, and so, for a time, I cannot through personal experience know if our famous Brand is still leading with its high quality. I read that the home supplies have failed. It is but for a time, and presently we shall get going. Indeed, we must, and we will. Somewhere it is said : " There will be shepherds keeping their sheep on the hills when millionaires and motor-cars are a joke of ancient history." I don't know about the millionaires, but I am sure that the present phase will pass, and that once again the fields and pastures and hills of England must return to the conditions intended for them.

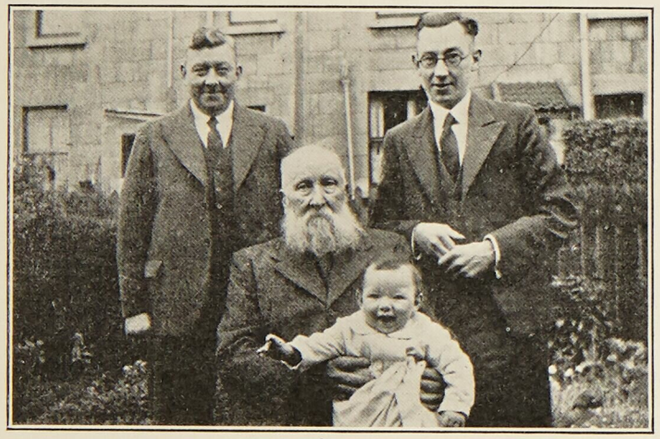
Anyhow, it is April, and April's message is one of expectancy and youth—everything is growing. As Shakespeare has it :—

From you I have been absent in the Spring,
When proud pied April dressed in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.

Now we expect, even in the face of a N.E. wind, an air to blow us the scent of violets. Flowers and butterflies will enrich the scene to-morrow, or next week. We may be sure of that. So welcome to April and the Spring. April opens so well that an advertisement in the Press advises us to forget Hitler and to concentrate on Easter. I gather, however, that in the hotels around here early bookings have, in many cases, been cancelled. However, the Herne Bay Bowling Club opens the outdoor greens for Easter week, closing down after until May as, whatever the weather may be, it is too early to risk spoiling the growing grass by too much early use of it.

R.E.H.

FOUR GENERATIONS.



Heartiest congratulations to Mr. Henry Carpenter who recently celebrated his 90th birthday. This family group shows Henry with his son—George, grand-son Fred and great-grand-daughter Diana. After over 69 years of faithful service to the House of Harris he has been living in well-earned retirement for several years.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

NEWCASTLE GROCERS' EXHIBITION.

This Exhibition was held in St. George's Drill Hall and was opened by the Lord Mayor, the Deputy Lord Mayor, and Sheriff of Newcastle. The Lord Mayor mentioned in his remarks that the City could well do with a modern Exhibition Hall—we, his listeners, cordially agreed. The Drill Hall is not an ideal hall for a Food Exhibition. There was, however, a very pleasing array of stands, and we are glad to say that quite a number of compliments were passed on the Harris display. An outstanding feature of the Exhibition was a very fine stand put up by the Army, showing completed work, &c., by boys trained in the Army Technical Schools. Owing to an exceptional number of wet evenings, and also to the crisis at the end of the first week, the public did not attend in large numbers, but the trade certainly helped to make up for the lack of interest displayed by the public. The Demonstrators were busy displaying the 4½d. galantines, and the new line of savoury minced steak. The latter was served hot on toast and potato chips and evoked many favourable comments. Excellent business is predicted for this line.

At the close of the Exhibition a very happy little function took place in Newcastle, where Mr. Dobson Dodds arranged a dinner for the staff. Besides Mr. Dobson Dodds, there were present his assistant, Mr. A. S. Browne, and Mr. Wallis, from Calne, who had been in charge of the stand. The two Newcastle Van Salesmen, Mr. W. J. Lewis and Mr. N. Ratcliffe, were also present, together with Van Boy Thompson, who is shortly making a start at Calne as a prospective Van Salesman. The particular reason for the little function was to congratulate Mr. Ratcliffe on his forthcoming marriage, which took place on the 15th April, and to say " good-bye " to Mr. S. Thompson before leaving for Calne. Both had a good send-off, and we join in giving them our best wishes for their future success and happiness.

LEICESTER FOOD FAIR.

This Exhibition also took place in March. We had a small stand. Miss Bernard and Miss Wheeler, however, did their best to secure good retail sales from the rather sparse attendance. Unfortunately the Exhibition did not appeal to the Leicester folk in the same way as similar Exhibitions have appealed in other districts. Mr. Ward Willis, however, was able to interest those members of the Trade who attended the Exhibition, and he found it a very useful opportunity for popularising the new savoury minced steak, and also the 4½d. galantines, so that we feel that some lasting good will accrue.

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.

This Exhibition is now in progress and bids fair to exceed the totals secured last year, which showed a considerable advance in 1937. We are slicing bacon at our stand on this occasion, and this is proving to be a great draw to the public ; the bacon is rashered on a very efficient-looking bacon-slicing machine on a marble-top counter in the centre of the stand ; it is wrapped in cellophane paper and sold by the ½lb. The visitors to the Exhibition appreciate being able to take home a sample of Harris bacon, which is a household word the world over. Mr. Morgan and Miss Meyer and a staff of Demonstrators and Relief Salesmen are being kept very busy, in spite of the international troubles, which are bound to be affecting the attendance to some degree. The general impression on visiting Earl's Court for the first time is one of vastness. There is not, perhaps, quite the cosy atmosphere of Olympia, where the Exhibition building was divided up into a number of smaller halls, but as with everything else, it is probably only a question of what we have been used to in the past, and Earl's Court is likely to become as much associated with the Ideal Home Exhibition as Olympia was in the old days.

We congratulate Van Salesman A. B. W. Fulcher on his marriage and hope that both Mr. and Mrs. Fulcher will have every health and happiness in the future.

We are sorry to say that Miss M. Robinson has been on the sick list for a few weeks and is not likely to be able to return for a little while yet. We hope she will soon begin to make progress.

J.H.G.

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In response to a pressing invitation from Kidlington some 20 odd of our members, in the charge of Mr. T. Clark and Herbie Webb, paid a visit on Saturday, 15th April. We left Calne at 1.45, and arrived about four o'clock, eager to meet old friends, make new ones, and to play billiards, darts, and table tennis. The welcoming greetings of our hosts and the friendly atmosphere of the well-appointed Welfare Club soon made us feel at home, and, under the directions of Mr. F. Gale and Mr. W. Hillier, the games got under way without loss of time.

We should like to express our thanks to those who during the afternoon and evening showed us over the Factory. It was very interesting to compare it with the other we know so well.

Five o'clock came and a splendid tea was served, and after a short interval the competitions were continued.

Our Kidlington friends seemed very fond of music, so they pressed Herbie to give one of his vocal efforts. Herbie responded with " Polly-Wolly-Doodle," and Ken Rutty also gave us a few melodies on the piano. Another musician, who said he was " David Sumbler," aged "four next June," also added to our entertainment by playing the piano in a style all his own.

After the games (which were played in a keen and friendly spirit) were finished, Mr. T. Clark expressed our thanks for the splendid time we had had, and gave a cordial invitation for Kidlington to pay us a visit in return.

Mr. Gale, in reply, said that they would be very happy to give us a return, and he knew that the Kidlington members were always pleased to come to Calne.

So, after a thoroughly enjoyable time, we left Kidlington and spent the rest of the evening in Oxford, eventually arriving home at Calne safe, sound and happy.

Results of the games were :—Billiards—Kidlington, 3 games ; Calne, 4 games. Darts—Kidlington 5 games ; Calne, 3 games. Table Tennis—Kidlington, 3 games ; Calne, 22 games.

TABLE TENNIS.

We have had a good programme of Table Tennis matches this month. Our Ladies visited Calne Co-Op. Ladies' team, at their Sports Club, on March 14th. Harris' Ladies won a very close match, 9-7. A social followed the match, and an enjoyable evening was spent.

On March 22nd we played Wootton Bassett United Dairies A and B mixed teams. Our A team visited Wootton Bassett A team at their Sports Club, and our B team played Wootton Bassett B team at the Woodlands, Both matches were won by the Harris mixed teams.

These were the first mixed matches we have played, but we shall look forward to the next.

Our return match with Heddington was played on March 29th, at Heddington Sports Club, and although we included new players, we won 20-5. The Heddington team has only been formed recently, but they are keen and interested and will do much better later on. We wish them success.

On March 9th, we visited a Devizes team called the Southbroom Young Men's Club. We found when we arrived there that Southbroom were champions of the Devizes League. We lost 6-19, but spent a good evening and arranged a return match at the Woodlands on April 14th. Southbroom brought their A and B teams. Our A team lost to their A team 12-13, This was a very close match all the way through, and some very good games were played. H. Dobson was in fine form, winning all his games. Our B team won 15-10, which did them credit. We all enjoyed this evening very much. It was good to see 20 keen fellows playing and watching every game with enthusiasm.

We arranged a return match with Chippenham Liberal Club on April 13th, at Chippenham. This is one of the strongest teams we play, and we lost 12-13, the last game deciding who should win. We were very excited when the game was 22 all, but the Liberal player managed to secure the last two points.

Our B team played Chippenham Liberal B team the same evening at the Woodlands. They did much better, winning a very easy match 21-4.

H.W.

* * *

SKITTLE SECTION.

The League Season for Skittles was brought to a close on 14th April, when it was ascertained that the Retort Dept. were the winners of the "Bodinnar Cup" with the Boning Dept. as gallant "runners up."

The last two or three matches in which the two teams referred to were concerned were quite exciting, and interest in the competition was maintained to the final games.

Owing to indisposition, the Chairman of the Section, Mr. A. Boase was unable to preside at the presentation of the cups, and the Vice-Chairman, Mr. A. McLean took his place.

He congratulated the winners and losers alike—after all the "game is the thing." Mr. McLean hoped that more teams would be formed in the coming season.

Mr. Bodinnar very kindly spent some of his most valuable time with the members and he presented the Cup to winners and runners-up.

The Captains suitably replied, and expressed the wish that other teams would be successful in future competitions. Miniature cups were supplied to all members of the winning teams. Other awards for the 1938-9 Season were made as follows:—

"Best Average" Cup, J. Burchell, Front Yard
"Petherick Cup" W. Butler. Groundsman
,, (runner-up) R. Goddard, Kitchen
,, (semi-finalists) H. Hill, Boning
G. Slade, Retort

* * *

NETTLES.

After the hard winter, greens may be scarce and dear. Young nettles are a good substitute

Gather a good quantity (they shrink in the cooking). Put into boiling water with salt, and a lump of sugar to keep their colour. When tender drain and chop, adding a small lump of butter. Serve as Spinach with sippets of toast, and poached eggs on top, or as turnip greens, with pepper and a little vinegar.

The liquor drained from them is a good blood purifier, and helpful in skin diseases. Half a tumbler of it with a little pepper is pleasant to take, and an excellent spring medicine.

I grow a small patch of nettles in a corner of my garden, but there are plenty in the hedgerows, which are quite nice if well washed.

ELIZABETH.

* * *

HOLIDAYS.

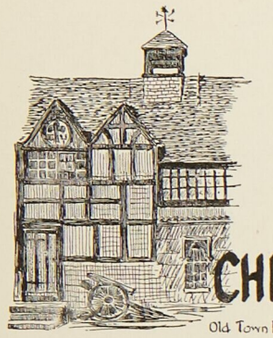
We desire to remind our readers that we keep a Register of Addresses at many of the Seaside Resorts. Application should be made to the Editor.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE TOURNAMENT.

Final Results, April, 14th 1939.

	Played.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Drawn.*	*Pts.*	*Ob.*
Retort, &c.	54	36	14	4	76	
Boning and Rinding	54	34	18	2	70	
Slaughter (B)	54	29	23	2	60	
Warehouse	48	26	21	1	53	
Front Yard	54	25	29	0	50	
Slaughter (A)	51	24	25	2	50	
Slaughter (C)	48	19	26	3	41	
Engineers	51	20	30	1	41	
Office	51	18	32	3	39	
Kitchen	54	18	33	3	39	

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CHIPPENHAM.

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

SKITTLES.

On Friday, 24th March, a large number of employees met at the Railway Inn to decide who should hold our two Skittle Cups —the J.G.H. Challenge Cup and the James Bullock Cup.

The former, which is run on the knock-out principle, was very keenly contested. R. Kington, the holder for two years, was hoping to make it a hat-trick, but G. Warne, his opponent in the first round, soon dispelled these ideas and went on to reach the semi-final, when he lost to H. Butler. R. Edwards reached the final at the expense of H. Timberlake, and went on to win a very thrilling final tie.

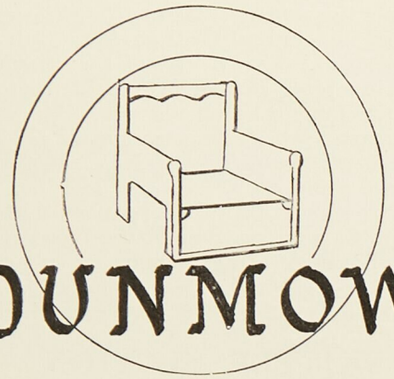
Eight teams entered for the James Bullock Cup. The Lower Office unexpectedly beat the Drivers, and the Cellar Gang, whose representatives bowled so well in the J.G.H. Challenge Cup, defeated the Top Office. They could not keep it up, however, and were laid low by the Slaughterhouse. The Inward Department were the other finalists, and proved to be very worthy winners.

At the close of the evening Mr. W. V. Long presented the trophies to the winners, and also presented the prizes for the highest aggregate and highest score of the season. These prizes were given by Mr. W. V. Long and Mr. J. B. Stanley. Mr. G. Clifford was the lucky recipient of both. E.C.H.

HOSPITAL CARNIVAL DARTS TOURNAMENT

Unfortunately, our hopes in this competition were soon shattered, although we had the advantage of a home match. This was not sufficient to pull us through, our opponents being able to win the first two legs and therefore enter the competition proper.

W.H.W.



DUNMOW.

Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

Another successful whist drive was held in the Recreation Hall on Friday, 10th March, when 14 tables were in play.

Mr. Hooper presented the prizes to the following:—Ladies—1, Mrs. Holden; 2, Mrs. Hampton; 3, Mrs. Dobson; 4, Mrs. Nightingale. Gentlemen—1, Mr. Sapsford; 2, Mr. C. Gray; 3, Mr. R. Wilson; 4, Mr. J. Reeve. Lucky number, Mr. W. Petchey. Mr. C. P. Ward was M.C.

HOWLERS.

Herrings go about the sea in shawls.

Water is composed of two gins—oxygin and hydrogin. Oxygin is pure gin, hydrogin is gin and water.

Things We would Like to Know.

If the samples of Liquorice Allsorts that came with our last batch of Magazines are likely to be repeated.

SPRING.

Spring is here in all its fragrant beauty. The countryside is rapidly losing its drab appearance and is fully awakened from its winter hibernation. Hedgerows and trees are clothed in bright blossom, not the vivid colourings which appear during the summer, but the softer, more delicate tintings of the apple and pear, chestnut and hawthorn, with here and there splashes of deep red May.

To the city dweller, with his vision mainly confined to streets and buildings, the change perhaps is not so apparent, but for the country dweller the transformation scene is enacted in all its wonder and glory.

There is a lane I know where at this time of year the path is thickly carpeted

with the delicate pink and white and black and white blossoms fallen from the chestnut trees lining its banks. The far end of this charming old-world avenue leads direct to the open country, and in the distance can be discerned a stately wood bright with varying greens, reds, browns, and tints which defy description. A fitting accompaniment to all this beauty is the joyous singing of countless birds, revelling in the most delightful season of the year.

Visit such surroundings and for a short space of time you may re-capture the tranquility and carefree happiness of earlier and less sophisticated days.

RAMBLER.

SOUTH RUSSIAN MEMORIES

(*Continued*).

One thing that struck me was the number of children who, like Topsy, seemed to have no mothers and fathers to care for them. When we first arrived in Batum we were quartered in a large Customs House. Quite a small army of these waifs and strays had also made it their headquarters, sleeping in any spare corner they could find. I found one of them outside my room one evening, and he appeared to be very ill. I made a rough bed for him, dosed him with medicine, fed him on Bovril, &c., and in a few days pulled him round. To show his gratitude he attached himself to me as a sort of valet. I rigged him out with clothing, so that he looked quite smart. One evening I found that my boots, buttons, &c., were not cleaned as usual. Looking around for my "valet" to find out what excuse he had for such neglect of duty, I found, to my astonishment, he was incapable of doing anything but sleep off the effects of a bottle of strong wine he had drunk. He was marked for a dressing down the next day, but he was absent when I looked for him. After the effects of the wine had worn off he had transferred himself. I saw him again some weeks later in rags. He told me that he had gone to Tiflis after he had left me, and was very sorry, &c. By that time I was due for another move, so could not take charge of him again. I was rather sorry, as I had a liking for the boy; he was only about 12 years of age—just one of the scores of homeless kiddies who were roaming the town at that time, living as best they could, and very thankful for the many kindnesses bestowed on them by the British Tommies.

Another experience was a wedding reception, when a Corporal of the Signal Corps married a Russian girl. I was invited to the wedding. Owing to other duties I was unable to attend the Greek Orthodox Church, where the ceremony took place, but managed to get away in time to attend the wedding breakfast. There were quite a good number present, and we were just comfortably seated when the best man called for order, then proposed the health of the bride, and at short intervals toasts were drunk to the bride's mother, bridegroom's mother, bride's father, bridegroom's father, bridesmaids, and I think, at the finish, he proposed his own health. If that is the usual procedure at a Russian wedding I think one in a lifetime is enough for me.

The scenery around Batum is very pretty. Often of an evening we would motor up the narrow winding roads of the mountains, the hedges gay with beautiful blooms, and look down a sheer drop hundreds of feet to the Black Sea. I have also been along the coast by motor-boat. On one occasion we passed a very large mansion away up on the mountain slope, almost surrounded by a forest, which, we were told, had belonged to the late Tsar. I cannot vouch for this being correct, but it looked a magnificent building from the sea.

The climate, with the exception of a few weeks of winter, is very hot, with an uncomfortable, clammy heat, and fever is very prevalent there. I suppose I was rather lucky to escape it, but several of my chums had a bout of it. During the summer our clothing was the same as worn in India—drill khaki shorts and shirts, with sun helmets. The few weeks of winter we had were very cold, but as we had been issued with warm clothing we did not mind. We had many outings on sledges drawn by the small Russian ponies, wearing large collars with bells attached.

One experience was very unpleasant. A friend and I had dined one evening with a married n.c.o. attached to our Company. We had a very nice evening, but as we were returning home an officer gave us in charge. Without waiting for explanations we were marched to the Guard Room under the escort of Indian soldiers. On reaching the Guard Room we demanded to be told what our crime was, and also asked that a doctor should be called in, but we got no satisfaction. Later the Police Sergeant arrived, and upon

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seeing us, he asked why we were there, and we told him that we did not know, and that the officer had not instructed anyone as to what the charge was. Well, there was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad job. The Sergeant (who, by the way, happened to be my old Royal Scots Grey chum) fixed us up with supper, after which we had a long yarn, then prepared for bed. As we were prisoners the only place they could put us was in a cell with one small bed, and I, being the oldest soldier, took the bed. My chum had to do the best he could with some blankets on the floor. We were the only human occupants of that cell, but we had plenty of company, and very lively company, too. At daybreak the face of the Indian sentry appeared at the barred window, " Good morning, Sahib," he called cheerfully to us. We replied, but not so cheerfully. Well, after a wash and brush up my good friend, the Sergeant, provided us with a good breakfast, after which we awaited events. During the morning our R.S.M. appeared on the scene, and after a few explanations we were released, with many expressions of regret. A mistake had been made. We made our way to our billet. That was the only occasion during my Army service that I had been in the cells, and that was through a mistake. It cost us two complete outfits, for which we were not recompensed. But still, it was an experience.

R.W.S.

* * *



Edited by L. S. JONES.

" BODINNAR " CUP COMPETITION.

As anticipated in our last issue, five players finished up level on points, with three games to go, thus providing a very interesting position. After the first of these three games the position was three players with 18 points and two with 17 points, and with only one game to play. E. Stone headed the list with 19 points, and the other four with 18 points, so that the destination of the cup depended on the result of E. Stone's last game—as to whether he would win the cup outright or whether there would be a possibility of more than one tying for first place. The result of the draw was E. Stone and L. Toogood at table skittles. This meant that should L. Toogood win the game they would both finish up with 19 points each, and, of course, the other three players would also have a chance of finishing level. The final position was that L. Toogood won the game, and two of the other three won theirs, leaving four players on top of the League with 19 points each. This necessitated a play off for first place amongst these four players to decide who was to hold the cup. The Committee decided that each player should play each other at all five games, the one winning the most events to be the holder of the cup. As you can surmise, all these games were very keenly contested, L. Toogood coming out best by winning 12 of his 15 games, thus becoming the first to have the honour of being the holder of the " Bodinnar " Cup.

Everyone has thoroughly enjoyed these games, which have been followed with very great interest throughout the competition, and speaks well for its future success.

There is no doubt that these series of games running throughout the winter with the incentive of winning the cup, also the novelty of the competition, which is to play a series of 25 games in all—five games each of billiards, snooker, darts, table tennis, and table skittles—and the anticipation of the draw each week, wondering who you have got to play, has done much to maintain the sporting spirit shown throughout this competition.

Mr. Bodinnar is very kindly coming down to present the cup to the winner and cigarettes to Messrs. E. Angell, A. Jannaway, and E. Stone, who finished level on points; also a consolation prize of cigarettes to E. Merrett at the bottom of the League. This visit is reported separately.

FOOTBALL.

Our football team has been very busy during March, and we have played every Saturday during the month. Our programme consisted of four League matches and the semi-final of the Northbrook Cup.

On March 4th we entertained the Worthies at Dutton Lane in a League

encounter, and for this game we had E. Stone back in the team at inside right, after an absence of six months ; and also N. Bath, a newcomer, at outside right. The team fully justified its selection, for we trounced our opponents to the tune of 8 goals to 1. Bath, Saint, Richardson (3), Stone (3) were the goal getters.

On March 11th we journeyed to Brambridge Park to oppose Twyford in the semi-final of the Northbrook Cup.

We made this day an important one at Eastleigh, and two charabancs made the journey from the Factory. The game itself was one of the finest seen at Brambridge this season, and was watched by about 250 spectators. Twyford, who are a 1st Division side, played fast and clever football, and they took the lead when White headed in from a corner. Our lads fought back, and Bath missed a glorious chance of equalising when he was put clean through the defence. Twyford scored their second goal after 30 minutes, and were playing much better together than our lads, However, we fought back and Richardson scored with a lovely drive, making the score 2—1. Heroic work by our defence in which every man did his job well, kept the Twyford forwards out, and at half-time the score was unchanged.

The second half saw our fellows as a rejuvenated team. They were quicker on the ball than Twyford, and were playing better football. It was quite against the run of the play when Twyford were awarded a penalty ; one of our defenders had quite needlessly handled in the area, from which they made the score 3—1. Cheered on by their supporters, our team fought back, and Bath flicked a free kick taken by Angell into the net, making the score 3—2. It was all the Four Counties now, and shots rained at the Twyford goalie.

From a breakaway, however, Risbridger scored for Twyford with a grand drive from the edge of the penalty area, but this was counter balanced by a goal by Stone, who headed another free kick, taken by Angell, into the net, 4—3, and 15 minutes to go. Our lads went all out for the equaliser, but luck was dead against us, and many shots were scrambled away from the worried Twyford defenders. Sampson, in goal, made a brilliant save for Twyford in the closing minutes, and so we lost by 4 goals to 3. Since losing to Twyford we have ascertained that our opponents are finalists in the Hampshire Junior Cup, so we consider that we put up a valiant fight against such a formidable team, and think ourselves very unlucky to have lost. The views of both sets of spectators were that a draw would have been a fair result.

On Saturday, March 18th, we visited Micheldever and forced a draw, 3—3. We dropped a point in this game which we could ill afford to lose, especially as we are in such a strong position in the League. But our opponents, whose methods were by no means beyond reproach, rather put us off our game with their tactics. We were losing by 3 goals to 1 at one period of the game, and the team deserve praise for the manner in which they fought back to save a point.

March 25th saw us visiting Winchester to oppose the City lads. Our opponents are the only team who have defeated us in the League this season, and were second in the League table. We were successful in defeating them by 3 goals to 2 after a very exciting game, for although territorially we had all the play, the winning goal was not scored until a minute from time. Bath, Richardson, and Saint scored the goals, and the defence again played well, with Beckett our goalkeeper very sound indeed.

This result makes us practically certain of being runners-up in the League, and we also have a very good chance of becoming League Champions.

We have five more matches to play during April, three of which are at home, so it can be seen that we have much to do before the season closes.

WELFARE SOCIAL AND PRESENTATION OF CUP BY J. F. BODINNAR, Esq., J.P.

A social, to conclude the winter session of the Welfare Association, was arranged by the Committee, and a warm invitation was extended to the President to be with us so that he could personally present the cup which he had so kindly offered for annual competition in connection with the games in the Welfare Hut, and it was with pleasure that the news was made known that Mr. Bodinnar had promised to be present.

The date fixed was Friday, March 31st, and special arrangements were made to ensure that the evening was an enjoyable one. The Hut was gaily decorated, and at 7.30 the programme commenced, when about 40 members sat down to an excellent meal, with the President in the chair. The

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scene was a most pleasing one, and everyone commenced the evening in that happy mood which augured so well for the success of the event.

After the toast of "The King" had been proposed by Mr. Bodinnar, Mr. Taylor proposed the toast of the Welfare Association, coupled with the name of the President, and he spoke of the activities of the Association during the winter months, and also of the good progress made by the football team in the Winchester League and in the Northbrook Cup. Then he said how pleased he was to again welcome Mr. Bodinnar to Eastleigh, and that owing to the extreme pressure of business in which Mr. Bodinnar was engaged, it was indeed an added pleasure to have him with us on this occasion. Mr. Taylor went on to refer to the cup which Mr. Bodinnar had so generously given, and wished to express the grateful thanks of all its members for his expression of interest in the Eastleigh Association. In conclusion, Mr. Taylor said that he wished to assure Mr. Bodinnar that the competition had created wonderful interest, and that each member had been very keen on the weekly games.

When the President rose to reply there was prolonged applause, which spoke eloquently of the warmth of affection which is felt for him, and he said:—

I am very pleased to be with you this evening. I was very sorry I could not be with you for your annual social. I've been examining your results, which are most interesting, and I've been particularly noting the position occupied by Mr. Taylor. I'm afraid I shall have to re-cast my opinion of his abilities in the various games! I have never known a trophy worked on these lines, and it is immensely interesting that for the past 25 weeks you have been occupied in this competition.

I am very sorry to hear about Flynn and his wife. We would like him to know that we are thinking about him, and we hope that his wife will be spared to him. Whatever happens, I would like to feel that you are extending to him that feeling of friendship and brotherliness, and that you will rally round trying to share his troubles with him.

I am glad to hear about your Football League successes and I would like to feel that you won the trophy for the first place in the League.

I understand that some of you young fellows are in the Air Force Reserve. I would not like to feel we are going to war for the sake of going. Recently I visited a hospital to see a chap who had met with an accident, and in the bed next to him was a fellow whose face was so alive and whose hands were those of a musician or an artist. This man had been brought home from the War with a smashed spine and his two legs off; he has spent over 20 years in hospital a victim of war. We don't want another war, but we have come to a time when it is time for us to be standing up for what is right. It is time that these acts of aggression which are making innocent people suffer must stop. As sensible people we are going to be prepared to do something to keep this world on sober and sane lines. When we were young we were taught to say a prayer at night and on rising in the morning to offer another prayer. When we get older we sometimes forget, but just lately we have gone back to saying those prayers, and we've been praying that there might be the spirit of peace abroad so that all people may be allowed to live a life of peace, and that their rightful heritage may be developed and that life may be made a pleasant thing. If war should come about I would like you to be prepared to be decent and respectable fellows, continuing that spirit of decency which is carried out in private life. I know we shall all continue to pull together in the work which is set before us, and as regards your Factory here, I should like to say that I'm glad to hear from Mr. Taylor that he has been able to give you various jobs in painting the premises, and I was very pleased to see what a splendid job you have made of the New Yard, which has made an improvement. I don't like to think of any Factory being on short time. We like to have enough work to fill our Factories. Why doesn't the farmer supply enough pigs is a question I am asked, and also, why are higher prices being realised outside? What is forgotten is that the prices arranged internally for the Scheme is the very thing that is holding these prices outside to their present level. We are seeing what can be done and we shall be very disappointed if we don't complete the work which we have set out to do for the Bacon Industry.

Mr. Bodinnar then presented the cup to Mr. L. Toogood, and with humorous remarks, congratulated the winner upon his success, to which Mr. Toogood replied.

The concert which followed included the artistes, Messrs. R. Peverley, E. Stone, M. R. Trill, with Mr. Boult at the piano, and we must not forget our Manager, who gave two very humorous monologues. Each artist gave delightful renderings of some of the older songs, which were greatly appreciated. Community songs formed part of the programme, as also another Tongue-twisting Bee, arranged by Mr. E. Stone, between the married and single men. The former were represented by Messrs. P. Ash, L. Brown, A. Gallop, and F. Martin, and the latter team being Messrs. C. Dowding, R. Jannaway, E. Merrett, and A. Ridge. This formed a very amusing part of the programme, which finished in a victory by the single men by 24 points to 21, and we congratulate the winners upon their success, which was well deserved.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Jones to all the artistes for their splendid entertainment.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "The King" brought a very enjoyable evening to a close. The general opinion indicates that this was one of the best ever, and before concluding these notes we would like to say that our best thanks are due to Mr. Taylor and the Committee for the splendid arrangements which they made for this enjoyable event.

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

We are pleased to report there is a slight improvement in the health of our old friends, Messrs. F. Lawrence and A. Wyatt, and we trust that, with the better weather ahead, they will go on improving.

WELFARE NOTES.

The monthly meeting of the Committee was held on Tuesday, 7th March, when all members were present, this being one of importance, preceding our annual general meeting. The accounts of the Association for the past year were read, and accepted, subject to confirmation. They were considered satisfactory, and it was proposed that £20 out of the £34 credit balance be placed on deposit to receive a little interest; however small it would be acceptable and help along our funds.

The proposed outing to London was considered. The secretaries had done good work to enable our employees to take advantage of the trip at reasonable terms, and it is hoped that the required number will be forthcoming to fill the coach reserved for 60.

CHIPPENHAM VISIT.

It was resolved to entertain Chippenham on Saturday, April 22nd, 1939, for the Inter-Factory Sports Contest, and a sub-committee was formed to co-operate with the Secretary to carry the necessary arrangements into effect.

Several questions were raised re the Flower Show Schedule.

It was reported that Wm. Sage would be pleased to give a prize of 5s. to the member who secured most points from seeds (Ryder's) purchased from him. The offer was accepted with many thanks to Mr. Sage.

BRITISH LEGION NOTES.

The "Dug-out Supper," although not so well attended as it might have been, was a great success, and thanks are due to all those who contributed help, either in kind or substance, and we must heartily thank the "Scroungers," for they did their job well.

Several skittle matches have been played at Berrow Club, the Bacon Co., and the Banks at Burnham, and all the games were greatly enjoyed.

The annual general meeting of the Staff Welfare Association was held on Monday, 13th March, the ninth since the Association came into being, and the Chairman (Mr. Kidley) said in his opening remarks that he regretted our President could not be with us on this occasion, and that he had received a message conveying his best wishes for a successful meeting as he (the President) takes a very keen interest in all our activities in this direction.

The Chairman then dealt with the past year's work, and said that although it had

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been a satisfactory year the membership was not yet 100 per cent. There were three members of the Factory Staff who had not taken the advantage of the privilege of becoming members, but he hoped they would do so now.

The Chairman referred to the motoring accident that befell one of our honorary helpers, Mrs. Walter Young, and he hoped she would have a speedy recovery.

Dealing with the activities through the past year, he said that it had been fairly busy throughout, and everyone who had taken any part in these activities had certainly had the full benefit of all that an Association of this kind could give.

The Chairman made mention of the loyalty and support given by the members of the Committee and by all those honorary helpers, Mrs. Walter Young and her staff, who look after the catering department.

The Chairman then pointed out that they had finished up the year with a credit balance of £34 3s. 2½d., which was an increase of £1 7s. 2½d. on the previous year, and moved that the accounts be adopted, with thanks to the hon. auditors, Mr. Shier and Mr. Phillpotts.

The election of vice-presidents was the next item on the agenda, and our Chairman remarked at the loss we had sustained by the death of Mr. Ernest Marsh, and suggested that Mr. Walter Marsh be asked to accept a vice-presidency, and on the proposition of Mr. Shier, seconded by Mr. Hill, the present vice-presidents be re-elected with the addition of Mr. Walter Marsh, and this was carried unanimously.

(We have since heard that Mr. Walter Marsh has accepted our invitation, for which we thank him very much).

Honorary Auditor Mr. R. S. Phillpotts was re-elected to fill this office.

Mr. R. C. Lynham was unanimously re-elected joint hon. secretary.

The Chairman said our President had nominated Mr. Shier as auditor and himself as chairman of the Committee and Directors' Representative.

The subscription was fixed for the ensuing year, and to remain as at present, 1d. a week for adult male members, and ½d. per week for those under 18 and for ladies.

This concluded the business, with a very hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman.

SPORTS.

"ANNE KIDLEY" CUP COMPETITION

The sixth and final round in this popular competition was played on Friday, the 24th March, and was keenly contested, as will be seen by tabulated results. Our correspondent remarked last month there were several members who had to play off the fifth round who were likely to be in the running, and one of these, to wit Mr. Walter J. Young, secured the premier position by winning the trophy with a margin of five pins over the runner-up, Mr. S. C. Sandy.

Results as follows :—

No.	*Name.*	*1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 Rnds.*	*Final.*	*Total.*
1.—	W. J. Young	250	48	298
2.—	S. C. Sandy	242	51	293
3.—	R. Harding	244	46	290
4.—	E. Cann	241	48	289
5.—	R. C. Lynham ...	237	50	287
6.—	H. B. Blackmore	243	42	285
7.—	H. J. Besley	233	46	279
7.—	R. Hooper	227	52	279
7.—	C. Turner	232	47	279
8.—	W. H. G. Young, jnr.	228	49	277
8.—	F. Pople	236	41	277
9.—	W. J. Pople	235	41	276
10.—	H. Hardwidge ...	232	42	274
11.—	C. A. Cross	220	49	269
12.—	H. D. Smith	223	44	267
13.—	W. Aish	221	44	265
14.—	R. S. Philpotts ...	227	36	263
15.—	H. C. Marsh	211	51	262
16.—	H. Ham	213	47	260
17.—	A. King	224	30	254
18.—	H. Harding	206	45	251
19.—	W. H. G. Young, sr.	204	46	250
20.—	R. Gibbs	208	27	245
21.—	*C. B. Shier	229	—	229
22.—	*E. J. Llewellyn	224	—	224
23.—	*S. T. Hardwidge	183	—	183
24.—	*J. Young	171	—	171

*Did not complete the rounds. C.B.S.

League Skittles.

The League fixtures have almost come to an end for this season and, on reflection, one can see what might have been, but then, we have the satisfaction of knowing that all who participated in the games have thoroughly enjoyed them.

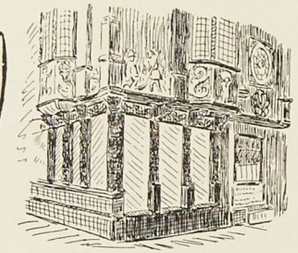
Friendly Fixtures.

Our League team played the return match with the Burnham Branch British Legion on Friday, 17th March, and spent a very enjoyable evening, winning the game by 17 pins, although there was nothing in it up to the fifth hand for either side, and on the evening's play it was anyone's game.

DARTS.

Our correspondent understands that the dart players are exceedingly keen in their Inter-Departmental contests, We hope to publish full reports next month. It is anticipated that the season will finish up with a challenge from the Skittlers to play the Darts players at skittles, with the usual end up of sing-song, presentation of trophies, &c.

* * *



Edited by J. E. SMITH.

EDITORIAL.

As one of the Editors of whom reference was made by our London contributor recently, may I express my thanks for remarks of such understanding with regard to Editors in general. I am sure that my colleagues at all the associated Branches who have undertaken similar responsibilities to myself have appreciated the sentiments expressed by Mr. Coles.

An Editor realises that he is under obligation to secure sufficient material for his quota to be published by a certain date. It is he who should get behind the modesty of many of the talented, and this may take several weeks to accomplish; and it is he who resorts to that gentle persuasion which becomes a "a stern reminder."

Our task is an interesting one, especially when backed up by willing contributors; it can, however, be a source of anxiety. An Editor has to be prepared for any eventuality that may arise. Contributions promised may not arrive at his desk in time, so that an Editor must invariably be prepared to submit something from his own pen to send forward at short notice. And, again, having prepared something very choice, he suddenly finds he has too much offered and his own pet stanza has to be excluded and becomes out of date.

One has to bear in mind that if the Magazine is to be of any service the contributions must be attractive, chatty, original, and topical, and by its very atmosphere create its own demand. The news should not be too local, and an endeavour might well be directed toward a breaking down of an atmosphere of isolation which seems to exist between one Branch with another. How this can best be accomplished is not easy of solution. If some controversial subject were occasionally introduced this might draw criticism from other Branches. In this issue we have introduced a novelty—a triologue on advertising. It remains to be seen what comments it will invite.

The subject matter of the Magazine I am confident will continue to improve, and any criticism or expression of opinion will be appreciated. G.C. need not think it is dangerous to write about Editors. They will respond to any help the readers can give them, and it is frank and helpful criticism which is needed from our readers to guide us in our endeavours.

EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT PUT IN ITS PLACE

(A TRIOLOGUE).

ADVERTISING AGENT: You must admit that it pays to advertise. If you have a commodity you wish the public to buy, and if you want to increase your sales, I can see no alternative to your consideration of this important feature of all sound business enterprise.

TRADESMAN: You have evidently studied your method of approach. I agree that advertisement is to some extent an essential charge in most businesses. I have to rely to some extent on your technical guidance, Mr. A.A. I cannot agree, however, to all your proposals.

BRITISH PUBLIC: Can I have some say in this matter, especially in view of the fact that *I have to pay in the end for all advertising expenses*? I dislike the way you foist your advertisement ideas on a long-suffering public. It is often ill-conceived to say the least, and the amount of money wasted by advertisement might be used to better advantage.

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A.A. : If there were no advertisement the public would be unaware of many benefits available for them, and don't you think advertisement can have the effect of making prices competitive? And where would the London Stores be without their extensive advertising and postal campaign?

T. : Well, I must agree that from my own experience there are many commodities the sale of which is almost entirely dependent on effective advertisement.

B.P. : Don't you admit that goods are often sold much above their intrinsic value by virtue of the advertisement? Do you advertising fellows ever really think of the slender purse of the public? Is there no honour among thieves?

A.A. : We don't intend to mislead the public. They ought to be able to weigh up facts when presented to them in our attractive advertisements. But my duty is to specialise in advertisement in all its aspects. My desire is to get business men to advertise.

B.P. : Yes, but you must admit that the B.P. are very gullible and take an advertisement at its face value. They don't realise that it is used as a *psychological influence* often to their disadvantage.

T. : A certain amount of advertising is a necessary corollary to business methods, and I cannot do without it altogether. There is a limit to what I am prepared, however, to spend. It is probably the abuse of advertisement which B.P. is thinking of.

A.A. : This is a point I am anxious to watch. If you have a genuine article at an honest price, advertisement is justified, and you can set aside a definite percentage of your profits to be spent on advertising regardless of the total amount; you know what I mean, the snowball effect. I must work with you in presenting this advertisement in such a way so as to get the best results.

B.P. : That is, bring it to the public eye in the easiest and cheapest way, *no matter how!* You would decorate our Corporation trams with unsightly panels, ignoring the original design and streamline effects of the designer. You induce the Picture Theatre to display an advertisement screen during the interval; you endeavour to trespass even to the heavens with your sky-writing. Why not go even further? Reduce the national defence by plastering "Somebody's Beans" on the sides of our battleships?

A.A. : In your levity, B.P., you seem to be taking extreme exception. After all this screen form of advertisement is very effective, and we pay well for it.

T. : I found my screen advertisement brought me a good many enquiries. You see the public have nothing to do during the interval, and *must* see it.

B.P. : This is where advertisement can be very irritating. I go to the pictures to forget the outside world and its attendant cares. I go to get absorbed by the atmosphere of the theme—to be brought to earth suddenly by a display of advertisements telling me where to go for a pram or a tombstone. I bask by the sea whilst a 'plane displays some hideous advertisement, turning my thoughts inwards to some organ of my body which, up to that time, had been entirely satisfactory.

T. : I had never thought that an advertisement could give annoyance. This is a point I shall consider more carefully in future.

A.A. : It surely cannot be said that all forms of advertisement cause annoyance; if it did it would defeat its own end. I admit B.P. has raised points which we should not ignore. There is the aesthetic point of view. When we come to advertising hoardings we have to be very careful of the feelings of B.P. Often we can hide from view a plain and ugly vista—badly-kept gardens, chicken houses, and linen lines—and substitute an artistically-arranged hoarding. This B.P. would surely not object to?

B.P. : Certainly not; but I would strongly protest if a hoarding was erected which was an unsightly substitute for a pleasing vista or landscape. What I hate is *having* to see things by false pretences, so to speak. I get out of a railway carriage and seek direction signs, but these cannot be detected until no end of advertisements are read—*making me see what I don't want to see*. This is the fault, no doubt, of overkeenness on A.A.'s part.

T. : This discussion is getting rather involved. It is, after all, the quality of an article which is its best advertisement; and the way an advertisement is presented is certainly important, as this discussion seems to demonstrate. I cannot help thinking that some of the artistic hoarding advertisements are very attractive, even from the point of view of art only. Humour comes in, too; many are very realistic. Someone said that they could smell the aroma on looking at the "Bisto Kids."

A.A. : What about "My Goodness, my Guinness"?

In unison—they withdraw.

Advertising Agent... H. S. Brock
Tradesman ... P. R. Cobb.
British Public ... J. E. Smith.

THE WONDER OF A LIGHTHOUSE.

Have you ever thought what a marvellous thing it is that men have been able to erect a tall building to rise up out of the water and give light in darkness from hidden rocks or sands where one would think it was quite impossible to obtain a foundation?

It is surely one of the wonders of the world the way great, strong wave-swept towers have been patiently built up in such dangerous spots all over the world, and particularly on the rocky irregular coasts of Great Britain. We landlubbers have little idea of the constant risks that have to be run, which are taken on as an ordinary workman might take his place in the workshop or factory.

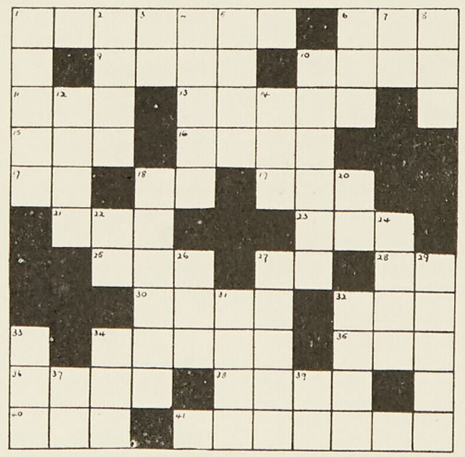
It is hard to realise that at one time there was only one pillar in the sea. It was then a wonder of the age, and was built in 1584 on one of the most dangerous rocks in the storm-swept Bay of Biscay. As the years went by more were added, but it was not until the end of the last century that, with untold difficulty and danger, 25 of these life-saving towers had been completed around our shores. At first one rather poor light could only be espied from a comparatively short distance; now, by brilliant electric illumination, intensified by the finest system of specially constructed magnifying glasses, there are lighthouses with a light in one spot equal to thirty million candle power.

With the building of every lighthouse there have been tragedies, not only of shipwrecks but of injuries and loss of life for the builders. In some of the most dangerous parts, like the Scilly Isles, it was the tragedy of vessels crushed on a rock, which rose in the sea like an enormous shark's tooth, that inspired men to do and dare, and die if necessary, to save their fellow men. In the days of sailing ships, when the wind was often man's conqueror, it would be hard to say how many lives were lost in this part of the world. The first Eddystone Lighthouse took Henry Winstanley three years to build, only to be utterly destroyed in a violent storm five years later. No less than three Eddystone Lighthouses have been built and destroyed; the fourth has now been standing since 1882. The building of the lighthouse

THE IPSWICH CROSSWORD (No. 4).

Down.

1.—Catch.
2.—Sense of fitting speech.
3.—Beginning of A.R.P.
4.—A turf.
5.—Censor.
6.—To cause pain.
7.—Indefinite article.
8.—Cereal.
10.—To calm.
12.—To make angry.
14.—White metal.
18.—Appeases.
20.—Father.
22.—Otherwise.
24.—Most rooms have one.
26.—Label.
27.—To ensnare.
29.—Begin to suspect.
31.—A measure.
32.—Capacity.
33.—Stupid fellow.
34.—Ask earnestly.
37.—To perform.
39.—With regard to.



Across.

1.—A stronghold.
6.—You cannot live without it.
9.—Parched with heat.
10.—Matter of regret.
11.—Part of circle.
13.—Most important.
15.—Habitual drunkard.
16.—Pertaining to the ear.
17.—Printers curse it.
18.—Near by.
19.—Pinch.
21.—Chance.
23.—A crotchet.
25.—To become decomposed.
27.—At a short distance.
28.—Ordinary seaman (Abr.)
30.—Back of the neck.
32.—A bird of immense size.
34.—To take rise.
35.—It's in its natural state.
36.—Short poems.
38.—Roman Emperor.
40.—A morass.
41.—To endeavour.

R. W. Sherwood.

The solution will appear next month.

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at Beachy Head was a wonderful performance of British skill and perseverance.

So far as our Suffolk coast is concerned the danger is of sands rather than rocks, and we can boast of having three lighthouses built on land, viz., at Orfordness, Southwold, and Lowestoft. The writer has had the privilege of climbing to the top of the lighthouse at Southwold, and one is struck by how everything is kept spic and span, and the brightness of the lamp room is almost beyond description.

B. J. HASTE.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE PEBBLE.

When at Sheringham a few days ago I found this seaside resort deserted—quite unlike the popular South of England resorts, which do manage to attract visitors at other times of the year. Sheringham can only boast of six or eight weeks of prosperity. Where do flies go in the winter time might well be asked of the hotel proprietors and their staffs of assistants.

A few fishermen were plying their usual activities, standing with hands in their pockets waiting for favourable tides to further effort. I was surprised, however, as I looked over the cliff at some extraordinary activity on the beach. As you who have visited Sheringham are aware, a characteristic feature of the foreshore is the accumulation of a moderately large-sized shingle, all rounded off by sea action, and that these stones are principally blue in colour. About 75 per cent. are blue, and others of varying colours and chemical properties. The blue stones have a commercial value and I understand that three thousand tons of hand-picked pebbles were marketed last year, and at the time of my visit many hundreds of tons were waiting despatch.

Lads of all ages were busy with small skeps sorting the pebbles on the beach. It was amusing to see the various and very inventive and home-made contraptions made for the transport of their selections to the dump at the top of the cliff, up the comparatively steep slopes. Some had sugar-boxes mounted on lawn mower wheels, others converted prams, and even rising to pneumatic wheels.

The contents of the skeps were tipped and carefully scrutinised by the foreman in charge, and if any worker handed in a faulty selection, their goods were not accepted.

All the collectors seemed happy in their efforts to earn their just reward for industry. Six shillings and ninepence per ton does not seem much, but I understand that a fair competence can be earned.

One asks "What are these stones used for?" I have always believed that some type of glass manufacturers can do with them, but enquiries fail to give me a satisfactory answer. Some mentioned munitions, and the destination Sheffield.

Can anyone enlighten us?

J. E. SMITH.

* * *



Edited by L. STOCKDALE.

Those of us who made the journey to Dunmow were very much impressed with the warmth of the welcome we received. It was a strange coincidence that when asked for a suitable date by our Dunmow friends we should have chosen their Social Day, and this, together with the fact that we were able to meet Mr. Bodinnar, all combined in making this outing a memorable one. We arrived at Dunmow quite early in the afternoon, and very soon billiards, table tennis, and darts were well under way. Judging by the happy faces seen everywhere, everyone was thoroughly enjoying themselves. We have not dared to look at results; but results do not count so much as the spirit in which the games were played, though we must congratulate Dunmow on their very fine performance. It is obvious that our Manager (Mr. Gale) was enjoying himself immensely meeting so many old friends, and, indeed, the atmosphere was such that we, too, felt that we had been friends with our Dunmow colleagues for a very long time. We thank them all, and a special word for the ladies who looked after the "inner-man" so efficiently, and we are looking forward intensely to the return visit.

Our Social Hut has seen many busy evenings during the past month. We have received a visit from the Shipton Cement Co., Ltd., from Steeple Aston, and from a local team captained by Mr. Fathers. These friendly matches find out our weaknesses in many of the games. We feel we are profiting by finding out our mistakes, and are gradually improving. If the enthusiasm shown during these winter months is continued then success at the games we attempt must come. We were interested in meeting the Shipton Cement Billiard League team, and very pleased with the result. The thing which pleases the writer most is the very fine friendly spirit which seems to prevail at these matches, and to know that our friends who visit us also enjoy them and ask to be allowed to come again.

Yet again we have to record our thanks to our President, Mr. Bodinnar, for a further stimulant towards our social activity. We have been presented by him with a silver challenge cup, to be competed for annually, and we are looking forward to exceedingly interesting play next autumn to decide who should be the holder for that year. Our second full-size billiard table has now been in play for two or three weeks, and has further added to the members' enjoyment.

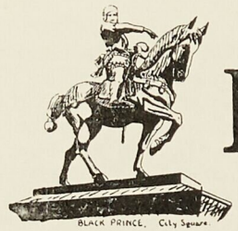
We have just heard that we are to receive a visit from a party of friends from Calne for games on April 15th, and we are looking forward to their visit immensely. We hope Herbie will bring his table tennis team and show us how this game should be played.

The whist drives held each Wednesday still continue to attract the same number of players, and the Whist Drive Committee are to be congratulated on keeping this section of our activities going so well.

Our attention was drawn to a footnote at the end of one of our Eastleigh friends' Magazine contribution, asking whether our Kidlington tug-o'-war team trained on steam jacketted pans. I am afraid our secret is out at last and we have to admit that we do so. Now everyone knows why our team proved to be such men of iron.

Pigs have been rather scarce during the past month, and in consequence we have not been so busy as we should like to have been. We very much hope, however, that the situation will prove only temporary and we shall shortly find more raw material coming to the factory.

* * *



LEEDS

Edited by G. C. CAMPBELL.

"Oh! would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

You will perhaps note the effect upon your correspondent of the effusions of the Poet (capital P, Mr. Printer!) who broke forth into verse last month after reading the paragraphs contributed. Here, we ourselves are actually quoting the lines of Robert Burns (which are so true!), and even translating them out of the dialect so that all who read may understand. Time and again over the years this paragraph has included matter intended to call forth criticism or denunciation, or start a debate, but without a murmur of response. Only once, in fact, did anybody ever signify that the paragraph was read at all and that was a kind, genial soul in the London Office who cheered the writer a whole lot by remarking that in that abode of intelligence and high thinking "they *did* enjoy the funny stories."

Nevertheless, now that the great day of recognition has come our way, readers, if any, will require to grin and bear much more than they have ever suffered in the past. We, on our part, shall live in a perfect ferment of fear and trembling month after month lest that Poet (capital P) breaks forth again.

We realise that truth is stranger than fiction, and we shall always try to tell the truth, but cannot promise to refrain from an occasional excursion into the realm of fiction, if only for the delectation of those friends in London who like "stories."

Before we proceed, may we crave a sympathetic thought upon the dilemma of

a Scot attempting to be fair to the Yorkshire folk among whom he lives, and yet keeping the flag flying on behalf of his native Caledonia, stern and wild. Apparently our Scots are too shy to write, and our Yorkshiremen too busy, so we do our best.

This month it is the turn of Yorkshire, and we would recall that one of the London morning " dailies " published recently as its second full page in a series, " Britain of the future," an excellent group of pictures under the title, " Leeds sets a Housing Example." These give a good idea of the fine Quarry Hill Flats, which are somewhat like the Karl Marz Houses in Vienna. Housing administrators from all parts of the world have come to witness the emancipation of slum dwellers who now occupy homes which are airy, sunlit, built on sweeping lines which dominate the district, and are equipped with modern labour-saving devices, and include the amenities of tennis courts and children's playgrounds. On a site which was one of the eyesores of the North, a city within a city has arisen in twelve months, giving accommodation for 3,000 people. This is only the start ; and we shall try some time to send more news of this great scheme.

We would also like to enlarge upon our colleagues' recent February article entitled " The West Riding—the Denizens thereof," and give you two descriptions of the typical Tyke as contributed in a competition. The first is from Hull.

" On the first acquaintance taciturn, he proves a ready talker, though his frank blue eyes harden if the conversation takes unfamiliar paths. He is interested in his world, particularly in the shape and size, utility and cost of things. He talks in a lively, informative manner about gardening, the export trade, steel rolling, the city sewerage system, and the strength and weakness of the local League team. He knows where the best beer is to be found, and the best 1s. 9d. lunch.

" Ready to display his shrewdness on questions of fact, he is quickly on the defensive where the emotions are concerned. He distrusts abstract speculation and talk about the arts, yet proves to be an enthusiastic member of the local choral society and an admirer of his brother's water colours. Of the things outside his knowledge he has a dogmatic impatience : he is often guilty of blunt and prejudiced judgments. He is, withal, a merry fellow, of a lively humour which escapes fantasy and the subtler ironics. A certain stolidity prevents him from being a true ' card.' "

* * *

The second is from Worthing :—

"A short, thick-set man, square chinned, ruddy of cheek, his blue eyes under shaggy eyebrows look out at you shrewdly from a network of wrinkles.

His speech comes slowly, for your East Yorkshireman is no idle chatterer. Nor is he spendthrift. He has a wholesome respect for money, and what money can buy. Yet he can be generous on occasion ; no man more so.

You may live with his kind 20 years and still be " nobbut a foreigner," but if he is slow to accept you, no man can be more truly hospitable.

His sense of value is keen. His respect has to be earned. He does not give praise easily.

You may break your anger or your pride against his silence in vain. Nor is he given to easy sympathy. But if you are in real trouble he will be a tower of strength.

He is, withal, a man of sterling integrity and honesty, blunt of speech, a trifle unpolished maybe, but with a quick turn of humour and genuine courtesy. In short, he is an English gentleman."

We hope sincerely that after digesting all this you will think kindly of our many friends here.

As a postscript we shall relate a typical North-Country yarn.

Away on a Pennine road a Leeds motorist was surprised to see a little elderly woman vigorously waving her umbrella. Pulling up, he opened the door, and hardly answered her query as to which way he was going before she had clambered in beside him.

" That'll do me fine, lad," she said, settling her basket comfortably on her knee. So, with the unmistakable command to drive on, the motorist resumed the journey.

Mile after mile passed. The old lady chattered of markets, crops, roads—of anything but herself and her destination.

Eventually the driver's amusement turned to embarrassment, and he wondered whether his unusual companion intended accompanying him for the whole of his journey. But at last she set his mind at rest, commanding him to stop with as much assurance as she had shown in hailing him.

Her thanks he accepted as a matter of course, but her parting gesture " capped " him. " Take mi' 'bus fare, lad," she said. And as an entirely unsolicited and uncalled-for reward for the many miles " lift " he had given her, she put down on the seat three half-pennies.

* * *



Edited by T. GODWIN.

A HOLIDAY MEMORY—OR ERIC ON GABLE.

Eric, to sum him up, was a " jolly ol' fellah." He always wore a collar and tie, even on tramping excursions, " to show he was a gentleman." His white sweater was more in keeping with a boxing ring. He was always talking. His neat little khaki shorts displayed a calf that looked like " real stuff." That was Eric.

It happened like this. Some bright-notioned lad had decided that as we had missed the Langdales on Tuesday, due to bad weather, we should get John, our Secretary, to put up a list in the hall for a party to do Great Gable on Wednesday.

Eric at the time was dozing on the settee in the hall. Someone shouted, " You're coming up Gable, Eric ! " Now Eric had never heard of Gable before, and thinking that it probably had some connection with the notable Clark Gable, mumbled through his doze, " Me—Gable—oh, yes, yes, put me down."

Next time we see Eric he is sitting in the corner of a sheep pen in Sty Head Pass. He is covered by a voluminous cycling cape and sou'-wester. For once he is quiet. From time to time a cold, wet hand reaches out to take a sandwich from a passing tray. The sandwich disappears behind the sou'-wester. He doesn't seem to know where he is, or what he's doing there. He probably feels that someone has basely betrayed him.

Presently a fine-looking specimen of manhood comes slowly up to the sheep pen and shouts, " Hulloa there ! " Several people recognise the balaclaved and plus-foured figure of Ted Corrick. But to Eric, still ruminating on his position, Ted Corrick doesn't mean a thing.

The party gets moving, the conversation turns on such places as Traverse Route, Needle Gulley, and Sphinx Rock. All these names float meaninglessly down to Eric, who is somewhere at the back of the party. He probably thought he was on a Sunday School ramble, until a party of heavily-booted men, carrying ropes, passed him, and he began to feel his first apprehensions of mountain climbing.

Presently he is confronted with a narrow passage, through which he is expected to pass his generous girth. He tries. He tries again. He's stuck. John pushes and Jim pulls. Eric groans. He's coming. He's giving. Yes, he's through.

" Now, this is rather a tricky bit," says John. " One hand here. See, like this. Toe in this crack, a gentle swing, and you're round."

Eric notes the movements carefully. You can't say he doesn't try. One hand there, but his toe doesn't reach. John grips his boot and places it in the crack. Great Scot ! what happens if he misses the swing ? He swings and misses, but before he can add his name to the list of bygone heroes, Jim heaves him over to the other side of Needle Gulley. The party re-assembles and moves on.

" I say, look at that rock with a man's face ! " says Eric.

" That's the Sphinx Rock, chum," says John.

" Oh," says Eric, wondering what had induced the Sphinx to leave his desert retreat and come up here.

Next he is confronted with a cleft at the top of Sphinx Gulley. He is told to turn his back on it, place his elbows on either side of the rock, and give a gentle heave. Eric goes in to do his stuff. Turns his back, elbows dug well in, heave ! By jove, he's up. John pats him on the back and he's beginning to feel like a real climber. He's on Green Shoulder now, and the worst is over. The

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summit is soon reached, and Eric is surprised to learn that he got to the top of something at last, and he innocently turns to Jim and says, "Well, what is this the top of?"

"This, chum, is the summit of Great Gable, 2,949 feet," he is informed.

"Someone take my photo," he pleads. "I shall never do this again."

OUR HOMES.

Some 20 miles out of London, on the Great North Road, stands a very picturesque house. Through nicely laid-out trees and shrubs runs a well-kept drive to the front door. The house, with its tall chimneys, red tiled roof, and its heavily-timbered front, seems to claim one's attention. It is a Tudor house in a perfect setting. I always say to myself when passing, "That's just my house!" and I feel I should like to have a peep inside. Somehow, I think there is comfort without formality.

What are the homes we like to visit? Well, first of all I think we like the homes where we at once feel welcome, and that, apart from the person, there is just that something that beckons us to stay. Then I always like to visit a home that has a lived-in appearance, and more often than not one or two children will accomplish this result with a teddy bear lying on the floor, a railway engine and a couple of broken trucks in the chair, or a few pieces of meccano on the table. I should feel very much more welcome in this home than I should in one immaculately and scrupulously clean with everything in place, where there are numerous photographs and ornaments on the mantelpiece and elsewhere which are carefully dusted each day. And where, should one be moved, it must be replaced in its exact position, and where you feel uncertain as to which chair should be sat in.

I always think there is something different about a house where there is no tobacco smoke. Whether or not smoking has a kind of disinfecting effect upon the furniture I have no idea, but one can generally tell by the very atmosphere if the weed is indulged in, and it gives me encouragement if I see a couple of pipes lying on the mantlepiece. I have noticed in my morning and evening train journey that the curious thing about non-smoking compartments is that while they were principally marked off for ladies, they are, more often than not, occupied by men. The only conclusion I can arrive at is that the ladies prefer the smell of tobacco than a combined mixture of paint, tapestry covering, and the smoke from the tunnels, and I agree with the ladies.

Then I like a home where there is plenty of fresh air. During the day let the curtains blow if you like! I have in mind one home where I think it would be better if the curtains blew away altogether. The inside of a home needs air as much as anything else.

But, best of all, I like the home where there is real home life; where there is always a fifty-fifty, give and take, and nobody rides the high-horse; where each have long learned the failings of the others and where sympathy is shown where hard words might have been used.

The Englishman's home is his castle. Let it remain so, and still be the stronghold of this nation. G.C.

* * *

Be thou a Court of Justice to thyself,
Thyself the judge and jury,
and thyself
The prisoner at the bar.

* * *

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.—
SHAKESPEARE.

* * *

It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation; not the occupation that measures the dignity of the man.

* * *

What the future has in store for you depends in a large measure on what you place in store for the future.

* * *

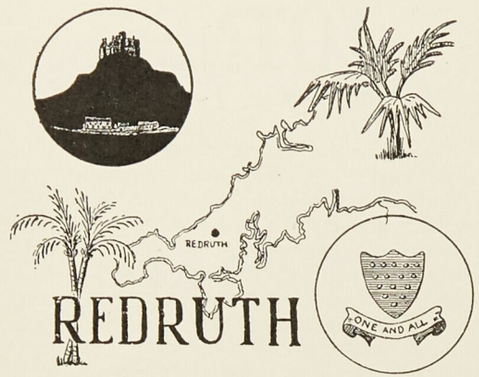
Hath any wronged thee, be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—QUARLES.

* * *

Worry is such an expensive guest that no one can really afford to entertain it.—R. W. TRINE.

* * *

When conscience bids you brick up a door, don't merely close it and mark it "Emergency Exit."—HUGH REDWOOD.



Edited by A. J. CLARK.

The Redruth Traders' Exhibition has been held this year during the last week of March. Promoted by the Redruth Chamber of Commerce, the Exhibition held last year was by way of an experiment, which proved to be such a great success that it was decided to hold another this year. As last year, we had a stall in the centre of the Market Hall, and the display of bacon, lard, and the various packs of small goods from Calne was very striking, and attracted much attention. The stall was in the good hands of two of the members of our Office Staff and Mr. Lane. We are pleased to have an account of the Exhibition from Miss H. J. Roberts.

Early in the month of March a brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis was very clearly visible in Cornwall. This was the second year in succession in which the Northern Lights have been seen in Cornwall, and it is particularly unusual for these to be visible so far South as this county. It is said that following a display of these lights bad weather is very often experienced, and, judging by the very poor weather last summer, this saying was only too true. Let us hope that it will not prove true this year.

Work on the new road to by-pass Redruth is making rapid progress. Already the course of the new road is very well defined, and it is surprising how quickly the mechanical excavators clear away fields and hedges for the cause of progress.

A.J.C.

THE REDRUTH TRADES EXHIBITION

A year has elapsed since Redruth saw its first Trades Exhibition. The success of this determined a repetition for 1939, and I am sure that the Exhibition held in our Market Exchange from March 28th to April 1st not only showed a marked improvement on the first venture, but that Redruth traders are second to none.

The Exhibition was opened on Tuesday, March 28th, by Lt.-Com. P. G. Agnew, the Member of Parliament for the constituency, who was ably assisted by the Chairman of our Urban District Council, Mrs. A. V. Hayman.

Whilst inspecting the Exhibition, the West of England Bacon Company stall was honoured by the patronage of both our Member and Mrs. Hayman.

The spacious Market Exchange was gaily bedecked with colourful decorations and fairy lights, whilst prominent trade signs seemed to emphasise that the keynote of success in business is publicity. With ever-increasing competition in all trades it is clear that unless the public is made aware of the existence of a Firm and what it offers, a local reputation, valuable though it may be, is as much as can be expected.

The stalls were many, with displays varying from agricultural implements to dainty Royal Doulton china; from a very attractive display of electric appliances to another of beautiful polyantha roses.

Those in charge of the West of England Bacon Company's stall received many a compliment for the very attractive display. The stall was draped in Royal blue muslin, which proved a splendid background for displaying our greatly admired Harris sides. The cuts of bacon, too, proved the centre of attraction—a display just a little too tantalising for a man with a hearty appetite! Nevertheless, we told such admirers of the close proximity of shops selling just the same delicious Harris brand.

Tiers of our West of England "Sunset" lard, both in 1lb. packets and 14lb. blocks, with suitable showcards, looked very effective in the background.

Harris special exhibition lines readily caught the eye of visitors to the stall, and I'm sure that Harris small goods had a welcome introduction into many homes during the Exhibition.

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Many and varied were the type of people who paid our stall a visit. In the first place there was the usual well-known sightseer. Even these, however, differed, for there was the type who would make a pleasing comment in passing; others, accustomed to visiting Exhibitions, would eagerly enquire about each individual line of goods and then, after asking the recognised question, "Where can these goods be purchased?" would push their way along in the crowd to the next stall. Then again there was the sightseer who would linger and scrutinise the goods as long as he or she was not approached by those in charge of the stall—the sightseer who is curious, yet ready to disappear hurriedly when introduced to the various goods.

But in the crowd also were those who *did* remember to bring their baskets and purses. The sight of a basket raised one's hopes, and often, after exhibiting some of our special offers, a sale would be the result.

For five days the Market Exchange was the hub of industry. There was the continual hum of conversation, an unappreciated mixture of music and talks from the various wireless demonstrations, whilst, at times, the strains of our well-known Town Band would be heard rendering their assistance.

And so the Exhibition continued until Saturday, April 1st, when, at 9 p.m., from the amplifier came the words, "The Exhibition is now closing down. Good-night, everybody."

Let us hope that goods displayed at the Exhibition will meet with a regular demand after such a pleasing introduction. We will be optimistic and hope that for any extra effort put forward the House of Harris may, in future, reap a benefit. Then the Redruth Traders' Exhibition, as far as we are concerned at least, will have achieved that for which it aimed!

H.J.R.

* * *

I shall pass through this world but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, let me do it now.

* * *

Many a man or woman who has the knack of treating everybody with courtesy and goodwill is served with a cheerful loyalty which no money could buy.

TOTNES.

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

Despite the feeling of uncertainty which has everywhere been so prevalent, our neighbouring seaside resorts have been pushing ahead with preparations for what is hoped will prove another highly successful season. In effect, this is largely a sort of spring cleaning and stock-taking which annually takes place at these seaside resorts. But in addition to this other extensive schemes have been considered and approved, and in some cases already put in hand at Torquay and Paignton, in the endeavour to still further increase the popularity of these places with visitors, and these schemes may also have been inspired by the friendly, but very keen, rivalry that exists between our neighbours and Bournemouth. Both of these towns appear determined not to be outdone by each other in their efforts to secure the patronage of holiday makers. Visitors to Torquay this year will find very extensive works in progress between the harbour at the Strand and the Pier, extending on beyond Corbyn's Head, and some portions of this front may not be available for pleasure, but when the alterations there have been completed a very great improvement will have been effected which should prove another asset to Torquay. At the south end of the beach at Paignton a scheme has been put in hand for carrying the promenade on round the coast to the harbour, thus adding another part to the project which is visualised of having one unbroken promenade and succession of beaches from the Beacon Cove, Torquay to the further end of Goodrington, a distance of, we should say, some six to seven miles. Naturally, it will take some years before such a scheme could be completed, but there is reason to believe it will ultimately be accomplished, notwithstanding the tremendous difficulties to be overcome. If success is attained it will mean that few, if any, other seaside resorts will be able to offer such a variety of attractions. As many of our friends at Calne and elsewhere have already visited these parts, they will quickly be able to realise the nature and extent of the ambitious programme which progressive Torquay and Paignton have in view.

W.J.T.

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

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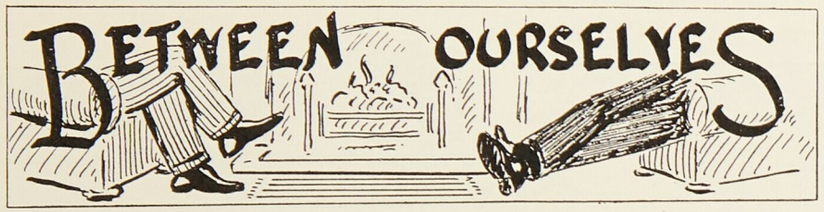
WITHIN living memory it was possible to meet people of all ages who had never seen the sea, been to London, or ridden in a railway coach. Since 1918 there has been a rapid improvement in recreational facilities for the mass of people and never before have the possibilities of travel and enjoyment of creature-comforts been so universal. It would be the exception rather than the rule to-day to meet people who do not spend some days of the year enjoying a change of atmosphere and scene far away from their work-a-day lives.

We who have become used to these advantages seldom give a thought to the condition of the people before they were inaugurated, and thus never experience much of the gratitude we might otherwise feel.

Sixty-eight years ago, thanks to the efforts of Sir John Lubbock, afterwards created Lord Avebury, the Bank-holidays Act was entered on the Statute Book. This Act legalised the suspension of business on certain ecclesiastical feast days and created a general holiday on the first Monday in August and another on Boxing-day.

It is possible that Lord Avebury did not foresee the expansion of his idea of the seventies to our summer holidays of a week or 14 days. Although hours of work in those days were longer, the pace was not so severe, and the necessity for recuperation was not so great as it is to-day.

The holiday season now extends from May to September, but the choice of all these months is denied to parents with children still within the school age limit. If the various University Local, and School Certificate examinations were held at the end of June, school holidays could be arranged earlier, thus avoiding that annual August rush and crush.



A VARIETY of people have written and spoken about the value of an eye that really sees. It has been pointed out that some, even with the best of eyesight, do not always fully perceive that at which they look.

Going up and down in the train to London recently I have tried this out a little for myself and find it to be true. Just now the whole countryside is massed in beautiful colouring of leaves and flowers. I found, for example, yesterday, that as we passed a field that was yellow with buttercups, I almost missed the tender colouring of the new growths in the hedges.

Then, again, if one goes on these Wiltshire Downs of ours one is conscious, as for example near the White Horse, at Cherhill, of magnificent formations of clefts, valley, and upperland. How many, I wonder, are there who see behind the form that the hills and dales have taken the story of the evolution of the earth's surface and of the tremendous powers welling up from below and descending from above, that caused the shape and formation which now meet the eye.

Who was it that sang or wrote something about a primrose which, to him who looked upon it was "A primrose, and nothing more"? Yesterday evening, standing in my garden, I heard a wonderful chorus of blackbirds' music. I noticed that two birds were perched on the top of a chimney pot. Until I got in the house and thought about the song I failed to recognise that these birds had come back again from foreign climes to summer with us here in England.

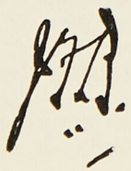
Avebury and Stonehenge are within easy distance of us here, in Wiltshire. We are seeing at Avebury the resurrection of the stones. At Stonehenge there is the mystery of the stones; both, so far, unexplained. The antiquary and the geologist see more in a stone than does the casual visitor who, on a Cornish beach, picks up, for example, a pretty piece of serpentine.

Behind all the world's objects of beauty there is much that can only be seen by an eye and a brain that are informed and can understand. The beauties and wonders of creation are littered by our roadways and across our fields. There is much for inner comfort and instruction, to say nothing of inspiration, to those who look and then see with understanding.

If you take this process of thought that I am suggesting to you, as well as to myself, still further and deal with humans, how very far it would lead us to an understanding of the problems of the individual and the community. When we look at stunted growth, at a pale face, at the drooping mouth of an immature child, at the prematurely old and the downcast, would it not be well to ask if there is anything that we really ought to see and understand before we come to hasty conclusions or condemnation? The problem of the Magistrate who sits in the Children's Courts of our country is not always the petty offence that has to be dealt with, but what is behind the lack of control that has made the offence possible. In other words, the Magistrate has to endeavour to see and to understand why the child is before him.

So one is inclined to think on a sunny day in May that most of us are missing a great deal by incomplete vision in Nature, and in our dealings with our fellows, to say nothing of matters of the spirit.

A fine old man who recently passed away knew little of the King's English, and had no facility for understanding works of art, music, or literature, but he made a court of light around him, and the many who were helped by his life and character said of him, after he went, "He always seemed to understand." I suggest that is, of all sight, vision, and knowledge, the best of all.



The "Bodinnar" Football Cup.

Warehouse, Printing, &c., 8 : Boning and Lard 2.

The Boning soon knew their fate as regards any hopes they had entertained of winning the "Bodinnar" Cup this year—Warehouse being two goals up within eight minutes. The first goal came before the game had hardly been in progress two minutes, R. Blackford, energetic forward of the Warehouse, scoring with what I thought was just a tester for the goalkeeper. Anyway, it was a goal; but so sort of free-and-easy it appeared that even the spectators never raised a cheer. That was the start of what I term as a cushy match for the Warehouse. They were never really extended, and although this may seem contradictory, I should say the Boning had more chances of scoring in the first half than did the Warehouse, and yet, for all this, the Warehouse never appeared to have any worries about the result whatsoever. Both Ward and Wilkins had very hard luck at scoring, but Duck was his usual brilliant self in goal, and he was quite capable of dealing with any shots that came his way.

F. Butler scored the second goal for the Warehouse; he beat two men and placed his shot well out of reach of the goalkeeper. This young player once again proved himself a capable leader for the Warehouse by scoring four goals. His third goal was perhaps the best of the lot, when he had to more or less force his way through three or four of the Boning before flashing his shot at goal. R. Blackford also finished off a splendid movement by scoring the seventh goal for the Warehouse. Other scorers for the Warehouse were :—Clive Butler, penalty; and F. Henly, of the Boning, who, running back to defend, unfortunately slipped and put the ball through his own goal.

The Gordon Richards of the Boning—K. Brindle—although so small and young, uses his head to play football, and this was borne out when calmly taking a penalty, he placed his shot—a just-above-the-ground one—well out of reach of Duck.

C. Beaven scored the other Boning goal, taking the opportunity of a rather bad lapse on the part of the Warehouse defence, by dashing in and putting paid to their dallying about.

W. Pottow was referee, and linesmen —. Angell and S. Toogood.

Warehouse team :—S. Duck; J. Wiltshire and P. Coleman; S. Thompson, A. Butler, and A. Dixon; C. Butler, A. Duck, F. Butler, R. Blackford, and S. Gray.

Boning team :—C. Haines; W. King and P. G. Dean; A. Slade, F. Brewer, and F. Henly; K. Brindle, D. Trembling, F. Wilkins, C. Beaven, and E. Ward.

Slaughter 4 : Retort, Sausage, &c., 4.

Quite a different game to that played the previous evening when the above-mentioned two teams, after a really hard match, finished up all square with a score of four each—extra time being played. The Retort, &c., were decidedly the better team up to half-time; their fast moving forwards against an unsteady Slaughter defence enabled them to change over ends with a lead of one goal. This lead was fully merited, and it was no surprise when they increased it ten minutes after half-time. With a score of 3—1 against them the Slaughter had a short war conference, and decided a change of tactics was required, resulting in a new goalkeeper being put on the spot! He was too unfortunate in being knocked out within five minutes of taking over his new responsibilities. Despite this set-back the Slaughter were inspired with more confidence, and from then onwards, without much doubt, it was all Slaughter. Had it not been for the clever display given by the Retort defence, especially Fell in goal, I'm afraid the score would have been much different. Yet, with all this, the Retort never gave in—every man was a trier and it was during one of their rare breakaways in the extra time that they once again took the lead. It was a jolly fine game and very clean, except for the usual minor fouls.

Retort took the lead after 12 minutes—J. Slade accepting a pass from Brimmer, which the Slaughter goalie fumbled. K. Smith, of the Retort, missed an open goal just afterwards, whilst Brimmer (Retort) and Bewley (Slaughter) fired in some good shots. The Retort increased their lead after 20 minutes, with a mix-up sort of goal—several players being in a melee in front of the goal, and who finally scrambled it in I do not know. It was the turn of the

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Slaughter next—F. Cleverley netting from a penalty given for hands. Brimmer scored the Retort's third goal just after the interval, this time Slade giving the pass to him—a sort of compliment returned. It was after this that the Slaughter took control of the game, P. Davis scoring direct from a free kick outside of the penalty area. Then five minutes from time our versatile goalkeeper, R. Butcher, scored the best goal of the match with a 30 yards drive, making the score 3—3. During extra time Bewley and Cleverley sent in shots that Fell did well to save, but it was Retort who scored first, through Slade; Offer, of the Slaughter, making it four all a few minutes from time.

Both teams deserve favourable mention for the good game put up.

Referee, B. Ponting; linesmen, R. Goddard and B. Dolman.

Slaughter team—R. Butcher; R. Brewer and P. Davis; F. Webb, W. Smith, and T. Davis; E. Slade, O. Green, L. Offer, W. Bewley, and F. Cleverley.

Retort, Sausage, &c.—E. Fell; H. Brittain and H. Slade; T. Freegard, H. Dodson, and R. Dean; J. Duck, K. Smith, J. Slade, A. Green, and D. Brimmer.

RE-PLAY.

Retort, Sausage, &c., 3 : Slaughter 2

(After extra time).

Without being biased in any way, the first half of this game was "Slaughter" v. "Fell." The Slaughter had at least three parts of the game, for the Retort could not have possibly been in the Slaughter half more than half-a-dozen times. Yet when they did there was that dangerous look about it which was justified later on when they had shaken off their attack of inferiority complex.

I'm sure all will agree that E. Fell, the Retort's goalkeeper, deserves special mention for the excellent and magnificent display in goal, especially during the first half, when only his coolness and aptitude saved the Retort from a complete rout. Thanks to his excellent display the first half ended with no score.

For the first quarter of an hour of the second half it was nearly all Slaughter again, Offer scoring a good goal for them in the first minute. From a break-away six minutes later Brimmer put the Retort level, whilst just afterwards Dolman, the Slaughter goalie, did well to fist out a shot from the same player. The Slaughter came again, Offer sending in a shot across the goal-mouth, Brewer and Slade both failing to connect.

The Retort by now were giving the Slaughter a hard game. Brimmer, Slade, and Dodson, supported by a never-say-die defence, were all out to win. In fact, the Slaughter defence were definitely lucky on several occasions in stopping them from scoring. But anyway, they weathered the storm, and full time came with the score 1—1, so, once again, extra time was required.

It was up and down the field all the time, as fast a game as anyone could wish to see. Excitement was running high, supporters of both sides being fully wound up. Well within five minutes Brimmer had given the Retort the lead, a splendid goal from a carefully-placed pass by James. Then Green, also Retort, had hard lines with a good shot, Dolman making an excellent save. So to the change-over, with the Retort hanging on to their lead of one goal. The Slaughter were striving hard for the equaliser, and it came a few minutes after the re-start, when, during another attack engineered by P. Davis (captain), who was now playing centre-half, Cleverley fired in a shot which Fell could not have sighted or I'm sure he would have had it. This was four minutes from time, and we were all thinking of another re-play; but no, Brimmer was sent away again and rounded off a splendid movement with another marvellous goal; that made the hat trick for him, and fully deserved, too. The Slaughter still attacked strongly, P. Davis, sending in a drive from 30 yards, but Fell was there and calmly tipped it over the far corner of the bar; even Woodley, of England, would have applauded that save. So, after three hours of really hard football, and it speaks well for the stamina and gameness of these players, the Retort ran out very narrow winners by three goals to two.

Referee, B. Ponting; linesmen, R. Goddard and B. Dolman.

Slaughter team:—B. Dolman; P. Davis and R. Brewer; F. Webb, W. Smith, and T. Davis; E. Slade, —. Lewis, L. Offer, L. Bewley, and F. Cleverley.

Retort team:—E. Fell; H. Brittain and F. Slade; T. Freegard, T. James, and R. Dean; A. King, H. Dodson, J. Slade, A. Green, and I. Brimmer.

SEMI-FINAL.

Warehouse, Printing, &c., 2 : Office, Maintenance, &c., 1.

Whether the weather was anything to do with it or not, this game was far below the usual standard. Now and again there was a spark of life put into it, and perhaps more so towards the end of the game. Both teams had about the same amount of play, and the Warehouse were the fortunate ones to get the winning goal.

Warehouse had the first attack at goal when Gray, from a favourable position, shot tamely into the goalkeeper's hands. It was the Office turn next. First of all Freegard had hard lines, Duck making a very feeble save for him. Then, after a nice passing movement by Swaffield and Oliver, Merritt made a good attempt with a header. Office scored the first goal after 24 minutes' play, when Duck punched out a shot, the ball going to Merritt, and from him to Swaffield, who scored quite easily. Swaffield was on the mark again just afterwards, Duck having to make a flying leap to save.

Two minutes later the Warehouse equalised through A. Butler, who, after seeing a 30-yards drive saved, had the ball again a little later and, making no mistake this time, fired in a shot from about 20 yards which beat Winter all the way. Half time:—1—1.

The Office were well on the attack now. First Gale sent a lovely centre over, but both Merritt and Swaffield missed; then Merritt saw his header hit the top of the crossbar, whilst Freegard saw his shot hit the underside of the crossbar—just bad luck, and the Warehouse were lucky to save the situation. F. Butler only had the goalkeeper to beat just afterwards, but Winter covered his goal well, and tipped over the bar. The same player again had an open goal, but his shot was weak, and Winter just stuck his hand out and saved; but after 53 minutes' play he made compensation for it, and, accepting a pass from Coleman, scored rather an easy goal.

Office returned to the attack, and Freegard had bad luck, his shot going just wide of the upright. From a scramble in front of the goal the Office had the misfortune to see a practically certain goal kicked out from under the bar; I believe Wiltshire was the hero.

So the Warehouse won; bad luck, Office and Maintenance.

Referee, W. Pottow; linesmen, B. B. Ponting and W. Butler.

Warehouse team:—S. Duck; J. Wiltshire and P. Coleman; S. Thompson, A. Butler, and A. Dixon; C. Butler, A. Duck, F. Butler, R. Blackford, and S. Gray.

Office and Maintenance:—A. Winter; A. Wright and J. Lewis; J. Reeves, M. Rivers, and C. Gale; R. Swaffield, B. Freegard, B. Merritt, N. Oliver, and V. Gale.

SEMI-FINAL.

Kitchen, 2 : Retort & Sausage, &c., 1.

It was only towards the end of the first half that play began to liven up. After seeing the Retort in their two previous hectic games, we were looking forward to another fast game, especially seeing they were playing another good team in the Kitchen. I'm not suggesting it was a poor game, far from it; the Kitchen were decidedly the better team and deserved their win.

The Retort had hard lines when a shot by King was tipped over the bar by Wiltshire. After about 22 minutes' play the Kitchen were awarded a penalty—nothing really serious—it was a case of Brittain either having his head knocked off or conceding hands—he chose the latter. Goddard took the kick, but drove it straight into the goalkeeper's hands. Five minutes later the Kitchen took the lead when, after several shots at goal, Goddard finally scored. The same player hit the upright just afterwards. Brimmer was doing the best of the Retort forwards, and sent in several good shots, whilst King sent the ball just outside the upright a few minutes from half-time. H. Dodson was injured early on, and was a passenger for the rest of the game; bad luck for the Retort.

At the beginning of the second half Goddard had a point blank shot saved by Fell. The Retort equalised a few minutes later, when the Kitchen back and goalie fumbled the ball, and J. Slade, ever eager to take advantage of an opportunity, tricked the two of them and scored a really good goal. He had rough luck again a few minutes later when Wiltshire, saving a shot from him, nearly carried it over the line.

The Kitchen were, perhaps, fortunate in the actual scoring of their next goal, as J. Smart, who scored, was surprised himself to see his casual shot at goal just creep inside the upright. The Kitchen were definitely putting on full pressure now, and the Retort goalie was properly peppered with shots—Goddard and Drew, then Drew again, and Dolman all fired in shots, the latter two

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having their shots excellently saved by Fell.

Final whistle came with the Kitchen winners by 2 goals to 1. They were worthy winners; although it cannot be said the ball ran kindly for the Retort, for only now and again did we see flashes of their former brilliance.

Referee, B. Ponting; linesmen, S. Clark and W. King.

Retort, Sausage, &c.:—E. Fell; H. Brittain and H. Slade; T. Freegard, T. James, and R. Dean; A. King, H. Dodson, J. Slade, A. Green, and I. Brimmer.

Kitchen: E. Wiltshire; J. Taylor and R. Barry; D. Angell, J. Smart, and R. Bewley; W. Bewley, B. Dolman, R. Goddard, F. Blackford, and W. Drew.

THE FINAL.

Warehouse, Printing, &c., 3 : Kitchen, 3

(After extra time).

The highlights of this game were:—Kitchen two goals up within nine minutes; three goals up after 20 minutes play; the Warehouse's gallant come-back, scoring two goals before half-time and equalising seven minutes after the interval; the ding-dong struggle from then onwards up to the final whistle of extra time; and all through the match the inspiring play of Peto Coleman, left back for the Warehouse.

This was the third successive year these teams had met in the final, and the fourth since the competition was started in 1929. These two teams also hold the record for the highest number of appearances in the final, for out of a total of 11 finals the Warehouse have the magnificent record of four wins, besides being joint holders for this year, out of eight appearances. They were in the final the first four years, and then they had a lapse of three years, since when they have appeared another four years up to the present time; a truly magnificent record.

The Kitchen have appeared six times, the last three years being their record run, and resulting in three wins, besides being joint holders this year—another record to be proud of.

Now for the game itself. The Kitchen were clearly the superior team for the first 20 minutes, and it appeared to be a walk-over for them, Drew scoring a somewhat muddly sort of goal after seven minutes play. Two minutes later the same player scored again, this time a copybook goal. Blackford sent a perfect forward pass up behind the back, which Drew fastened on to, and, sending in a lovely cross shot, beat the hesitating Warehouse goalie easily. Wiltshire (Kitchen) did remarkably well to tip a shot from Dixon over the bar. Apart from this it was really all Kitchen, and Bewley headed a nice goal from R. Goddard (centre), to make it three up. The Kitchen defence were worried a few minutes later, and F. Butler scored the first goal for the Warehouse, after getting the better of a tussle in front of goal. The Warehouse scored again through F. Butler, from a penalty, after 31 minutes play, whilst Duck was lucky to see a save of his, from another shot by Drew, glance off the upright. At the other end the ever-nippy F. Butler burst through the backs and saw his shot just touched out for a corner. Just after the interval the Kitchen backs were caught in two moods, and Beaven nipped in and scored the equaliser. After that it was a proper ding-dong struggle, and it did appear at times that the Kitchen goal bore a charmed life—not that the Warehouse were all over them, but they had better opportunities presented them. As it was, neither team scored during the last 68 minutes play, and credit must fall equally on the two very good defences. Without discrediting the Kitchen's display, it should be pointed out that the Warehouse were without R. Blackford and A. Duck, and although their deputies tried hard enough, it was clear that these two players, especially R. Blackford, were sorely missed.

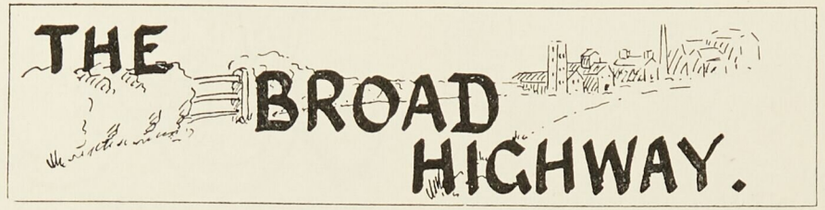
It was decided after the match that the Warehouse and Kitchen should be joint-holders of the cup. This meant that Mr. J. F. G. Edwarde, whom Mr. Bodinnar had appointed to deputise in his unavoidable absence, made a joint presentation. In making the presentation to the two captains, he praised them for a jolly good game, and the Warehouse were to be congratulated on making such a splendid recovery.

Warehouse team:—S. Duck; J. Wiltshire and P. Coleman; S. Thompson, A. Butler, and A. Dixon; S. Gray, C. Butler, F. Butler, W. Beaven, and E. Culley.

Kitchen team:—E. Wiltshire; J. Taylor and R. Barry; D. Angell, J. Smart, and R. Bewley; W. Bewley, B. Dolman, R. Goddard, F. Blackford, and W. Drew.

Referee, B. Ponting; linesmen, S. Clark and —. Angell.

All the foregoing reports of the Inter-Dept. Football Tournament were written by our special correspondent, "S.T."



IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.

The results of this Exhibition came well up to the expectations expressed in the May issue. The total sales showed an increase of some 24½ per cent. as compared with 1938, in spite of the very unsettled conditions prevailing, which had a considerable effect on the attendance, This was actually down some 16½ per cent., so that to show an increase in sales speaks well for the splendid enthusiasm shown by everybody on the Stand. The slicing and selling of Harris Bacon certainly put new life into the business, and the quantity sold in small samples reached quite an extraordinary figure. This must be good advertising and cannot but result in an increased enquiry for Harris Bacon both in London and the Provinces. The new line—minced steak—was exceedingly well received and bore out our previous experience that anybody who tastes this delicious pack invariably buys. The Harris Stand had never looked more attractive, and the policy of concentrating on some half-dozen principal lines certainly proved to be correct. Mr. Morgan and Miss Meyer are to be congratulated on the results achieved, in which everybody played their part—Demonstrators, Relief Salesmen, not forgetting the Kitchen Staff, who stepped into the breach nobly at times of extreme pressure.

We welcome Relief Salesman A. S. Thompson, from Newcastle, who made a start in Calne on the 27th April.

Van Salesman O. Jones has been appointed to take over Neath Van 56.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Clarke-Bartlett on the birth of a son in April.

We were very glad to hear from Mr. J. F. Kington, of Reading, who sent us the following contribution:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD.

I think sometimes of the varied characters I have known, some of whom merited this description, and some did not.

Owing to the relatively smaller competition which enabled business to be done in a more leisurely manner, and the relations with customers to be more cordial and confidential, there was more time to cultivate good feeling rather than that of envy. I remarked on this one day recently to a young man, and his reply was characteristic: "Pure bunk, sir, no good to-day; trade is war." He may be right, and he certainly had no respect for any other principle.

Many customers, particularly those doing a high-class business, were annoyed at what they regarded as a breach of good manners. This applied especially to smoking in business hours. I remember a case of this sort. Three of us were waiting in the shop for the arrival of the principal. A young representative came in and, seeing we were waiting, lit a cigarette. We smiled at each other, knowing what would happen. The principal arrived, smelt, and saw. There was a row and the young man departed quickly. The War had altered many things, but this type of customer would not alter his opinion.

In the hotels, particularly those a long way from London, there was a sort of re-union at night, and business was discussed with freedom, even among men in the same trade. Customers, too, in the same trade would come and join in under the influence of good fellowship and other things.

There were two well-known representatives in the early days, one from a leading vinegar firm and the other from a mustard firm, both men of importance, and the usual form of salutation was, "Good morning, Vinegar," "Good morning, Mustard," and in the customer's shop they did not expect to be kept waiting.

You probably have heard of the

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representative of an important house, having been duly advised, found his order was not ready, and he requested the customer not to allow it to happen again ! I have never had the pluck to say this, but felt it a good many times.

I knew rather a character who represented several houses, who was of a religious turn of mind—at least his friends so described him. He used to advise his customers about once in two months, and he attached a condition by adding " D.V." Some of his customers used to say : " The Lord has allowed you to come, then," and some of the cynical customers would add, " What a mistake."

A very extraordinary man of many parts—and, as I have remarked, jokes and chaff were taken as part of the life—represented the leading blacking house. If a friend met him anywhere the usual greeting was : " I am sorry, old chap, but the stuff will not shine," and then the game began.

There were exceptions, of course, to the freedom of contact, and some of them of a violent character ; but it is not worth while to elaborate.

I sincerely hope the business of the future between the Firm, representative, and customer will continue to be as cordial and satisfactory as ever.

J.F.K.

* * *

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED !

If you have not sent along that suggestion to the Flower Show Committee you have lost the privilege of grumbling on Flower Show Day.

You cannot, in all fairness, criticise the arrangements made when you have let pass the opportunity of suggesting improvements.

There is still time to send along your ideas, so

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

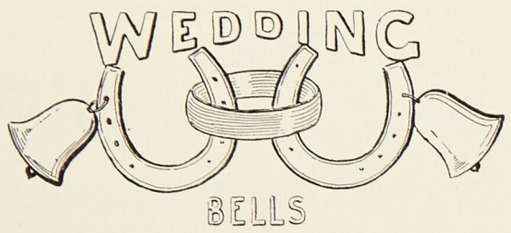
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* * *

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts.—THOMAS HUGHES.

* * *

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
" This is my own, my native land."—SCOTT.



At Calne Parish Church, on May 6th, Mr. Edward Slade was married to Miss Verdun Little. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of white satin brocade, with train, mother of pearl floral wreath, and train veil, silver shoes, and carried a bouquet of red and cream roses.

The four bridesmaids wore Victorian Coronation-gold taffetta gowns, with flowing veils, gold sandals, and carried bouquets of pale pink carnations.

The reception was held at the White Hart Hotel. Miss Little was nine years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of a Lloyd Loom chair. Mr. Slade was presented with a Westminster chimes clock from his colleagues in No. 2 Factory.

At Hardenhuish Church, on April 8th, Miss Isabel Benham was married to Mr. John Chambers, of Newcastle. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of white satin, wreath of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of mauve tulips. There were three bridesmaids in attendance, two wore frocks with blue floral head-dresses, the other bridesmaid wore a frock of pink satin, with pink floral head-dress. They wore gold shoes and carried bouquets of daffodils.

There were also twin attendants. The little girl wore an ankle-length frock of blue taffeta, blue head-dress, black shoes, and carried a posy of daffodils. The small boy wore a blue taffeta blouse, velvet trousers of the same shade, and black shoes.

Miss Benham's last period of service was two years in the Sausage House. She was the recipient of a frameless mirror from the Department.

At Calne Parish Church, on April 15th, Mr. Reginald Bewley was married to Miss Molly Weakly. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a white brocaded crepe gown, with wreath and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of mauve tulips and narcissi.

Two bridesmaids attended the bride. They wore dresses of blue net over satin of same shade, wreaths, and veils, silver shoes, and carried bouquets of pink tulips.

Miss Weakly was six years in the Sausage Department, and Mr. Bewley was attached to the Retort. The combined wedding present was a chromium-plated kerb.

At Bremhill Parish Church, on April 22nd, Miss Nesta Lewis was married to Mr. Thomas Rickards, of Corsham. The bride was given away by her cousin, and wore a gown of white Palestine silk, with wreath of orange blossom and veil, silver shoes, and carried a bouquet of pink tulips.

Two bridesmaids were in attendance, They wore dresses of figured lemon satin, with head-dresses of gold leaves, gold shoes, and carried bouquets of daffodils. Miss Lewis was about three years in the Kitchen and was the recipient of a wireless table from the staff.

On April 22nd, at Lyneham Parish Church, Miss Gladys Bridgeman was married to Mr. G. Webb, of Charlton. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a white satin gown, wreath, and veil. silver shoes, and carried a bouquet of salmon pink rosebuds.

The bride was attended by two bridesmaids ; one wore a dress of lemon net over taffeta of same shade, head-dress of silver leaves, silver shoes, and her bouquet was mauve tulips ; the other bridesmaid wore a mauve-figured taffeta, with head-dress of mauve and gold leaves, gold shoes, and carried a bouquet of mauve tulips.

Miss Bridgeman's last period of service was three years in the Kitchen Department. She was the recipient of two rugs from the Staff and numerous domestic presents from her colleagues.

On April 29th, at the Wesleyan Church, Chippenham, Mr. Reginald King was married to Miss Kathleen Holley. The bride was given away by her brother and wore a white silk gown, with wreath of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations.

Four bridesmaids were in attendance. They wore dresses of eau-de-nil green taffeta, head-dresses of green leaves, white sandals. The taller bridesmaids had bouquets of cream carnations ; the small ones carried posies of coloured anemones.

Mr. King is attached to the Retort Department, and was presented with a frameless mirror, Mr. Gale making the presentation.

At Calne Parish Church, on April 29th, Mr. Jack Boulton was married to Miss Joan Gingell. The bride was given away by her brother and wore a grey serge costume, navy blue hat with veil, navy shoes, white gloves, and silver fox fur. She carried an ivory Prayer-book.

Miss Gingell was nine years in the Company's employ and was presented with a clock from the Subsidiary and Warehouse Staff. Mr. Boulton was also presented with a carving set from the Boning Department.

* * *

SKITTLES.

Being anxious to celebrate the winning of the League, the Retort arranged to play a representative side picked from the remainder of the competing teams in the League. The match was played at the Conservative Club on Thursday, 27th April.

It was the usual good evening, associated with events like this, and the Retort fully justified their claim as League Champions, inasmuch as to beat us rather easily by 284 pins to 242 pins. They won all three legs—the first by 22 pins ; the second, where we staged a come-back, or else had a bit of luck, they won by one pin ; and the third by 19 pins.

Refreshments were duly taken, and the cup went its round. Success was wished the Retort, a few words coming from some ; where they didn't, I expect they drank more wine !

Mr. McLean, captain of the losing team, spoke well of the Retort's meritorious winning of the League, H. Slade, captain of the Retort, responding. Other speeches were made by Mr. A. J. Boase and Mr. R. H. Stanley, chairman and hon. secretary respectively, chiefly on the rallying round of support for the Section next year.

Altogether a very good evening and a good wind-up to the season.

S.T.

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HOCKEY SECTION.

Since our last report 13 matches were down on our programme to be played, and of these seven were scratched. What a season! On February 25th we visited Bath and played the Old Sulians, and registered a win by one goal to nothing. M. Edney scored the goal. All March games were scratched and we go on to April 1st for our next game versus Bradford. This was a game of surprises. The first surprise was that at the interval against such a team we led by 2 goals to 1. The next surprise was that the second half saw 7 goals scored by our opponents without a single response by ourselves. The real truth was that after five weeks without a match our girls were out of form and out of touch with the game. Our opponents showed sustained speed to the end, whilst we had shot our bolt in the first half. The vital fault was that our opponents were unmarked, and their speed saw to the rest. Half the goals could have been saved had the halves and the backs properly marked the opposing forwards. K. Angell scored our two goals.

On April 12th our mixed team met with disaster. We have felt rather proud of our mixed hockey team—seldom have we bit the dust to our opponents—but on this occasion we did with a vengeance to Nalgo, of Trowbridge. We may be pardoned in saying we played five men to our opponents 7, but we have always done this, and yet have won. It is probable that the absence of Alex Dixon (who, unfortunately, was ill) was the greatest attribute to defeat; his play at centre-half is always conspicuous. Another loss was the absence of Margaret Angell in goal, and we were, perforce, to play without a goalkeeper. We were helped by three of our R.A.F. friends, and one of them, Morris, scored our only goal. Our opponents compiled a nice little total of 8.

On April 19th we were booked to play the United Dairies mixed team, from Trowbridge, but they scratched and we invited in their stead a team of R.A.F. hockey players from Yatesbury to come and mix up with us in a friendly game. This they did, and with four girls on each side we had a splendid and thrilling game. Our girls seemed inspired and played up to a standard which, if only was shown in their ordinary matches, would carry them to success against most of their competitors. The game resulted in a draw of one goal each.

On April 23rd the return game with Whitley was played at Lickhill, and resulted in a draw of two goals all. K. Angell and M. Edney were our scorers.

The final game of the season was played on April 27th, when a return mixed game was played with the R.A.F. providing 11 players. This again was a good game, though not quite up to the standard of the first game. Again our girls supplied four players to each side. The result was the side captained by a R.A.F. player, wining by 4 goals to 3.

Omitting the two games in which the R.A.F. participated, of our programme of 32 matches, 14 were scratched, 4 were won, 3 drawn, and 10 lost. We scored 39 goals to our opponents 69.

The season has been a very disappointing one; disappointing in many ways. The scratching of matches, bringing with it its loss of practice, seriously affected the building up of good team work, and without team work games cannot be won. It is noticeable that the majority of our opponents have grown in skill. At one time we knew them as weak teams, and their present standard shows an advance which we could well emulate. We have the players; individually we see them at varying times produce hockey of no mean standard but without consistency, and this is where our great weakness lies. Regularity in play, and keenness and consistency in effort, would make our team a fine one indeed. Let us hope that next year will see a change on these lines. The officers have worked well and deserve the thanks of all, and the members are grateful to those non-playing colleagues who show their interest by kindly arranging the teas.

CRICKET SECTION.

1st XI.

The opening of the cricket season was accompanied by several new features, new secretaries, new captains and vice-captains, new eight-ball over, and a new batting record. We wish the new officials all success in their efforts; may the season give them pleasure, not only in their work but in support and co-operation from their colleagues. The Club has decided to try out the experiment of the eight-ball over, which will generally be played this season. The M.C.C. has ordered that this experiment is to be tried out for two seasons, and upon the success or otherwise of it will depend the alteration of the law making it compulsory in all cricket. Original Laws of Cricket (1744) provided for four balls; in May, 1899, the number was raised to five; in May, 1900, the number was raised to six. In Australia the six-ball over came into force in December, 1887, and the eight-ball over in December, 1918. Naturally there will be a diversity of opinion in cricketing circles over the introduction. Some players will favour it, others will view it with disfavour; but to the spectator it ought to be welcomed, for it is reckoned that the innovation will give an addition of 13 overs in a day's play, or the equivalent of 40 minutes' extra play. Thus, there is more chance of games being finished because of the extra time the eight-ball over will provide.

The new batting record was set up by R. Swaffield, in the first match of the season, v. Chipping Sodbury, at Lickhill. His not out innings of 120 beat the previous best, that of R. Stevens, 119 not out, in 1937. Ninety of the 120 runs were made by boundary hits—three sixes and 18 fours—and after the first over he received, in which three balls in succession cocked up a little in front of him, he played with such confidence that not a single chance was given the fielders. He was well supported in turn by G. Witchell, who left at 73; R. Stevens and J. Archard. A feature of the game was the good fielding on both sides—unusually good for an opening match, and cold weather at that. Ivor Taylor and Percy Carter collected two catches each and P. Cainey and R. King one each; whilst the bowling honours were secured by R. Stevens, 5 for 25; I. J. Taylor, 3 for 9; R. Swaffield, 1 for 27; and P. Carter, 1 for 40. P. Cainey allowed only one bye.

Scores:—Chipping Sodbury, 121.

HARRIS C.C.

R. Swaffield, not out	120
G. Witchell, c Chappell, b Greenaway	25
P. Carter, c Eseltine, b Greenaway	4
R. Stevens, st. Jones, b Lloyd	24
J. Archard, not out	18
Extras	26
For 3 wickets	217

Our match on May 6th, v. G.W.R., Swindon, was scratched owing to rain. On May 13th we journeyed to Marlborough and engaged the Savernake Forest C.C. Losing the toss, we were sent in by our opponents and were all out for 114. We had six wickets down for 36, when F. Cleverly joined P. Cainey, and together they took the score to 66 before the former was bowled for 24, a score which included a six and four fours. P. Cainey played stubbornly well and carried his bat for a useful 22. R. Swaffield was the only other player to reach double figures. Savernake managed just on time to get the necessary runs at a cost of eight wickets. We had three of their wickets down for 43, then a good stand was made which virtually won them the match, for 70 was on the score-board before the next wicket fell. R. Stevens and I. J. Taylor both bowled well, the former obtaining four for 29 and the latter three for 34. P. Carter secured the other wicket for 26. P. Cainey again excelled behind the stumps, not conceding a single bye. Scores:—

HARRIS C.C.

G. Witchell, c Dobson, b Lansley	1
R. Swaffield, c Dobson b Lansley	16
P. Carter, b Pratt	3
R. Stevens, b Cook	7
J. Archard, b Cook	7
R. Goddard, c Rossiter, b Cook	0
P. Cainey, not out	22
F. Cleverly, b Pratt	24
I. J. Taylor, b Cook	9
C. Rose, c Pratt, b Lansley	0
E. Wiltshire, st. Rossiter, b Lansley	8
Extras	17
	114

Savernake Forest C.C.:—121 for eight wickets.

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2nd XI.

May 6th we were to have played Saxby's 2nd XI., but rain was a spoil-sport. Sitting in the pavilion waiting for rain to cease is a trial cricketers do not relish. After patiently waiting in vain, tea was taken, the game abandoned, and our visitors taken up to the Woodlands to be entertained there. On the 13th Seagry sent a team to us and, batting first, we could only make 37 runs, 25 of which were made by F. Butler and included three sixes and a four. Expecting defeat, but never giving up, we brought off an unexpected victory. Against the bowling of G. Dean and B. Webb, assisted by two run outs (efforts by B. Webb), we dismissed Seagry for 23 runs. B. Webb secured four wickets for six and G. Dean four for 17. Catches were made by B. Webb and C. Edwards ; and W. King, behind the wickets, brought off a stumping. No byes were conceded in either innings.

It is with pleasure that we announce a musical event of an exceptional nature. On Wednesday evening, June 28th, we are receiving a visit from one of the bands of the Bristol Accordion Club, and it is proposed that the concert given by the band should be in the open air at the Woodlands. If it happens to be wet it will be held in the Town Hall.

The band which will be coming is the champion accordion band of Great Britain. In competition with other bands from all over the country it recently received the highest award.

It is not a freak band, and the music rendered is not as usually associated with accordion music—jazz. It plays light music of a particularly pleasing type, and the programme will include the following items :—" Poet and Peasant " Overture, " Finlandia," " Light Cavalry " Overture, " William Tell " Overture, &c. Accordion solos by various West of England champions, xylophone solos, and tap dancing. The vocalist is Miss Barbara Foot. The musical director is Mr. Handel G. Lovell, F.R.C.O., A.B.C.A., who is well known in Bristol as a musician of the highest attainment and who, before the War, conducted a male voice choir of 150 voices. He has now a piano-accordion school at St. George's, Bristol.

Prices of admission will be announced later, but we understand that all H.W.A. members will get a definite advantage in this direction.

CHIPPENHAM.

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

INTER-FACTORY COMPETITION

VISIT TO HIGHBRIDGE, 22nd APRIL, 1939.

Congratulations to our Highbridge friends on winning the President's trophy. This has levelled things up for a while as both Factories have now won the cup twice. This state of affairs will give an added keenness to the next series of matches. It is now up to Highbridge to be the first team to retain the cup for two years in succession, and it is hardly necessary to add that Chippenham will do their utmost to prevent this, so we look forward to the next encounter with interest.

We are the first to admit that Highbridge deserved their win. They certainly adapted themselves to the prevailing conditions during the football match, and here we must remark on the wind. We understood Highbridge goalkeeper only touched the ball once during the first half. Several of our players, after kicking the ball, turned round to see it going over their heads, and the goal kicks appeared to be corners ; one of the most amusing matches you would wish to see.

With regard to skittles, our friends still maintained their winning methods, and we suffered another defeat.

Once again we extend to our hosts our thanks for the excellent way we were entertained and for everything that was done for our enjoyment.

It was a great disappointment to us and to our Highbridge friends that our Manager was unable to accompany us on this occasion. This is the first time Mr. Long has missed these matches, but we feel he was wise in view of the heavy cold from which he was suffering, and which compelled him to remain home on 18th April, which is the first day he has been home from business for 24 years.

EASTLEIGH VISIT TO CHIPPENHAM.

We are looking forward to entertaining Eastleigh on Saturday, 13th May. We shall do our best to reciprocate their kindness extended to us when we journeyed to Hampshire last year.

ILLNESS.

We are all pleased to welcome back to work Messrs. H. Smith and F. Jones after several months of absence, and are glad they have fully recovered.

Mr. Simpkins has also been away several weeks with 'flu, but we are pleased he has now been able to resume work.

W.H.W.

Through the kindness of our engineer, Mr. F. Church, I have been privileged to see a copy of " The Electrical Times," dated 12th June, 1902. This paper would have been highly interesting at any time, but since reference is made to our Factory here at Chippenham, that interest is considerably increased.

The article in question deals with " the valiant attempt " made by the British Electromobile Company to answer a challenge to run a car 100 miles on a single battery charge. The route chosen was from London to Bath.

The car left the West End at midnight, and particular emphasis is given to the fact that it reached Reading at 3 a.m., and thus covered the 40 miles at the amazing average of over 13 miles per hour. By the time Newbury was reached the roads were in bad condition through heavy rain, and from then onwards the battery showed signs of running out, so that it was only with difficulty the car climbed some of the hills on its way through Marlborough and Calne and on to Chippenham, 97 miles from London.

The party realised it was impossible to go on any further without having the battery charged, and they therefore failed by only three miles in their effort.

There were very few dynamos capable of charging a battery in those days, and the party considered themselves exceedingly lucky to find such a go-ahead and enterprising firm as the Wiltshire Bacon Company, who not only had a dynamo, but were willing to co-operate in helping the car on its way. After receiving the charge the car went on to Bath and Keynsham, and again called at Chippenham for charging on the return journey. Further charging took place at Windsor, and the car eventually reached London without having once experienced mechanical trouble.

In referring to the kindness of this Company in allowing the use of their dynamo, the writer pays particular tribute to the up-to-date Factory and the modern methods adopted in the manufacture of bacon and hams.

Though nearly 40 years have passed since that record-making run, we at Chippenham are proud to think that the description given to our Factory then is still as true to-day, and we hope and believe it will still apply 40 years hence.

T.J.

* * *

DUNMOW.

Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

On Saturday, 31st March, we held our last whist drive of the season. There was a good attendance, as there has been throughout the season, and we are all very glad that these whist drives have proved so popular.

Congratulations and best wishes to Mr. L. J. Smith and Miss M. Little, who were married at Stebbing on March 25th. Mr. Culpin, on behalf of the staff, presented Mr. Smith with some cutlery.

It will be noted with interest by all concerned that the Minister of Agriculture has appointed a Committee to investigate the workings of the Pigs and Bacon Schemes. It is to be hoped that as a result of this investigation the Minister will be able to take the necessary action to put the Schemes on a more satisfactory basis so that all concerned will receive adequate return for their labours.

The many problems to be solved are well known to the appointed Committee, who, undoubtedy, will lose no time in conveying their proposals to the Minister.

A. FAULDS.

HOWLERS.

Debutantes are debentures, belong to ladies.

Tarzan is the short name for the American flag. Its full name is tarzan stripes.

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SOUTH RUSSIAN MEMORIES.

(*Continued*).

We had a resident circus in the town. Amongst the turns was a troop of wrestlers. They would enter the ring, while a rather tinny band played the "Old Comrades March." The M.C. would introduce them to the audience, who would throw bunches of flowers to their favourites. Amongst them was one they called the "Black Masker." He always wore a mask whilst wrestling, which had to be removed should one of the others succeed in beating him. He was unbeaten for weeks. However, one evening he was beaten. He refused to remove his mask, saying he had been fouled by his opponent. He relented when some of the spectators entered the ring with drawn revolvers. They take their wrestling seriously in South Russia.

There were a large number of money changers in the town, good business being done on the rate of exchange. In the canteen we worked on a rate fixed weekly by the Field Cashier. Whatever rate he fixed held good for that week, no matter how the rate varied in the town. On one occasion two Italian seamen entered the canteen, one asked for some hard tobacco, and on being served he produced a £1 note, at the same time asking the rate of exchange. On being informed that it was 400 Roubles to the £1 he remarked that he could get 1,000 outside. Well, this was not news to us, but we remarked that "This is a canteen, not a money-changer's." Still, he wasn't giving money away like that. Handing a note to his friend, he asked him to go to a money-changer and get the 1,000 Roubles, but he wasn't quite fly enough. We had some silver wrist watches in stock, priced at 32s. 6d.; in fact all our goods were priced in sterling, which we converted into the equivalent in Roubles. I happened to be winding one up while he was waiting for his friend to return from the changer's. "How much?" he asked, and I replied that it was 32s. 6d. He examined it, and was satisfied, then producing his wallet, paid me with two £1 notes. I gave him 7s. 6d. change in silver. Soon after his friend returned with his 1,000 Roubles. After paying for his tobacco he still had about 950 left, which, on our rate of exchange, was £2 7s. 6d. sterling, so that, had he waited and paid in Roubles he would still have had 150 left from his 1,000, also the two £1 notes would have remained in his wallet.

The British sailors who were stationed at Batum were better off than the soldiers, who received their weekly pay in Roubles, which, although worth £1 in the canteen, were only worth eight or nine shillings in the town. The Navy always received their pay in sterling, so were able to buy perhaps £2 10s. worth of goods in the canteen for each £1 note they changed in the town. The same thing happened during my service in Germany. The Rhine flotilla were stationed at Cologne, and they always received sterling as pay, the soldiers marks. I have known the troops to draw their pay on Friday, and probably by the following Monday the mark would have gone right out with a loss to the soldiers of 10s. to 12s. in the £1. I knew one man in Cologne who was engaged at a weekly mark wage as a manager. When he made his pay sheet out at the end of one week it read, 1,000 marks sterling, equivalent 3s. 6d. That was for seven days work! But I am getting away from my Russian area. I will write a few lines on Germany another time, should these articles be interesting enough to be published.

Many articles of value changed hands when the refugees arrived in Batum from the various towns that were being evacuated during the Reds' advance. The only article of interest I got was a parchment signed by Catherine the Great, which I have been assured is quite genuine.

Well, after about 14 months I became fed up and asked to be relieved. So, embarking one morning on an old German boat, I bade farewell to Batum and Russia and started my homeward journey via Constantinople, Alexandria, Malta, Gibraltar, arriving in London and signing off, well satisfied with my travels. From the time I left England until the time I landed again I had travelled in France, Italy, Egypt, Turkey, and Russia, and had seen Malta, Gibraltar, the Dardanelles, and sailed round the Bay of Biscay—a very interesting trip and an education. After a couple of months holiday in England my travels started again; nine years in Germany this time. Of that later.

R.W.S.

ALL SORTS.

We must apologise to our Dunmow friends and regret that the amorous inclinations of the packer of our Magazines led him to make surreptitious advances to the glamorous receiver of our Magazines at Dunmow.—(Ed., Calne).

EASTLEIGH.

Edited by L. S. JONES.

WEDDING.

On Saturday, April 15th, Mr. B. Neal, of the Cellars, was married to Miss Clarke, at South Stoneham Parish Church, after which the happy couple left for their honeymoon at Enfield. Gifts from his fellow-workers of the Cellar were an electric iron and an electric gas lighter, while the other members of the Staff presented him with a chromium curb. The presentation was made by Mr. Taylor, who expressed the good wishes of all for their future happiness.

WELFARE ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the Welfare Association have slackened off during the month of April. With the lighter evenings most of the members have taken the opportunity of putting their gardens in order, and in consequence there has been nothing of special note occurring in the Welfare Hut. There is, however, an invitation from Chippenham to visit them on May 13th, when a return football match will be played, and also, we understand, that we are to be initiated into that particularly Wiltshire game, skittles. We have accepted this very kind invitation from our Chippenham friends and look forward to this visit with much pleasure.

THIS MONTH'S WISECRACK.

Seeing is not always believing. We have seen a lot of people we shouldn't believe.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

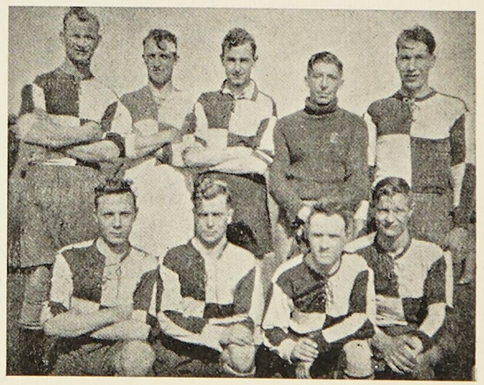
The month of April saw the end of our football season, which has been very successful indeed. We lost the League championship when we were defeated by the leaders, the Rifle Depot, on their own ground, by the odd goal of three, but we have definitely established ourselves as worthy runners-up.

We played four matches during the month. On Saturday, April 1st, we entertained King's Somborne, and the day turned out to be a proper "all fools day" as as far as we were concerned, for our visitors trounced us to the tune of three clear goals. It must be said in our favour that we had most of the play, but I have never seen a forward line miss so many gilt-edged opportunities before. We also suffered a severe set-back early on in the game when Chalk had to leave the field with concussion, but we give our guests credit for giving us our heaviest defeat this season. Having got over this shock, we made the journey to Itchen Valley on Easter Saturday, and to the joy of all concerned we ran out winners of a splendidly contested game by 2 goals to 1. Our hosts, who have about the best defence in the League, certainly defended well, and it was only in the closing stages that we managed to win. Stone and Angell were our goal-getters.

Our next match, on April 15th, was against Micheldever, on our own ground, and we celebrated by banging the ball into the net five times, without any response from our guests. Micheldever certainly tried hard to get going, but were overplayed by a team which was unrecognisable from the team that was trounced by King's Somborne a fortnight previously. Stone (2), Richardson, Bath, and Saint were amongst the goals, and the winning of this match assured us of runners-up position in the League.

On Saturday, April 22nd, we visited the League leaders, the Rifle Depot, at Winchester. This game decided who should win the League so, as can be imagined, a hard game resulted.

At the start we had to face a strong wind and the Rifle Depot set up a series of heavy attacks on our goal. Beckett, in goal, and the rest of the defence, however, excelled themselves until a stray pass found its way to the homesters' centre-



forward, who promptly netted. We were not discouraged by this setback, and, despite the wind, we hit back, and should have equalised when Richardson, with only the goalkeeper to beat, shot wide. About fifteen minutes after the start Bath, our right back, was severely injured, and was taken to hospital; he took no further part in the game. With only ten men, and kicking against a strong wind, our fellows defended heroically, but just before half-time our hosts added their second goal.

Aided by the wind, our fellows jumped into their stride and harassed the Riflemen's defenders continually; indeed, it was only on rare occasions that they could get out of their own half. It was no surprise that we opened our account when Richardson put the ball into the net after a struggle in the goalmouth. There was no further scoring, although we had all the play, and the game ended with the Riflemen champions by defeating us by 2 goals to 1.

The game was very fast and keen and, no doubt, we should have won had we not been so unlucky to lose the services of Bath, who is a fine player. It was afterwards learned that he had three stitches inserted in his head, and we sincerely hope he makes a speedy recovery. We have one more fixture to play, a re-arranged game, at home, against St. Cross, but as this makes no difference to our League position, we shall publish the account in next month's Magazine, when we hope to give a summary of the season.

We are wondering about one of the members of the Office Staff fair sex who fairly regularly attends our matches. Our man about town says she is interested in one of our star half-backs. If this is the case he will have to look to his laurels as she is one of the best of "scouts."

E.A.S.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER—No. 6.

1.—A mouse found some ears of corn in a box. It made nine journeys, and brought out three ears each time. How many ears of corn were in the box at first?

2.—If it takes a clock five seconds to strike five, how long will it take it to strike nine?

3.—A farmer refused 11½ guineas for a cow, and obtained £12. How much was he to the good?

4.—Here are two words. NEW DOOR. Can you make one word with the same letters?

5.—When is it right to put "A" before a plural noun?

6.—A man sold four calves' legs for 2s. 6d. each, and made £2. How did he do it?

(*Solutions on Page* 150).

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

OBITUARY.

We extend our sincere sympathies to Messrs. W. H. G. and W. J. Young in the loss they have sustained by the death of their father, at the advanced age of 86, on Tuesday, 2nd May.

We are pleased to report that our old friends, Messrs. F. Lawrence and A. Wyatt, are progressing favourably, and that Mrs. Walter Young has almost completely recovered from her recent motor accident.

We are sorry to hear Adolphus is at home with a poisoned finger.

Articles under the heading of "Whither are we Going?" and "Whither have we Gone?" which were published in the Magazine in the fall of last year, have their sequel in the events which have happened, and are happening at the present moment in Europe, and the time has come when no longer can we shut our eyes to the facts or refrain from listening to the voice of reason, which have been calling in vain for so long. Civilised communities must awake from their slumber and see to it that the awful catastrophe which is threatening the peace of the world is avoided, and this can only be accomplished by adhering to the principles of Justice and Fair Play, and being definite and resolute in any decisions which have to be made.

The writer has come to the conclusion that to obtain anything like the ideal life which is set before us there must come from individuals effort and self-sacrifice, and the ability at all times to recognise the difficulties of the other man.

The world is now calling upon every man and woman to prove themselves worthy of the name.

If the motto of the British Legion was universally adopted and adapted, the majority of the world's troubles would soon cease—"Service, not self."

The Committee of the Welfare Association met for their monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, 18th April, to make necessary arrangements for Chippenham's visit in the Inter-Factory Sports Competition on Saturday, 22nd; also matters relating to the intended trip to London were discussed.

It was resolved that every effort be made to get the required number to enable the Committee to obtain maximum benefit from the terms offered by the Railway Company. The lists are to be kept open as long as possible.

The visit of our Chippenham friends to Highbridge on Saturday, 22nd April, was looked forward to with pleasure; but, unfortunately, the pleasure was somewhat marred by the gale of wind that was blowing, and which made things uncomfortable. The day previous had been gorgeous, and almost like a real summer's day, and we were hoping to be likewise favoured; but it was not to be. However, we made the best of it, and in our little way we did our very best to entertain our friends and make them feel at home, which was a difficult task as many of our visitors are not accustomed to such boisterous winds that we often experience during the winter months on this part of the coast. Owing to the fact that we were unable to secure a ground at Highbridge for the football match, we had to go to Burnham and play our game on the Burnham United ground after they had finished their League game in the afternoon.

Our visitors arrived about four p.m., accompanied by Mr. Johnston, who deputised for Mr. Long, the esteemed Manager of Royal Wilts Bacon Factory, who we were sorry to learn was unwell and unable to be with us. His genial presence was greatly missed by all. The visitors, together with the members of our Staff Welfare Association, were entertained to tea at the Crown Hotel, Oxford Street, Burnham, where mine host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. A. Munro) catered for our needs with a goodly supply of victuals, which were appreciated by all, and full justice done to them, judging by the look of sweet content on the faces of our happy gathering. The chair was taken by our Manager, Mr. A. G. Kidley, supported by Mr. Johnston, Captain C. Herbert Smith, Mr. P. H. J. Doble, and the secretaries and committee of the Welfare Association, Messrs. W. J. Pople and R. C. Lynham, and the Sports Secretary, Mr. C. B. Shier.

We adjourned to the football field at 5.15 p.m. to see the first part of the Inter-Factory sports, viz., football, commonly known as "Soccer," and Highbridge were fortunate in winning the toss and playing with the wind in the first half. The kick off was made at 5.30 p.m., with Mr. E. Lewis as referee and Messrs. Burchell and Shier as linesmen. Highbridge proved themselves superior by putting three goals in before half-time, although it is fair to say that many of the Highbridge side had been accustomed to playing in very windy weather, and naturally were more able to judge their kicking than our friends were. In the second half Chippenham did rouse themselves to action, and very soon after the interval scored a goal, which made the score 3—1, but Highbridge, playing against the wind and using good judgment, scored twice more, making the total score Highbridge, 5; Chippenham, 1. Had it been a nice calm day the score would have been more even.

We adjourned to the same hotel for skittles, and, by the way, this hotel possesses a good alley representative of the centre board and wood ball allies of our county, and was practically a neutral alley for both teams. As time was getting late, and we had so much to do, it was suggested by our friends that we play only three hands instead of the usual five, and this was agreed upon. The final results proved Highbridge were again winners by 37 pins. Never mind, Chippenham, better luck next time. The cup was meant to go around.

The whole party then adjourned to the festive board for the usual bread-and-cheese and onions, and everyone appeared to be on good terms with themselves. After a few words from our Chairman, welcoming our friends and expressing regret that Mr. Long could not be with us, Mr. Johnston, on behalf of Chippenham, presented the President's Cup to Highbridge for securing the most points in the games. Mr. A. Hill, captain of the football team, received the cup, and was accorded musical honours. The cup was filled during the evening and the health of the donor and of the winning

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team was duly toasted amidst boisterous applause.

The evening all too soon came to an end at 10.30 p.m., with a feeling that all's well that ends well, although the wind had proved a bit of a nuisance during the day.

We are pleased to report that several of the Factory and Creamery employees have decided to support the country's call to National Service, and have joined the "Terriers," whilst others belong to A.R.P. Service as Wardens and Ambulance Men and the Observer Corps. Here's luck to their patriotism.

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE COMPETITION, HELD AT BRIDGWATER.

We offer our congratulations to one of our Factory Staff, Mr. R. Slocombe, being one of two privates of our local Brigade who successfully won a prize in the individual test as stretcher-bearers from the whole of the competitors taking part.

C.B.S.

* * *

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 148

1.—Nine. Two of the ears it brought out each time were its own.

2.—Ten seconds. When it strikes five there are four spaces of time, each being $1\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. When it strikes nine there are eight such spaces, therefore $8 \times 1\frac{1}{4} = 10$ seconds.

3.—$11\frac{1}{2}$ guineas=£12 1s. 6d. He lost 1s. 6d.

4.—ONE WORD.

5.—A-MEN.

6.—Four calves have got 16 legs between them. 16 x 2s. 6d.—£2.

* * *

I don't like work—no man does—but I like what is in work—the chance to find oneself.—JOSEPH CONRAD.

* * *

Lord, enlighten us to see the beam that is in our own eye, and blind us to the mote that is in our brother's.—STEVENSON.

* * *

If you don't try to live up to your ideals, the chances are that they will come down to you.

IPSWICH.

Edited by J. E. SMITH.

SOCIAL NEWS.

Our local Editor has just pointed out that the Ipswich report was lacking last month, and the baleful gleam in his eye, and the menace in his voice, have so intimidated me that I hasten to expiate my offence.

For the most part we have, since the disastrous flood, lived more peacefully, if less moistly, through a long period of dull, cold, wet, "further outlook unsettled" weather.

Nature, however, goes on her appointed way, and recks not of our puny rages, and, with the advent of May, and fair weather, the countryside is eloquent of spring. This week-end we have been down the country lanes, and taken toll of their harvest of primroses, of cowslips, of lovely bluebells. We have seen the exquisite beauty of the blossoming fruit trees—transcendent joy to the eye in their glorious garb of spring, with its eternal promise of the harvest yet to come. It is really wonderful what a change has been wrought in the past few weeks. Trees, then seemingly bare and gaunt, are now radiant in their new-found foliage of tender green, and the woodlands show an endless variety of shades. Cottage gardens are gay with their profusion of flowers—conspicuous amongst which are the humble, but very lovely, wallflowers. The fields, too, have their own beauty, with the tender green shoots of growing crops hiding each day yet more of the good brown earth which gave them life.

With so much that is unsettling in our daily lives, with the political horizon so dreadfully obscured, it is a joy to the soul to see the simple beauty of Nature thus displayed in this our England in springtime, and to draw renewed strength therefrom.

Our bill of health has been a sorry tale for some time now, with a quite formidable list of absentees. Listen to the roll-call! Miss L. Moss, Messrs. E. Smith, W. Allen, G. Springate, S. Trew, and C. Chipperfield all still away, and Mr. B. Goodchild just returned to work. To all these sufferers we extend our sympathy and good wishes. We sympathise, too, with Mr. C. Wright, whose wife is suffering a long and painful illness, and with Mr. W. Eaton whose little daughter has just undergone a serious operation. News has just come in that Miss Ivy Smith, who collided with a lorry whilst cycling, has sustained a fractured wrist. Hard luck, Ivy; thank goodness it is no worse.

To turn to happier events, we offer our congratulations to Mr. G. Garrod, whose wife presented him with a little daughter in March, and to Mr. G. Lockwood, who recently found himself the proud father of a little son.

Earlier in these notes I was speaking of spring, and it was perhaps the exhilaration of that season that caused a certain gentleman in our Office to seat himself on a rather long table. Now it happens that this gentleman was not designed by Nature for a jockey or light-weight boxer, and the table, though stoutly built, could not withstand the strain! The resultant crash brought all the Staff to the scene in time to see the unfortunate Miss Charlton emerging from the wreckage, bruised, but smiling bravely. As this same gentleman has been responsible for the disintegration of sundry chairs, we have revised an old saying, which now reads: "More 'Haste'—less furniture!"

The holiday season has started, and many plans are being made and hopes entertained for the good times ahead. Let us hope that they will materialise, 'neath sunny summer skies, both for our own people here and for our friends at other Branches.

A. H. MACKENZIE.

WOMEN'S ROLE.

Shakespeare's creation of Portia, that noble advocate in the "Merchant of Venice," was a unique anticipation of the time when women's interests would be considerably extended, and when they would be undertaking successfully many tasks that were thought to be reserved for men only.

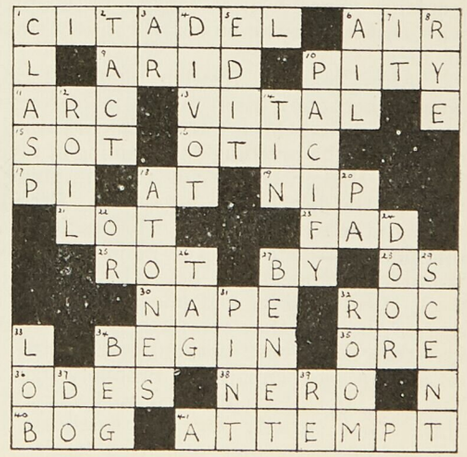
In Parliament there are now a dozen or so women members. Lady Astor was the first to be elected in the year 1920, and her earnest advocacy of temperance, and all things relating to the highest welfare of women and children, has won for her the respect of all parties. During the last three years over 700 women have been appointed Magistrates, and are entitled to put the letters J.P. after their names. There have been many women Mayors, and without exception they have discharged their year of office with dignity and honour.

Our county of Suffolk has provided many notable personalities, and, for a woman, the most outstanding is that of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, M.D., who was born at Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Her father, Mr. Newson Garrett, was the first Mayor of Aldeburgh under the last Charter granted by Queen Victoria in 1882. She married Mr. James G. S. Anderson, the founder of the "Orient Line," and their son, Sir Alan Garrett Anderson, G.B.E., is at the present time Member of Parliament for the City of London. A sister of Mrs. Anderson, the late Dame Millicent Garrett Fawcett, G.B.E., married the blind Postmaster-General. Mrs. Anderson first became associated with the municipal life of Aldeburgh in the year 1907. She was one of the pioneers of the Women's Suffrage Movement, and directly women were allowed to have the vote in municipal elections, she was elected to the Aldeburgh Council. A year later she was elected Mayor, and thus brought fame to Suffolk and her native Borough as being the first woman ever to be elected to that office in England. She was again re-elected in 1909, and after serving three years as a Councillor did not seek further election.

Mrs. Anderson was very prominent in the medical profession, being the first woman in England, and probably the whole world, to obtain her M.D. degree. Evidence of

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Solution to The Ipswich Crossword No. 4.



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the esteem in which she was held throughout the country, especially in London, was the provision after her death of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Memorial Hospital. Mrs. Anderson died in 1918 and is buried in Aldeburgh churchyard.

Mrs. Eveline M. Lowe adds to the history of women's emancipation by being elected the first woman Chairman of the London County Council, and will be addressed as "Mr. Chairman." Mrs. Lowe was among those to welcome the President of the French Republic and Mme. Lebrun during their recent visit to London, and President Lebrun has conferred upon Mrs. Lowe the Commander of the Legion of Honour; but even with these combined honours she prefers to do her own housework and gardening at her Bermondsey home.

Law and architecture, literature and journalism, arts and crafts, business and commerce, have all opened their doors to the woman of to-day. It still remains true, however, that a woman's throne is in her home. The price of a good wife and mother is above rubies.

B. J. Haste.

(We desire to express our grateful thanks to Mr. George Daldy, the Town Clerk of Aldeburgh, to whom we are indebted for the authentic particulars relating to Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D.—Ed.)

IPSWICH TO BRISTOL.

Anyone who is at all observant of the things about them cannot fail to be interested when taking a journey in any direction across England. Surely there can be no country with such variety in so comparatively small an area.

After leaving Ipswich and entering Newmarket, one's interest is at first aroused by the fact that this is a town almost entirely devoted to the breeding and training of race-horses. Many were having their morning's trot on the heathlands adjoining. Passing through the town I could not but notice how diminutive in stature the majority of the population appear to be. This point in itself is interesting, and one asks if this is due to the fact that the jockeys and stable fraternity have been brought to the district on account of occupation. Probably such is the case, but I am inclined to think that this is not entirely so; the smallness in stature may be an inherited trait. I imagine these lad's fathers were jockeys, and possibly also their grandfathers. I imagine that the remuneration in that part of the world is an inverse ratio to one's size.

Entering a University town thoughts take another angle, and one cannot help being impressed by the atmosphere of a University town like Cambridge, with its marvellous colleges and playing fields, and the power of learning which all this represented. But Cambridge, as a county, struck me as being plain and ugly.

The features of the land, however, change when one reaches St. Neots. This very pretty district, purely agricultural, is certainly prosperous from a farming point of view. Approaching Bedford we think of onions, and for some reason or other farmers in this district favour soot as a dressing for their land. The reason for this I am not sure. I believe soot, in addition to its value as source of nitrogen, has a flocculating effect on certain classes of clay soil, and I have not seen it used so extensively elsewhere. Bedford seems to cater extensively for the London vegetable market, and even as early as the first day of May the peas in the field were showing signs of blossom.

Coming into Buckinghamshire the scenery changes again, and for any visitor like myself, who has been used to touring in a county where the land is at least 65 per cent. under plough, and to find almost the whole county devoted to pasture, makes me think that farming in Buckinghamshire might be classed as a sedentary occupation. What do these farmers find to occupy their time? How small the amount of labour they appear to employ as compared with the county of Norfolk, where farmers have to be out in the early morning to arrange the work for the day according to the weather conditions and who have to be in constant touch with the workers and machinery. I wonder how many farmers in Buckinghamshire can draw a furrow. Certainly they are skilled in laying a quick-thorn fence; some of this was done remarkably well, in a manner unique in my experience.

I tried to avoid Oxford. I hate traffic, and the last time I nearly got jammed, so I made my way to Witney. I expected to see a lot of blankets. They were doubtless in the factories; but approaching Witney I was very attracted by the little village of Fairford. The industry of cement making is carried on here. The underlying rock

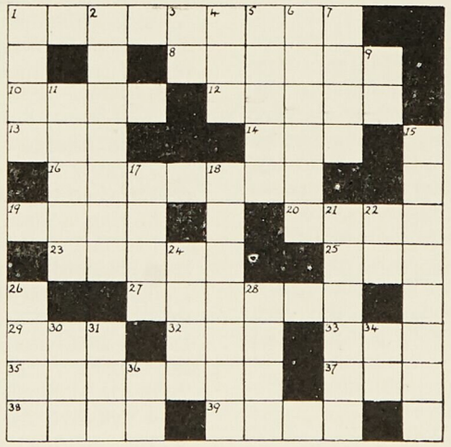
formation is fossiliferous limestone, quite different from anything that can be found in the Eastern Counties. I went into one of the quarries and found that this stone is used for a variety of purposes. It can be burned for agricultural lime; used for the manufacture of cement it is graded for purposes of road skirting or hewn for the construction of buildings or walls. As an amateur geologist I was fascinated to see a formation which I had only read about, and was elated when I found oyster and other shells, a canine tooth, and vertebra of some prehistoric reptile. One had to trade on their imagination to visualise the formation of this rock under the sea some millions of years ago, and to wonder when the uplift occurred to bring it so far above sea level; and what was the nature of these reptiles whose tooth and vertebra were the only evidence of their pre-existence.

Further West the fences dividing the pasture and fields were built entirely of stone. These appealed to me no end owing to the fact that they were new to me, and also I could not help admiring the craftsmanship of the men who for generations have learned to build these walls so well. I am glad to know that this local stone is used for purposes of building houses in these districts, and, coming further to that most charming village of Bidbury, I was not surprised to learn that visitors come from long distances to admire the charm of the setting of this very pretty village, built as it is almost in the limestone rocks, with its meandering rivulet by the side of the road. I thought how easily the whole of this effect could be spoilt if any builder were to erect a residence made of red brick from the Suffolk clays.

The charm of the countryside to my mind is enhanced when you come to villages which have a distinctive setting in harmony with local conditions. The tendency of modern transport and machine made materials is to break down all this. It is the source of raw material and its cost which decides what shall be used in erection. If we had local material we should build with local material, and thus retain a distinctiveness and variety which adds so much to ascetic charm. In some districts of Suffolk you will find all the older houses built with mud blocks, and their straw-thatched roofs give a picturesque effect. The reason they are built of mud is that transport was expensive when they were erected. There was no stone or roofing available, and the clay contained too much lime to allow for burning

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THE IPSWICH CROSSWORD (No. 5).



The solution will appear next month.

Down.

1.—A shoe would not be complete without it.
2.—There can be magic about this light.
3.—In Soho.
4.—Jump lightly.
5.—Belonging to the smaller intestine.
6.—Cleanser.
7.—The artistic part of a sketch.
9.—Pardon?
11.—Welcome to the traveller in the desert.
15.—Of a loftier kind.
17.—Material for thatching.
18.—Not allowed.
21.—Adorned.
22.—It belongs to me.
24.—There is no plumpness about this.
26.—A fastening.
28.—It's a pure county.
30.—Fifth sign of the Zodiac.
31.—Australian bird.
34.—Us.
36.—The thing spoken about.

Across.

1.—A famous county.
8.—A limestone.
10.—He has no company.
12.—It has a nip in it.
13.—A knotted lace.
14.—The end of your cigarette.
16.—This should be appreciated.
19.—For temporary use only.
20.—Play about.
23.—Active.
25.—Grain.
27.—Dredge.
29.—It comes from malt.
32.—Maturity.
33.—Corny whiskers.
35.—This group of students takes an advance course of study.
37.—Most people welcome this in the afternoon.
38.—Why do this when you can smile.
39.—This instrument resembles the guitar.

D. Sherwood

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into brick. The clay was puddled with straw, moulded into a block, dried for a period of time, and then used for erection; or else a house, with modern frame-work, was built, and clay and wattle were used for the walls. To give another instance, I can take you to many villages on the coast of Norfolk where round shingle is easily obtained from the sea-shore, and this forms the chief building material with pleasing effect. I noticed, too, that at Bidbury the roofing was made of tiles hewn out from the limestone. I did not see any attempt at reed thatching, such as one would find in some parts of Suffolk and Norfolk, as, for instance, at Somerleyton.

Coming towards Bristol the geological condition changes, the softer rock that one has previously met now becomes a darker colour and very much harder, due to the fact of the influence of other mineral ingredients, such as iron, copper, and lead. The wonderful panoramic views which are seen from the hills around Chippenham were certainly a delight to the eye. Similar landscape we do not see at home, though we might take our visitors to see a striking contrast on the Broads of Norfolk, a large expanse of inland lakes, so popular to the holiday makers.

The woodlands at this time of the year are delightful. We saw several carpeted with bluebells and anemones, one with wild garlic was less desirable, and there are doubtless others equally charming. The flora of the district seems to vary somewhat from that of my own county. I do not know anywhere in the Eastern Counties where you will find the wayfarers' tree growing wild, though this is common in the West of England; our woodlands are beautiful, and some unique. There is one of many acres which grows lent lillies to profusion, and other numerous primrose woods common to most counties; but one that I know of will not grow primroses, but polyanthus and orchids instead. We have woods also where lily of the valley grow wild; we have garlic woods and the very graceful fritillary grows wild in parts of Suffolk. I missed the wild stretches of bracken and heather which are common in many parts of my home area.

The bird life in the West seems to be less varied than the Eastern Counties, but I was interested to see the magpie on frequent occasions; it is rarely seen in East Anglia. I saw very little of the gull species; this may have been due to weather conditions at the time. Is it a fact that you have very few rookeries; and would this be due to the nature of the feeding ground, which would be more congenial in an arable county? I did not see any heron, and this is rather surprising with the number of river valleys which you have. Possibly the heron likes to have access to tidal estuaries in addition.

J. E. Smith.

GLEANINGS.

In an Art Shop.

The prospective customer entered the art shop. "I want to see some of those pictures that are done by scratchin'," he said to the assistant. The assistant thought for a moment, and then his face lighted up. "Oh, yes," he said, "you mean itchings."

* * *

Why He was at Home.

The caller knocked at the door of the suburban villa. "Is Mr. Smith in?" he asked. "Yes, he is," replied the lady of the house. "That's fine," said the visitor. "Maybe I can collect the money he owes me?" Mrs. Smith smiled scornfully. "You're an optimist," she said. "If my husband had any money he wouldn't be in."

* * *

The Sweet Song and its Refrain.

Bachelor: Before the wedding you told me that married life would be one grand, sweet song. Benedict, gloomily: Yes, and since then I've found it one grand, sweet refrain. Bachelor: Refrain? Benedict: Yes, my wife insists that I refrain from cards, refrain from smoking, and refrain from the club!

* * *

Looking Ahead.

Young Douglas had reached the age of seven when he was promoted to the dignity of having a room to himself. His parents had furnished it with great care and showed it to him with no little pride and satisfaction. Douglas viewed it in silence. "Now, son," said his father, "this furniture is of the best. It will last you a lifetime." Still Douglas kept silent. "Don't you like it, Douglas?" "Oh yes, I like it. But how do I know my wife will like it?"

THIS MONTH'S HINT.

Instead of scrubbing and washing the tiles in your home, try this simple method. Clean with a chamois leather wrung out of water in the same manner as cleaning windows. Polish with a clean, *warm* duster, and you will find that the tiles will be twice as shining, with no dirt or grease smears on them.

K. C. Downes.

* * *

KIDLINGTON.

Edited by L. STOCKDALE.

We are all sorry indeed to learn that Mr. Bodinnar has, so far, been unable to make his annual visit to Kidlington, but trust that we shall have the pleasure of his company during next autumn, to which we will all look forward more so than ever.

A small party from Calne made a half-day visit to Kidlington just recently. During the afternoon and early evening billiards, table tennis, and darts matches were played between the home and away teams.

At table tennis Calne proved far superior to our men, and Herby particularly surprised some of our local champions. At billiards, however, Kidlington were quite equal to their opponents, perhaps because they were more practised to the speed of the tables, on which many of our visitors were heard to express their amazement.

Tea was served by Mrs. Bull "and company" after which Herby obliged with a song, playing his own accompaniment at the piano.

Our friends left about eight o'clock for a visit to the theatre at Oxford, which we hope, was a pleasant conclusion to their outing.

We are now looking forward to a return visit in the near future.

A complete black-out experiment was carried out in Kidlington just recently. The air raid sirens sounded the approach of enemy aircraft, at which A.R.P. Wardens and all other auxiliary units took their positions. All lights were extinguished and traffic proceeded with side lights only. The planes from Kidlington Aerodrome swept over the village and rockets played the part of bombs.

After a while the all-clear was sounded and the decontamination squad, in full equipment, busied themselves with hose pipes and scrubbing brushes. The auxiliary fire-brigade dashed to extinguish a fire at a house which was being rapidly devoured by flames and, with the aid of the fire-escape, rescued the occupant of an upper room.

The whole performance, which was very realistic, was carried out with the greatest efficiency, and praise is due to the training of all those who took part.

Two very successful billiard competitions have just been completed, and our congratulations are due to Mr. W. Hillier and Mr. Fenemore the winners. This is the second competition won by our enthusiastic secretary, he having previously won a cue. This time he asked for a cue case, and with the balance of the prize-money bought two chalk ceiling suspenders, which he sportingly gave to the Club. Mr. Fenemore received a cup. The result in this competition was in doubt until the last game, and our condolences are offered to Mr. Curtis on losing by such a small margin.

* * *

LONDON.

Edited by T. GODWIN.

I have read with sympathy and understanding the opening remarks of our Leeds Editor in last month's "Mag."

Perhaps by reminding him of a few lines of poetry (of which he seems so fond), he might be heartened, although whether it was originally intended to refer to Editors—long-suffering though they be—I should hardly like to say. But you shall judge for yourselves; here it is:—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.
Full many a rose is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

THE PLAGUE VILLAGE OF ENGLAND.

I remember a certain morning on my summer holiday some years ago when we were preparing to pay a visit to Eyam, in Derbyshire.

All around me there was the usual hustle and bustle caused by 70 odd people preparing for a day's tramp. As they passed

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and re-passed me I was only vaguely aware of them, because this morning of my holiday my thoughts were busy weaving patterns of sickness, death, and sorrow; of a grey little village under a cloud of deepest tragedy; of the cries of the dying, the prayers of the living, and the wails of the bereaved. I was filled with a grim sense of boding; a despondent certainty that I was about to feel the weight of the atmosphere of tragedy—a morbid obsession when on holiday with a gay crowd of people.

I had often heard of the story of Eyam, and been successively interested and horrified according to my age at the several times when the subject cropped up. Till now, when I was about to visit the actual village, I was in a state of all pervading melancholy. My brain kept repeating all I had ever heard of how, when the plague was raging in London, a tailor in Eyam ordered a bale of cloth which, when it arrived from London, contained a deadly plague germ. How the tailor and his family caught the plague and died; how the disease spread throughout the village, sweeping all before it, leaving out of a population of a little over 300 a pitiful 30 or so; how the brave Rector, William Mompesson, with the aid of the Lord of the Manor, isolated the village; how the villagers toiled up a little path in the hills to lay their vinegar-sterilised money in "Mompesson's Well" in exchange for food left there by people from other villages; tending the sick, buried the dead, and comforted those who still survived; and how, at the end, Mompesson's wife herself caught the plague and died.

By the time my feet had carried me with the others half-way across Eyam Moor, and seeing my companions enjoying themselves in whole-hearted manner, I did my best to banish these dreadful thoughts. I had more or less succeeded when we came to Mompesson's Well. Craning over the iron railings now surrounding the well, I nevertheless had the feeling that it was impertinent of us to stand there in that spot that had seen so many melancholy pilgrimages, and I was glad when we moved on.

And then, just as we rounded the breast of the hill the clouds that had been curling round the sun all day slipped away, and Eyam village sprawled at our feet in the sunshine. Then it was that my boding melted into nothingness and I lost my melancholy, and I became once again an irresponsible holiday maker.

It was coloured washing—many hued, vivid, flaunting, gay, and so audaciously and good-humouredly "un-tragic."

PICK-POCKETS.

When first I came to London I was always impressed by the many warning notices exhibited in the underground passages and tubes of the London railways, and I remember having a confident feeling of security that no-one could put their hand into my pocket without my knowing it. I expect many of you who might be visiting London would say the same thing. However, you must remember that these pick-pockets work in twos and threes, and are just about as dexterous with their hands as professional conjurers.

What has prompted me to write this article is that I was almost a victim only a few days ago, and perhaps some knowledge of their system of working may put readers on their guard.

My pockets have only been attempted on getting into trams and buses. The first occasion was just before the War, and very near to Christmas. I was in a tram starting from Smithfield terminus. About the third lady the conductor asked for her fare suddenly realised she had lost her bag, and was just leaving when some valiant person offered to pay. At the same time another lady got very excited and shouted that she had lost her bag. A few more fares and the conductor came to me. About that time it was customary to carry a pig-skin purse, and gold was in currency. My purse had disappeared with those two bags, and although I was wearing a thick overcoat at the time, it had been taken from my trouser pocket. I was told that quite a large number of purses and bags were scattered about the road at the terminus the following morning.

There is no doubt that the men are very clever at their game. They are usually well dressed, with stylish and good-quality clothes, and would be taken as men of some means. Now for the recent and second attack in which they were not so successful.

It happened whilst I was boarding a bus at Holborn Circus, together with about eight others. I was somewhere in the middle. One man in front of me suddenly discovered he was getting on the wrong bus and started pushing to get off. His actions seemed curious, for as I stepped aside one way he did exactly the same, although he was facing me, and it appeared that we were dodging one another. Suddenly I felt conscious of a hand in my hip pocket. I got my hand round quickly and gripped the man who had backed off the bus on to the pavement. At the same time I shouted to the conductor to get the police. The man protested his innocence, but I still clung to him, and I also named his confederate—the fellow who was deliberately obstructing me on the bus. Someone in the crowd said, "Just see if your money is all right." This I did, and while doing so I released my hold, and at this moment the policeman arrived. Fortunately my money was intact. Another shout from the crowd, "Look, he's running away through the Arcade." He had clean gone, the crowd making easy his escape, and I could do nothing to help the police.

So, on the bus again, where the passengers were excited after the little performance. A little way on two passengers in their excitement, had gone about half-a-mile too far.

And the moral: When visiting London look after your pockets when you are getting on trams and buses.

G.C.

CONCERNING A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW.

More often than not you will find that people gifted in one of the arts have an uncommon sense of humour, and I think this is shown in a stained-glass window in the Parish Church of Elham, near Folkestone. The Vicar's brother was the artist who designed this window, depicting David, as a youth, playing his harp before King Saul. The monarch is seated upon a throne, and is surrounded by a number of counsellors.

As a picture the window is excellent, and at first glance would not strike anyone as being in the slightest degree remarkable or calling for special examination or notice. But the extraordinary feature about the window is that every face, at the time it was designed, was a portrait of a living celebrity. The faces are not confined to either sex, or to any particular class. Royalty, nobility, and commoner are represented, the figures including politicians of different parties, princesses, a famous author and sage, and a leading female singer of the day.

The most prominent figure in the window is that of King Saul, and the beholder is astonished to find surrounded by all the regal pomp and ceremony, so vigorously scoffed at and derided by him, a lifelike representation of Thomas Carlyle, the Sage of Chelsea. Carlyle was living when the window was designed, and certainly no better portrait can be seen anywhere of the great writer. At his side sits David, and the designer took as his model none other than Madame Adeline Patti. In the lower part of the window beneath King Saul are shown ladies and, among these can be plainly distinguished Princess Alice, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, daughters of the late Queen Victoria.

Further interesting portraits are to be found among the counsellors of King Saul. Standing close to the monarch are Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, and standing behind David is Lord Salisbury.

Adopting the features of living celebrities he considered most suitable for the character was certainly novel and humorous.

S.W.M.

* * *

If you are going to do a good thing, do it now; if you are going to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow.—ANON.

* * *

Not every way has a gate to it: some of the loveliest paths begin with a stile.—HUGH REDWOOD.

* * *

Authority should be radiated, not paraded.—Count CARLO.

* * *

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—RUSKIN.

* * *

You can't help preaching what you practice.

* * *

Try to agree to disagree without being disagreeable about it.

* * *

A job is always hard when we have not learned the right way to do it.

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LEEDS.

Edited by G. C. CAMPBELL.

One subject ought to be taboo when Spring is in the air, and that subject is what is designated "Crisis." There would be fewer ruffled nerves if our newspapers paid more attention to the annual miracle of Nature's unfolding life (which to them is not "*news*"), and a great deal less to the mental gymnastics of feeble men with ambitions to emulate the gods of mythology, Odin or Thor. It is a welcome change to turn to the odd page in *good newspapers* which tell the story of the arrival of the swallows and the song of the thrush. This thought was well stated by a "Yorkshire Post" correspondent recently :—

I plead with you for Armistice,
Till Spring has had her say.
What may befall, I must not miss
The scent of new-mown hay.

Your bogey men call off awhile,
Your harpy "crisis" rest.
You will not hear the shouts of "Heil"
Where golden plover nest.

Walk the hills where Winter's snow
Melts slowly to the dale.
There, unreal, full of woe,
Will seem your Winter's tale.

Last Saturday afternoon was sunny, but chilly, and the painters were busy finishing the brightening process at my house, a process I decided should go ahead in the normal way, and there was an insistent call from my little girl to go out and "look for nests." So we set off across the fields, catching glimpses of busy plovers in the furrows, and hearing the blithe song of the larks. We crossed the little beck and meandered among holly and gorse ; and then, to the Uplands, with wide views and bracing breezes. And in the hedgerows we peeped into nests old and new, to the great joy of one young heart. By-and-bye we passed along a field where the plough was busy, and the crows equally busy, and stopped at the farm to pat the collie and admire the animals. After our ramble, glowing with healthy exercise, we followed a country lane and called at "the little shop." The important business of collecting the most gorgeous barley sugars completed, we bought a cocoanut and a bag of pea-nuts to string and hang on the bird table at home for our big family of tits and finches. There is something akin to us all in Nature. It will help us to balance our ideas if we go out and, "in quietness and confidence," re-learn half-forgotten truths amid the solitude of the moors and valleys dressed in Spring beauty, and re-capture something of the inner peace we need.

Meanwhile it will soon be time for the sheep to be shorn, and to me they always then appear ludicrous objects—miserable sheep, deprived of their entire wardrobe, wandering about in the dusk like plaintive ghosts, breaking every now and then into a sudden chorus of distress. A Wharfedale farmer tells me that many a lamb gets weaned at clipping time and does not afterwards know its own parent.

And no wonder. There is a certain woolly dignity about the panting matron of early Spring, but there is little to inspire confidence in the later pale-cropped creatures. What I always think is that they should cease their plaints and grow new coats again as quickly as possible to cover their nakedness and hide their knock-knees.

It is a pleasant indication of the coming of the long days to note that the period of continuous twilight is now beginning to set in over the extreme north of the British Isles.

It is an interesting example, too, of the balancing of the year's sunlight to find that in those high latitudes the nightless period lasts four months, whereas in the southern counties of England darkness is absent only two months of the year.

May I suggest to readers who enjoy reminiscences that they should get a volume entitled "Doctors in Shirt Sleeves," collected by Sir Henry Bashford. The articles cover a wide variety of subjects from Sir David Munro's adventures in the first motor-car seen on Indian roads to Dr. Lewis Smith's "Hobbies." I would ask the indulgence of the Editor to quote from Dr. Stephen Taylor's reflections upon the modern woman.

If a woman sometimes envies man his place in the hurly-burly of life, she has one great consolation : "As she ages she wonderfully ripens. Old ladies are, I think, both happier and wiser than old men. A young spinster is a menace, a middle-aged one a misfortune, but an old one a delight.

"In their timeless feminality old ladies no longer grieve for what they were. The shrewd young man pays court to them and learns from their vast experience. They are amused at the antics of youth, and its absurdities never shock them. They have weathered the tempests of emotions and enjoy the haven of peace. Theirs is the ultimate triumph over the follies of men."

And now, here is your monthly story.

A concert was being held at the village schoolroom, and it came to Sandy's turn to give his bagpipes solo. When the applause had died down a voice from the back shouted, "Give us 'Annie Laurie,' Sandy !"

"What," asked Sandy, surprised and flattered, "again ?"

G.C.C.

* * *

REDRUTH.

Edited by A. J. CLARK.

So many gratifying remarks have been made regarding the increased number of readers we have obtained during the last month that it remains now for us to obtain a corresponding increase in the number of contributors to our Section. Last month we were pleased to have an account of the Redruth Trades Exhibition by a member of our Staff who was in charge. This month we welcome an article written by another member of our Staff.

During the Easter week-end we were very pleased to receive a surprise visit from Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar, who were spending the holiday week-end at Newquay, and we hope that the Cornish air, with the glorious weather which we experienced during the week-end, will have benefited them both. It is all too rarely that we receive a visit from Mr. Bodinnar, and the surprise of this visit, together with the presence of Mrs. Bodinnar, made this an added pleasure.

A.J.C.

Reading may be regarded in various ways. To some it is indeed a pleasure ; others take it as a matter of course, so as to be cultured, for no-one can be of fine culture if not widely-read. Again, there are some people who read because they wish to become so well reputed in knowledge, and to understand the world in general, like their learned fathers before them. There are a few who read only by compulsion. If asked to what group of people I belong, I should unhesitatingly say the first, for I find great enjoyment in reading.

It is always wise to take a few good books with you on holiday. Perhaps a cold or wet day compels you to remain indoors, then a good book can be a close friend. Some may not be of this opinion, but that is probably because they have not made their choice of books well. Books are much more appreciated and widely-read during a winter rather than a summer holiday. With a glowing log fire and a comfortable easy chair or pouffe, an afternoon of reading can be made one of perfect contentment. In the summer months one's thoughts naturally turn to cycling, fishing, swimming, boating, cruising, and other delights. There are very few who think of taking books of any kind except light literature, which only provides temporary pleasure, and which never creates a lasting impression. After a holiday spent in such fashion, however, one finds it extremely difficult to fall back into the ordinary way of living.

Discontent is alive, scattering itself on everyone's doorstep. I have experienced it myself, but on my more recent holidays I have taken some books with me, which not only have I enjoyed at the time, but long afterwards. I am eager to broaden my knowledge still further. Even on a cycling tour I always manage to tuck a book or two in a corner of my haversack, and when I stop by a quiet roadside for a picnic lunch, I invariably find myself looking forward to a short read.

Such books as "Ivanhoe," "Treasure Island," and many of Dickens' novels, as well as a selection from Shakespeare's works, would indeed act as a sedative to the discontented and idle mind. For my own part I thoroughly enjoy that which I know really occurred in past history, and including history books, I should certainly select Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." The more

often one reads it the more is its style of writing enhanced.

In choosing one's holiday books it is worth while making a point of taking care in the selection of authors, for such writers can either increase one's knowledge or lower one's principles.

Therefore, holiday reading is a wise plan, for reading is knowledge, and knowledge is power.

M.S.

* * *

TOTNES.

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

Our Totnes Editor is unfortunately confined to bed with a very bad cold, and as I felt that any attempt on his part to write up Magazine copy might not lessen the headache which is already his, I gladly volunteered to make some effort to see that something from Totnes appears in our June issue.

There is no time of the year quite so charming as Spring, and here, in the ancient Borough of Totnes and the surrounding districts, we see Nature in all her beauty on every side. Yet the world itself seems to be full of so many things that are disturbing and worrying that we are in danger of allowing the joys of our Spring countryside to pass unnoticed. Everything seems to be taking our minds from the peace and tranquility of Spring, and all that Spring means, to the troubles and trials of national and international affairs.

We listen on the wireless in the evening and we hear speeches, or accounts of speeches, delivered by the leaders of the different countries. We take up our newspaper the next morning and read about the same speeches that were told us the night before. Our conversations are full of the Budget taxes, and we even begin to wonder whether something has not really gone wrong with our English weather when, at the time of writing, we hear that there has been 48 hours of continuous rain at Calne, whilst here, in Devon, we have had none. The ordinary smooth-running of daily life here in peaceful Totnes is also thrown out of gear by the bus strike, which is making travel to and from business very difficult even for some members of our own Staff, and so this poor old world of ours, with all its noise and fears, keeps struggling along, and in the midst of it all we are, perhaps, missing the beauty which Spring again brings.

We cannot very well miss the arrival of many annual events, particularly in certain foreign countries, because they are heralded with massed bands, long speeches, and much shouting; but the arrival of Spring is unnoticed by us because she comes in silence. In a world in which power seems to be measured by the marching of men, the display of armoured cars and aeroplanes, we are almost unmindful that each year Nature's power is revealed before our eyes in the silent growth of the fields of corn, and the opening of the leaves upon the trees. I cannot imagine that the beautiful Devon hedgerows could ever have been more beautiful than they are just now. Our friends who come here for their summer holidays see a glorious Devon that lives up to its name, yet it must have been in the Spring that the poet wrote the words of the song which goes like this :—

When Adam and Eve were dispossessed
Of the Garden hard by Heaven,
They planted another one down in the West,
Twas Devon, glorious Devon.

Here, at the Totnes Factory, things seem to be going along much the same as usual. Pig supplies are improving with the approach of warmer weather, and as very soon the population of South Devon will be considerably increased with the arrival of hundreds of visitors, the additional pigs are very acceptable.

We extend a very hearty invitation to any of our friends from Calne, or elsewhere, who may be in the vicinity of Totnes during their holidays this summer, to call and see us, if only for a few minutes. We are rather a long way from the centre of things, but despite this, we are proud to remember that we are numbered among the Harris family, and when someone pays us a visit from another Factory it seems to break down the isolation of which we are so often very conscious.

W.B.F.

* * *

If you have half-an-hour to spare don't spend it with those who haven't.

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BY APPOINTMENT.
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 13. —— JULY, 1939. —— No. 7.



THE date fixed for holding the annual Summer Show and Carnival, arranged by the Harris Welfare Association, is Saturday, August the 19th.

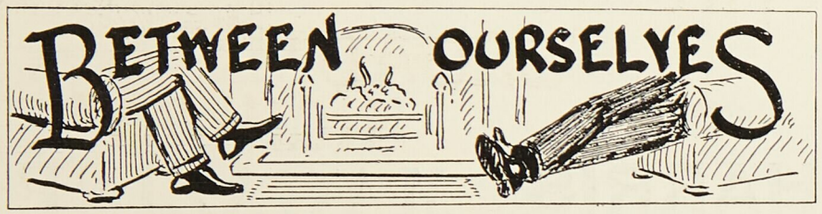
Eighteen years ago our first Annual Show was held in the Recreation Ground. Since then successful Shows have been held in the grounds of Castle House, by kind permission of the late Mr. H. G. Harris, and also at the Woodlands. Each Show has attracted increasingly large attendances, and a few years ago a return was made to the Recreation Ground.

One of the most charming interludes during the summer months of pre-War England was the Flower Show. These Shows were a happy centre for social reunion, and were also an effective link between the local community and the county families, under whose patronage they were invariably held. At night the flaring lights of a travelling fair illuminated the field, the young people danced to the music of the village or town band, and a display of fireworks ended a happy day.

We were easily satisfied then, and Flower Shows were typical of a more restful age. Although much which was not helpful to our national life has passed since those days, we cannot but regret the passing of local patriotism, which showed itself in the enthusiasm with which villages and small towns greeted their Flower Shows, Harvest Homes, and feast days.

We are glad that our own Harris Summer Carnival contains a Flower Show Section to remind us of those happy events that once graced English country life in the summer.

As usual, representatives from our Branches and Associated Companies will be present, to whom we extend our usual cordial greetings.



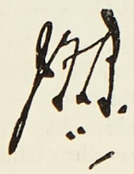
WHAT a wonderful and "difficult-to-explain" thing personality is.

No decent person has failed to be thrilled and to rejoice at the news of Their Majesties' journey to Canada and the United States, their personal triumph in both those countries and their great return home. Their personal dignities have been accompanied by those delightful impromptu acts that have endeared them to all who saw and met them. The letters I have received from friends in Canada are anthems of praise for their distinguished visitors.

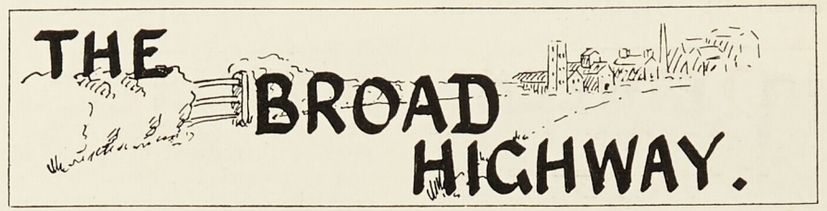
They went in the spirit of service and it is a great thing to realise now that they serve not only their people in Canada and their friends in the United States, but the cause of peace and understanding throughout the world.

It is a happy thing that the symbol of the Crown should thus become a unifying force between all those who desire to live in peace and quiet, and the pursuits of those ideals which flourish on the basis of freedom and understanding.

Those of us who are fortunate enough to live in the Homeland truly have thrust upon us the obligations which are associated with the perfect example of leadership and behaviour which are so evident in the life and conduct of those we are proud to call King and Queen.



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A number of our readers probably read in the paper about Squadron-Leader Staniforth's dash to Evanton, in Scotland, from the Aerodrome at Netheravon, Salisbury Plain, on Empire Air Day.

The Officers' Mess at Netheravon heard a rumour that the Mess at Evanton were going to put Squadron-Leader Staniforth into a kilt and send back a haggis and bottle of whisky. They therefore thought that they would like to send a typical Wiltshire product as a present to the Mess in Scotland. They therefore naturally communicated with C. & T. Harris, and we supplied them with a back, which was packed to precise measurements in a three-ply box, so that it would fit into the very small space available. Harris Bacon was thus the first bacon to fly at 350 miles an hour, and although pigs may not fly, in spite of the old saying we can now say that Harris Bacon certainly does!

GLASGOW GROCERS' EXCURSION.

A DELIGHTFUL CRUISE ON CLYDE WATERS.

The annual outing held under the auspices of the Glasgow Grocers' and Provision Merchants' Association, took place on Tuesday, 30th May. As on previous occasions, the sail started from the Broomielaw. Here Messrs. MacBrayne's fine luxury steamer, "King George V." was in waiting, and after receiving its hundreds of guests for the day, started on its way down the river.

Passing in quick succession the Princess Dock, with the Canadian Pacific liners and other large ships bound for Canada, &c., the Queen's Dock, with the City Line ships and the Clan Line, all for India and the Far East, the "King George" reached Clydebank, and all on board gazed in admiration at the huge Cunard liner, the "Queen Elizabeth," on which work is proceeding at full speed.

It was an exceptional day, for "Old Sol" was sending down such warm and beneficial rays that no-one wanted to miss the opportunity of being on deck. The genial atmosphere, combined with the pleasant music of the band and the good company on board, made the sail down the river very enjoyable indeed. A stop was made at Gourock, and then sailing across the Firth of Clyde to the Cowal side, passed Dunoon; the next stop was made at Rothesay. After leaving Rothesay the steamer started on the most beautiful part of its sail, viz., the lovely Kyles of Bute, passing Colintraive, Tighnabruaich, Kames, and then on to Whiting Bay in the Island of Arran, where fully two hours were spent on shore.

The return part of the journey, started about 4.20, was by Garroch Head, with stops at Rothesay and Gourock. The time on deck was cheerfully and happily spent by the large company engaged in community singing. It was the unanimous agreement that the cruise was the most enjoyable from every point of view that had ever taken place.

A.S.T.

* * *

Habits are at first cobwebs, at last cables.

* * *

If your job is to pack the parcel, don't worry about the delivery of the goods.

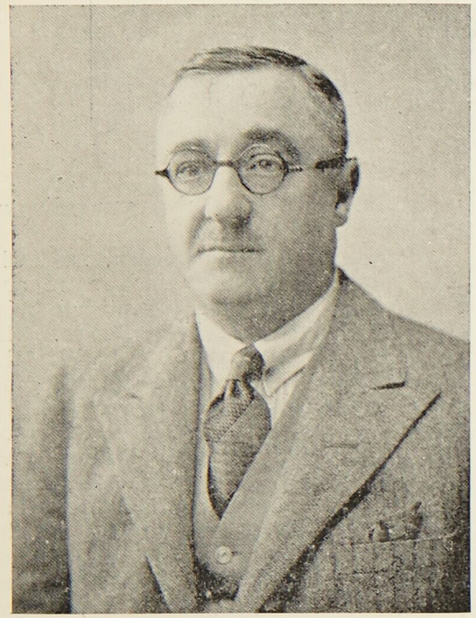
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When some people pay a compliment they act as though they want a receipt for it.

* * *

Sweet language will multiply friends: and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings.

Retirement of Mr. North-Smith.



It was early in 1920 that Mr. North-Smith became associated with us, after spending many years as a Chartered Accountant with such eminent Firms as Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Company, and Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Company, whose reputations are world-wide. On the incorporation of the present Company in 1922, Mr. North-Smith became Secretary of the Harris Company and its various Subsidiaries.

It is therefore with a feeling of regret on the one hand, which I know all who are connected with our various concerns will share, to learn that Mr. North-Smith has decided to retire from the Secretaryship of our Companies as at the end of this month. On the other hand, we can assure him that he will take with him the very sincere and heartfelt good wishes of us all that his retirement will be attended by complete health and happiness, that he may be spared many years to enjoy it, and that we may have many opportunities of renewing our friendship and the cordial feelings we all have for him.

24th June, 1939.

Wedding Bells.

At Clyffe Pypard Parish Church, on May 20th, Mr. Jack Garraway was married to Miss Violet Cross. The bride was given away by her uncle, and wore a white satin gown with coronet of orange blossom and veil and carried a bouquet of narcissi and carnations. The three bridesmaids wore dresses of shell pink satin and organdi, and wore coral head-dresses. Their bouquets were of narcissi.

Miss Cross was over six years in the Retort Department, and was presented with an eight-day chiming clock. Mr. Garraway's wedding present from the Sausage Department was a chromium fire-screen.

At Silver Street Methodist Church, on May 27th, Miss May Brewer was married to Mr. John Davidson, of Durham. The bride was given away by her father and wore an Air Force blue costume, with spray of lilies of the valley, white satin blouse, navy blue straw hat, navy blue shoes.

Miss Brewer was eight years in the Tin Department, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror.

A very pretty wedding took place at the London Road Methodist Church, Calne, on Saturday, 27th May, 1939, when Miss Mary Strange was married to Mr. Lyndon Hill, a member of the Calne Town Council staff.

The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. P. Tomlinson (resident minister), assisted by the Rev. N. M. Wills, of Pontefract (a former Minister and friend).

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, Alderman A. J. Strange, was attired in an ivory marocain gown, with veil and head-dress, and carried a bouquet of pink rosebuds. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Ella Strange, who acted as chief bridesmaid, and by six child attendants—Megan Maddock, Margaret and Dorothy Black, Trevelyan Wills (who acted as train-bearer), Ronald Wills and Geoffrey Reynolds.

The honeymoon was spent in Bournemouth, the bride travelling in a floral silk dress, with hat to match, and a beige fur-fabric coat.

Miss Strange, who was for several years engaged as shorthand-typist in the Live Stock Department, was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery from her colleagues of the Office Staff.

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EASTLEIGH BEAT CALNE (TOWN)—OR COULD!

Arriving about three o'clock, Saturday, May 20th, the Eastleighans changed at the Woodlands. Whether the Woodlands, or Mansion as we used to call it, inspired them to do great things or not, they served up some good football and, playing as a team, they put it across us fair and proper. They were, perhaps, a little slow in settling down, but once they had, it was quite easy to see which team was playing football. Calne scored first through F. Butler, after some good work by Cleverley, who left Butler with an open goal.

Ervine Angell (the old Town player) was in his element, and played well throughout the game. Winter did remarkably well to tip over a shot of his from about 25 yards out, after about ten minutes' play. At the other end, from a centre by Goddard, Cleverley headed just outside the upright.

It may be that after seeing the Departmental games, we were expecting to see another fast and exciting game, and this may be the reason why this match, played on more orthodox lines, was not so. Anyhow, it was a good game and we can say the art of football was more in evidence.

Eastleigh equalised after 20 minutes from a fine shot by Bath, which beat Winter all the way. Just before half-time Calne were awarded a penalty, but Beckett, the Eastleighan "jack-in-the-box" goalkeeper, made a grand save—the shot having been taken by Cleverley. Half-time :—1—1.

Eastleigh were soon on the attack after the interval, and after five minutes' play took the lead, Richardson scoring a good goal from a perfect pass, after some really good football by Stone. Eight minutes later Calne drew level—F. Butler heading in from a lovely centre by Cleverley. Eastleigh were by now playing well together, and one could easily visualise their ultimate success. Stone fired in a grand shot from about 20 yards out, and it took Winter all his time to fist it over the bar for a corner.

L. Toogood made it 3—2 for Eastleigh when, after a scramble in front of goal, he scored an easy goal. Ten minutes later Eastleigh made the match safe for them with a fine shot by Richardson, which left Winter helpless. About a minute from time Calne were unlucky not to score when a header from F. Butler hit the bar.

Summing up, Eastleigh were decidedly the better team, playing well together and very rarely missing their man. Beckett, their goalkeeper, deserves special mention—had a trial for Southampton, but was thought a bit too small for the job—we don't think so! Calne played well and, without belittling Eastleigh's display, I expect some of our players were a little leg weary, five of them having played two hours of cup-tie football the previous evening. The game was ably controlled by W. Pottow, the Calne linesman being B. Ponting, and Eastleigh's T. Mudge.

Eastleigh Team :—F. Beckett ; —. Titheridge and W. Chalk ; W. Jannaway, E. Angell, and R. Jannaway ; L. Toogood, —. Bath, F. Richardson, E. Stone, and E. Saint.

Calne :—A. Winter ; W. King and R. Barry ; —. Angell, A. Butler, and M. Rivers ; R. Goddard, T. James, F. Butler, I. Brimmer, and F. Cleverley.

After the match, tea was the next item on the programme. Those sitting down besides the two teams and officials were Mr. G. Taylor, Manager at Eastleigh, Mr. L. Jones (late Calne), Mr. Dawes (Government Meat Inspector), Mr. R. B. Swaffield, the Billiards, Table Tennis, and Darts teams, and a few of the Committee in Messrs. T. Clark, K. Cousins, B. Dolman, and S. Toogood.

Mr. R. B. Swaffield, extending a cordial welcome to Eastleigh, read a letter from Mr. Bodinnar, expressing his deep regret for his absence.

Mr. Swaffield also explained the absence of Mr. Petherick, who, unfortunately, had a prior engagement and was away that day.

Passing on, Mr. Swaffield spoke well of

Eastleigh's display at football, making mention of one of our "has beens" in Ervine Angell and the Eastleighan goalkeeper, F. Beckett.

Mr. G. Taylor, replying, expressed their great pleasure at having this opportunity of meeting Calne at football, and at the various games which were still to be played, and hoped it would be the forerunner of many more. It was a pleasure to watch such a sporting game, and although Eastleigh won, there wasn't much in it. We had seen some good football, and Calne were to be congratulated on their fine display. No doubt when next September or October they come to Eastleigh for the return, it might very well be a different result. In any case, they would be assured of a good welcome, and they would do all they could to give them a good time.

The different games were started directly after tea, and Calne had their revenge, if one can call it that, by winning the billiards, table tennis, and darts. Results as follows:

Table Tennis:—Calne won 22 games to 1. Calne team:—Herbie Webb, C. Edwards, C. Rose, R. Goddard, and F. Cleverley. Eastleigh:—L. Toogood, E. Stone, F. Richardson, L. Jones, and —. Titheridge.

BILLIARDS.

L. Toogood	100	S. Toogood	150
E. Angell	117	M. Rivers	150
H. Bath	54	S. Salter	150
E. Saint	82	F. Blackford	120

Darts.—Calne won 3 matches to 1. Calne team:—S. Clark, D. Foxwell, C. Rose, D. Brimmer. Eastleigh team:—Not to hand.

A light supper was partaken of about nine o'clock, and we hope Eastleigh went back with happy memories of their visit to Calne. S.T.

AFTERTHOUGHTS.

"We came, We saw. We conquered"—and they did!

* * *

A clean, sporting game. The only casualty was a player who has had concussion twice this season and consequently considers he is off form unless he is in the wars.

* * *

It was pleasing to see that Irvine still retains those cunning little tricks that are so provocative.

* * *

The relief of L.S.J. when the final whistle sounded was most profound.

* * *

It was considered by many that the only penalty awarded was saved very "Cleverly."

* * *

The member of the Civil Air Guard went up for the first time recently. He rose to great heights during the match.

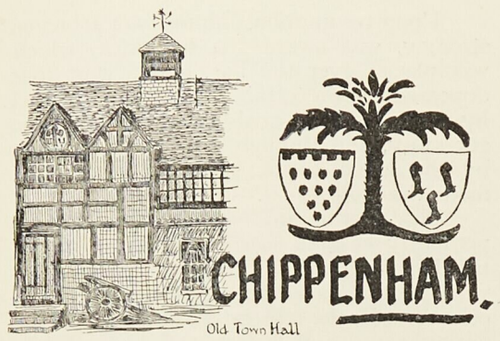
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Calne will have to pull up their socks in tug-of-war, darts, and now football. It is time they did something to regain their supremacy.

CRICKET AT LICKHILL.



I. J. Taylor bowling in the match versus Old Colstonians.



Edited by W. H. WESTON.

EASTLEIGH ENTERTAINED.

For months we have been anxious to reciprocate the visit we made to Hampshire in March, 1938, but, unfortunately, on each occasion this came up for deliberation we were confronted with little difficulties, such as a suitable playing field, and the possibility of our footballers not being available.

However, after a determined effort on the part of the Committee, we were able to make the necessary arrangements, and on Saturday, 13th May, 1939, Eastleigh visited Chippenham for the first time.

Our visitors were received at the Chippenham Town Football Ground by Mr. Long and members of our Welfare Association, and in a very short time the two football teams were opposed to each other in a match which was spectacular and thrilling. Eastleigh was able to maintain the form which we expected from them in view of their successful football season, and proved winners by six goals to four. The match was one of the most interesting so far enjoyed in these Inter-Factory games.

At the conclusion of the game everyone assembled at the Railway Inn for tea, and at 5.30 p.m. about 40 sat down, with Mr. Long in the chair, supported by Captain C. H. Smith (for Chippenham) and Mr. G. H. Taylor and Mr. L. S. Jones (for Eastleigh).

After this part of the programme had been dispensed with, Mr. Long, in extending an official welcome, said what a great pleasure it was to him to have the opportunity of welcoming Eastleigh to Chippenham. It was very nice to be able to meet those with whom we were associated in business and be able to enjoy the lighter side of life together. He congratulated Eastleigh on their victory at football, and commented on the very sporting game that had been witnessed, and he hoped his guests would enjoy their visit as much as Chippenham did their visit to Eastleigh.

Continuing, Mr. Long said that Mr. Bodinnar had hoped to be present with them, but he had received a 'phone message from him that morning, saying how sorry he was that it was impossible for him to come along and requesting that his (Mr. Bodinnar's) good wishes for a happy time be conveyed to everyone. It was the unanimous wish of all present that a reciprocal message be sent to Mr. Bodinnar.

Mr. Taylor said how pleased he was to come up to Chippenham, and felt that they had received just as hearty a welcome as they gave Chippenham. He was hoping that it would be possible for another visit to take place in the autumn, and on behalf of Eastleigh, expressed thanks for the reception they had received.

Captain Smith expressed his delight at being present. He wished Eastleigh every success at skittles.

A tour of the Factory was the next item, and here Mr. T. Johnston was waiting to receive our friends and escort them over the various departments, and we hope that this part of the programme proved of interest.

After a short interval we were again at rivalry on the skittle alley. We understand this is the first time our friends had played skittles, and we must congratulate them on the splendid stand they made. There is no doubt that after a few more games they would not let us get away with it quite so easily, and it is interesting to note that they showed improvement as the game progressed.

Unfortunately for them, in the first leg two of their men were unable to find any pins, but in spite of this Eastleigh was only one pin behind at the tenth man down. However, Chippenham improved and won the leg by seven pins. The next leg went in favour of the home side from the start, and some splendid skittling by Mr. W. Clark, who secured 14 pins, made this leg certain, which was won by 12 pins. Eastleigh now became more confident in their bowling and, although they were unable to overtake their opponents, they were able to find more pins and only lost the leg by five pins; indeed a very good showing for their first game:—

Chippenham	53	63	62	—178
Eastleigh	46	51	57	—154

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As a finale to a very pleasant game the management from Eastleigh challenged the Chippenham management, and after a fine display by Mr. Taylor, who secured 14 pins with his first three balls, the score stood in favour of Eastleigh with a margin of 15 pins :—Chippenham, 30 ; Eastleigh, 45.

Proceedings now began to draw to a close; after some light refreshments had been partaken of, a sing-song and monologues by Mr. Taylor completed the programme. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "The King" brought a very enjoyable day to a close.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

Eastleigh won the toss and selected to kick down the pitch with the sun behind them.

The first incident of note was a free kick for the visitors, but the ball went outside. From the goal kick the ball travelled to the other end, where a shot from Yeates went wide. Chippenham continued to press, and after six minutes play, Richens found the net.

Eastleigh now attacked, and Butler was called upon to pull the ball from just under the bar. Soon afterwards Eastleigh obtained a corner, but this was cleared, to the relief of the home defence. Immediately after Chippenham forced a corner and, although this was cleared, the ball went to Lem, from whose pass Waters scored the second goal.

Eastleigh reduced this lead the next minute with a goal from Stone, and an equaliser seemed certain, when Heath suddenly appeared and kicked away. Richens now got away and scored a surprise goal, the ball going through the keeper's hands. Chippenham still pressing, was awarded a free kick, which Burry swerved outside. A corner, awarded to Eastleigh, resulted in a break-away for Chippenham, who forced another corner, but from the clearance Eastleigh broke away and caught the home defence napping, Stone finding the net for an easy goal.

Williams on the left got away and Chippenham secured two corner kicks in quick succession, but the opportunities were lost. Close on half-time Heath again saved an awkward situation by making a fine clearance. Half-time :—

Chippenham	3
Eastleigh	2

Upon resumption Chippenham attacked strongly, was awarded a free kick, which was placed over the bar, and a shot that appeared to be a certain goal was intercepted by the visiting goal-keeper. Richardson got away, and through a misunderstanding by the home backs, slipped through and made the score equal.

Play now became even, both sides going perilously near to scoring, Williams having bad luck in his shot going into the side net with the goalkeeper out of position. At the other end Butler was called upon to make a daring save, and before the home backs could clear, Garraway obtained the lead for the visitors. However, this advantage was soon lost, Hanks sending a perfect pass to Yeates, who sent Waters away to make the score even once again.

Both sides continued to attack, but Eastleigh certainly appeared to be keeping the pace better. Simpkins stopped what appeared to be a promising move, but the Eastleigh forwards could not be held and Wright, who had been playing a sterling game, failed to stop Richardson, who went on to give his side the lead again. Shortly before full time Eastleigh went further ahead with a goal, through Stone.

Eastleigh	6
Chippenham	4

W.H.W.

* * *

It was with very much regret we heard of the passing of one of our retired friends, Mr. William Andrews, who passed away on Tuesday, the 9th of May. Mr. Andrews had enjoyed very good health, and a few days previously appeared to be quite well and hearty. His sudden demise was therefore quite unexpected.

Mr. Andrews retired in June, 1932, after putting in 32 years of faithful service with the Company.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Andrews and the sons and daughter in their sad bereavement.

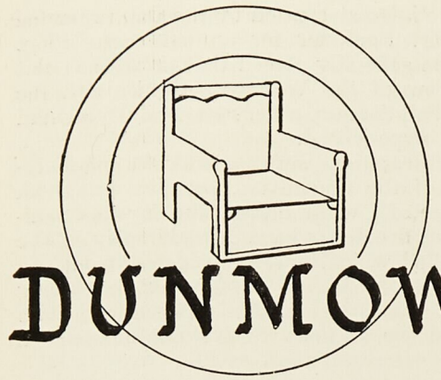
W.V.L.

* * *

"A depression is moving across the British Isles." Very likely, but it has no power to depress you or me.

* * *

Don't offer unsolicited advice: a wise man dosen't need it, and a fool won't take it.



DUNMOW.

Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

The first tennis match of our Club was played at the Felstead Sugar Beet Factory on Saturday, May 13th.

In spite of an extremely windy day, and clouds of dust, we managed to win after some very good games.

The following Saturday we went to Ipswich for a match with our Ipswich friends, and although we did not repeat our victory, we had a very enjoyable day. This was the first visit to Ipswich for several of our people, and we are very much looking forward to the return match at Dunmow.

HOWLER.

Britain is divided into three parts—London, Midland, and Scottish.

? ? ? ? ?

The latest Dunmow landmark was completed a week or so ago.

The idea had been cherished for quite a long time by several people, and then came the time when it was "hatched," so to speak.

Our worthy "Chips," having half completed the structure, it was carefully hoisted up to its elevated position, inspected, and re-inspected, and when finished, admired and touched with pride.

What is it? you say. Could it be a chicken house or a dog kennel? No; it's the office ventilator.

LONDON ON DERBY DAY.

Listening in to the wireless on the evening previous to Derby Day, and hearing a request by the announcer to racegoers not to throw money to children on the route to Epsom, aroused recollections of pre-War Derby Days in London, and the colourful happenings connected with the greatest annual event in the Sport of Kings.

In those days many Londoners made the occasion their annual holiday, and it was the topic of their conversation for weeks beforehand. Although very young at the time, I have vivid memories of those exciting occasions. Of course, all I ever saw was the departure and return of the racegoers. The actual race itself, to my then uninformed mind, had no connection whatsoever with these wonderful goings and comings.

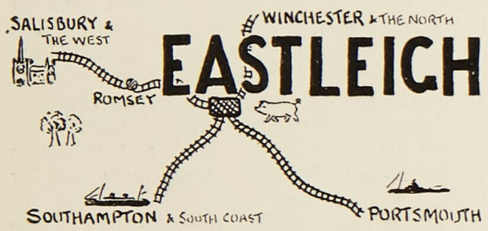
Our house stood on one of the main routes along which the Derby traffic passed on its way out of London, and what traffic it was; not the luxurious cars and motor-coaches of to-day. Certainly there were some motor propelled vehicles, but the majority of the conveyances were wonderfully constructed and vividly painted horse drawn coaches, the driver perched high up in the front and his passengers ranged behind him like a company of soldiers, perhaps four or five abreast. It must have been quite an acrobatic feat for them to gain their seats, as the body of the coach was, I should think, almost 4ft. from ground level and, so far as I can remember, there were only two or three steps at the back of the coach to negotiate the ascent. In addition to the driver was a man who acted as sort of un-official conductor, and if the seating accommodation of the coach was fully taken he had, I believe, to travel to and from the race on the aforementioned steps. With three or four high-stepping horses drawing the coach along at a spanking rate, often causing the heavily-loaded vehicle to sway like a boat in choppy waters, it was a source of childish wonder and envy to see this man standing or sitting unconcernedly on his precarious perch. A further duty he exercised was frequent blasts on a trumpet; not a tune, just a sort of clarion call; a relic, I presume, from the very early coaching days. Then there were the costers with their "mokes and barrows" and pearly costumes; the men with their coats, waistcoats, trousers, and even caps covered with pearlies, and their womenfolk with huge feathered hats. From early morning they passed in an almost unbroken stream, bombarding each other with jokes and badinage.

So much for the departure; but what of the return? For it was on the return journey that the money, if any, was thrown

to the children lining the routes in and through London, and the battle cry of those London youngsters was, "Throw art yer mouldy coppers." As the coaches swept by they would dash alongside, faces upturned, and eager hands held up for this largess. If they were lucky down would rain coins from the occupants, and then what a scramble there was, and the winners emerged from the scrum tightly gripping in grubby little hands the spoils of the fray. The price they paid for these coppers was very seldom less than badly-grazed knees, bumped heads, and ruined clothes, and sometimes serious injury was the result, even death. But I am quite sure that had you been on any of those London v. Derby routes on Derby Day, 1939, you would still have heard the old cry, "Throw art yer mouldy coppers."

RAMBLER.

* * *



Edited by L. S. JONES.

The Annual General Meeting of the Welfare Association was held on Monday, May 22nd, with Mr. Taylor in the chair. The Treasurer's report, showing a balance in hand of £10 9s. 3d., was unanimously accepted, and it was a source of satisfaction that such a favourable position was recorded at the end of the year.

The election of officers for the coming year was then made as follows:—Life president, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq.; chairman, Mr. Taylor; secretary, Mr. F. Beckett; treasurer, Mr. L. Toogood; general committee, R. Alderman, V. R. Collins, T. Mudge, and W. Mudge.

After considerable discussion, it was resolved to continue with the Football Team next season in the Winchester and District League, with Mr. F. Beckett as captain and Mr. F. Richardson vice-captain. The Selection Committee are:—R. Alderman, L. S. Jones, T. Mudge, and the Captain.

A review of the year's work was made by Mr. Taylor, who made special reference to the interest created by the Cup presented by Mr. Bodinnar for annual competition. It was generally agreed that, from the point of view of the Welfare activities and the Football Section, a very successful year had been experienced.

Suggestions were made for the consideration of the Committee, such as occasional dances and whist drives, and it was unanimously decided to have the radio relay service installed, which, it was considered, would be of great benefit. It was felt that the coming year could be looked forward to with confidence, and one which should prove even more successful than ever.

VISIT TO CHIPPENHAM.

On Saturday, May 13th, 25 members of Eastleigh Welfare Association paid a visit to Chippenham, where a football match had been arranged. It was a glorious day, rather more fit for cricket than football, but nevertheless, a fitting day for a 60-mile drive by coach. After a fairly punctual start and a drive of some 20 miles, a short stop was made at Whaddon for "refuelling." After this everyone settled down for the 40 odd miles to come. Some were content to view the lovely Wiltshire scenery through which we were passing, others preferred a quiet game of cards, while a few were seen to close their eyes. We arrived at Chippenham at 3.25 p.m., five minutes before the arranged time for the kick off, and were were not very late starting. Chippenham commenced in fine form, scoring two goals without reply in the first ten minutes in this, what proved to be a ding-dong match. Half-time came with the players looking extremely warm and Chippenham still leading by 3—2. After half-time Eastleigh lads seemed to be getting a little better of the exchanges, which gradually enabled them to creep ahead, with Eastleigh eventually running out the winners by 6—4. Richardson (2), E. Stone (2), and A. Jannaway were the scorers for Eastleigh, and Richen (2) and Walters (2) for Chippenham. Thus ended a truly sporting and cleanly-fought game.

After a welcome tub and changing we were driven to the Railway Hotel, where a fine "high" tea awaited us, and it was very welcome, and to which due justice was done. After the meal a few short speeches took place by Mr. Taylor, Mr. Long, and Captain Smith. A tour of the Factory was the next item on the well-arranged programme. I think I am right in saying that the majority of the Eastleigh contingent were a little surprised at the size of the Factory. It seemed such an enormous place compared with our own, and keen interest was shown in all departments visited.

After spending practically an hour in touring the Factory we again adjourned to the "Railway," where a skittles match had been arranged. Here I am afraid Eastleigh had to admit defeat, the Chippenham team proving themselves very skilful with this kind of ball. Although defeated, Eastleigh were not disgraced, the final scores being:—Chippenham 178; and Eastleigh, 154; which, under the circumstances, can be considered quite fair, none of Eastleigh team having played skittles before. Messrs. G. H. Taylor and L. Brown tied for top individual score with 17 each; L. Brown winning the play off. After the arranged game had finished Mr. Taylor and Mr. Jones, of Eastleigh, challenged Mr. Long and Mr. Johnstone, of Chippenham, to a game. Here, I am pleased to say, Eastleigh triumphed again, the score-board reading:—Eastleigh, 45; Chippenham, 30. The food call began again after this, so everyone made for the dining-room once more to partake of supper of the good old kind—bread, cheese, onions, and beer; and then onions again and again. They certainly were onions, too! We now had a free and easy sing-song, ably accompanied by a willing gentleman with a "squeeze-box."

Mr. Taylor thanked Chippenham for giving us such a good time, and Mr. Long responded. Mr. Johnstone then thanked the caterers for the way they had looked after the "inner man," and they certainly did it well. After a few more songs were "sung?" everyone joined in "Auld Lang Syne," and after rounding-up a little, a start home was made, and passing through a "black out" area on Salisbury Plain, where the driver had to drive with practically no lights, we arrived back in the home town at 1.15 a.m., with everyone still merry and bright, in spite of the hour.

So ended another glorious inter-Factory visit. In conclusion, I should just like to thank Chippenham for the good time they gave us, and the way they looked after the "inner man," and here's hoping that they enjoy themselves equally as well when they visit Eastleigh at a later date. Thanks again, Chippenham.

A.F.J.

VISIT TO CALNE.

By the kind invitation of the Harris Welfare Association, a visit was arranged for the Eastleigh football team to play against a Calne team, at Calne, on Saturday, May 20th.

News had been coming through during the week preceding the match of the fellows we were up against, and it was with some feeling of apprehension that we journeyed forth from Eastleigh in lovely weather on this important adventure. We had given our team such praise as to its performance during the winter season that we felt we had a reputation to maintain!—though we thought that it would be almost an impossibility for our splendid junior team to defeat the "mighty ones," representing as most of them did the Calne Wiltshire League team.

We had a delightful run through Hampshire, on to Andover, Savernake, Marlborough, and eventually arriving at Calne at three o'clock, to hear the chimes from the church ringing out the familiar "Home, Sweet Home." In passing, we would like to add that our four cars had a great adventure with a flock of ducks, and although one by one the ducks missed an untimely end, they could not have realised what danger there was with our speed merchants on the road. Some of us had visions of roast duck for Sunday, but it did not quite materialise.

After being received at the Woodlands our fellows were soon busy preparing for the fray, and we arrived at the ground feeling that at all events our fellows were prepared to give of their very best, and they did! As to the match itself, we think it best to leave the onus of a report for the Magazine to our more abler scribe at Calne, but for the benefit of the Eastleigh readers we would like to say how proud we were that our team, by consistently good play and hard endeavour, won this contest by four goals to two. Well done, Eastleigh! Every man played his part, and although it would be invidious to single out any individual player, we think our goalkeeper, F. Beckett, and centre-half, E. Angell, well deserve a word of praise for the part they played in the victory.

Before concluding our remarks about

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the football we should like to pay special praise to the Calne team for their very sporting game. It was a clean encounter throughout, and one which upheld the true spirit of the game.

We were all ready for the splendid tea which the Welfare Association had so thoughtfully provided, and it was good to see the two teams joining together at the tea tables. After we had done full justice to the meal we proceeded to enjoy the facilities at the Woodlands by participating in the games of billiards, darts, and table-tennis. We are not quite sure whether these were played as inter-Factory games or not, as, if so, we were badly beaten, so much so that we don't think we have any particulars of the results. We did, however, enjoy the time spent in these games, and congratulate the Calne Welfare on having such a delightful hall for their use. In conclusion we wish to thank our friends at Calne for their hospitality, and hope that at a future date we shall be able to reciprocate their generosity.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER—No. 7.

1. In a four-cornered room sits a cat in each corner. Three cats sit in front of each of these four, and a cat sits on each cat's tail. How many cats in the room ?
2. Where can you get stamps 13 for a shilling ?
3. Which is the heavier, a pound of gold or a pound of feathers ?
4. If your neighbour's peacock lays an egg in your garden, can you claim the egg ?
5. How many legs altogether have a fowl asleep standing on one leg, a man, and two dogs, one of which always walks with one leg up ?
6. If it takes four minutes to boil one egg, how long does one need to boil four eggs ?

(*Solutions on Page* 174).

* * *

The greatest mistake you can make in this life is to be continually fearing you will make one.

* * *

There is much to be said for failure—it is more interesting than success.

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

We are glad to hear that our old friends, Messrs. F. Lawrence and A. Wyatt, are gradually improving in health and are able to enjoy some of the glorious sunshine we are now experiencing.

We are sorry to hear "Adolphus" is still away from his work with a septic finger, and sincerely hope he will soon be back with us again.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. Wm. Sage on the loss he has sustained by the death of his brother-in-law, Captain Warren, of the ketch "William," which foundered in the Severn on Saturday, 3rd June, with the loss of two hands.

The monthly meeting of the Committee of the Welfare Association was held on Tuesday, 16th May, when the following items of interest were dealt with, viz :—

The sum of £20 had now been placed on deposit in the bank, and will now be earning interest instead of lying dormant.

It was reported by the Hon. Secretaries that all the Association's property had now been insured, and the policy had been received.

The accounts were presented for expenses incurred by the visit of our Chippenham friends, and were unanimously adopted, and that the arrangements by mine host of the Crown Hotel (Mr. A. Munro) were quite satisfactory.

The final date for booking for the London trip was fixed for 31st May, 1939.

Flower Show.

It was duly proposed and carried that the sub-committee organising sports and entertainments be the same as last year, viz :—Messrs. A. H. Hill, H. Ham, D. H. Smith, F. Perham, and C. B. Shier, and that

suggestions be brought forward at the next meeting.

The Skittles Secretary produced a balance-sheet of the past season's sport, thanking the Committee for their financial help and support.

The question was raised regarding the conditions applicable to the "collection of vegetables" in the Flower Show schedule, and the Secretaries were kindly asked to put notices on the board notifying exactly what was required to make the collection, as there was a doubt in the minds of some as to the composition of that particular item on the schedule.

FUR AND FEATHER NEWS.

We are pleased to record the activities of the Huntspill Homing Society at the opening of the flying season, under the direction of their energetic secretary, Mr. Walter Young, and colleagues, giving an account of the capabilities of their birds now in training.

May 6th.—Ashchurch, 2nd prize, Mr. W. Young.

May 13th.—Burnt Green, 1st and 3rd, Mr. W. Young ; 9th, Mr. C. Turner.

May 20th.—Tamworth. This was a black day for pigeon racing; only 13 birds timed in out of 110.—1st, 2nd, and 3rd, Mr. W. Young.

South Mendip Federation (1,341 birds competing)—1st, Mr. W. Young ; 6th, Mr. L. Pitman.

May 27th, Chesterfield—1st, 5th, and 8th, Mr. W. Young ; 9th, Mr. C. Turner.

The final wind-up of the past winter season's sports of skittles and darts was held at The Hotel, Highbridge, on Monday, 15th May, when a very enjoyable evening was spent, with a full programme. A skittle match was arranged between the Skittlers and the Dart Throwers, playing 12 a side, and after a very exciting game the Dart Throwers won by 15 pins, although the Skittlers were leading on the fourth hand by 11. The old saying amongst the "have-beens" is undoubtedly true, "The match is never won until the ball stops rolling."

The company then adjourned to the supper room to enjoy a snack of bread and cheese and relieve the thirst. The chair was taken by Mr. A. G. Kidley, supported by Mr. P. H. J. Doble ; Mr. A. H. Hill, darts secretary ; Mr. C. B. Shier, skittles secretary ; Messrs. H. Ham, H. B. Blackmore, and W. J. Young, captains and chairman of the Sports Section of our Welfare Association. When the inner man had been well satisfied we were all excited at the presentation of cups and trophies won in the several competitions, as follows :—

1. Presentation of the "Anne Kidley" trophy and miniatures to the winner—Mr. Walter J. Young.
2. Presentation of the "Austin Cup" to the winner—Mr. H. B. Blackmore ; runner-up, Mr. W. H. G. Young, jun.
3. Presentation by Mr. Walter J. Young to the two highest average scores in the League—1st, Mr. H. D. Smith, 48.25 ; 2nd, Mr. E. Cann, 47.9.
4. Presentation by Mr. H. B. Blackmore and Mr. F. Pople to the 1st and 2nd highest average score in the practice matches, open to those who played in seven or more matches—1st, Mr. W. H. G. Young, jun. ; 2nd, Mr. E. Cann.
5. Presentation of the "Hooper Cup" and miniature to the winning darts team, viz.—Factory A (R. J. Slocombe, captain ; E. J. Llewellyn, C. J. Morrisey, W. H. G. Young, jun.)
6. Set of darts, runners-up in the Darts Competition—Factory D (J. Young, captain ; W. Aish, C. Cross).
7. Set of darts, highest individual score with three darts—121, winner, Mr. R. Gibbs.

After the presentation the several trophies were duly filled and the healths of the donors were drunk amidst great applause, with the one thing in mind that more of our employees should take part in these games. The more the merrier. We must thank our chairman and all our songsters, viz. :—Messrs. W. J. Young, R. C. Lynham, J. Young, E. Cann, and T. Hardwidge, for their contribution to the evening's enjoyment, not forgetting our pianist, Mr. C. Morrisey.

BATH AND WEST SHOW, BRIDGWATER, MAY 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th.

We are pleased to record that the West of England Creamery (Branch of Highbridge Bacon Company, Ltd.) was

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successful in obtaining a prize in the Open Class for Caerphilly Cheese, and we congratulate Mr. Walter Young and his staff who helped in the making of this cheese, and the success obtained in open competition.

We also congratulate Mr. H. D. Smith for securing first prize in the Open Students' Class. This is more gratifying following on the successes obtained at the Dairy Show and Royal Show, Cardiff, last year.

A.R.P. NOTES.

A "Stand to" was held on Thursday evening, June 1st, by our local A.R.P. Wardens, both at Burnham and Highbridge, and were inspected at their posts of duty by the Senior Warden, Major Drought, and Captain Heald, Senior Warden Bridgwater Area. This is one of a series of exercises being carried out preparatory to a "black out" throughout the West of England on July 8th and 9th.

BRITISH LEGION NOTES.

We are all looking forward to the Somerset County Rally, at Clevedon, on Saturday, 10th June, and hope our local branches will send strong contingents.

* * *

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 172.

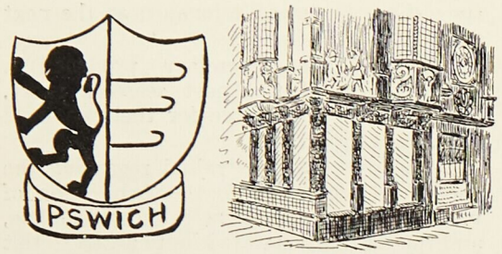
1. Four. Each three are in front of the remaining cat, and each cat sits on its own tail.
2. At any Post-office. Eleven penny ones and two half-penny ones.
3. A pound of feathers. Avoirdupois weight has 16ozs. to the pound. Gold is weighed by Troy weight, 12ozs. to the pound.
4. A cock bird does not lay eggs.
5. Fowl 2, man 2, two dogs 8. Total—12.
6. Four minutes. Put them all in the saucepan together.

* * *

Success is always there; it's only a question of how long it takes to reach it.

* * *

The man who rises to the occasion should know when to sit down.



Edited by J. E. SMITH.

HIGH GRADING BY SPECIALISATION.

We have again been in evidence at the Suffolk and Norfolk Agricultural Shows, and a part of our stand was devoted to matters of educational nature.

A special feature was a chart denoting the percentage of the grading of pigs, sent in by various producers; a significant feature being the wide difference which is at once apparent.

Our endeavour was to indicate any feature of management which might have an influence on grading results, and many instructive discussions were evoked. It is very obvious that if one producer can obtain a 100 per cent. result of basic and bonus pigs there must be something radically wrong with the pig feeder who cannot attain a higher performance than 19 per cent.

In conjunction with this chart were various headings, each of which could well represent a chapter in any treatise on the subject of high grading. We have found from our experience that many farmers are now specialising in pig production, and that as a rule grading performance is in accordance with the degree of the scientific application to sound practice. It is interesting to note that a pig-keeper may be very proficient in many of the essentials of management, but may fail in one particular, and that one item alone may discount his grading results no matter how careful he may otherwise have been.

Space will not permit of a lengthy survey of the subject, but we have illustrated this section of our exhibit in the hope that it may be suggestive to some of our associated branches. It should be recognised that the chart gives a pictorial concept of pig supplies as influenced by breeds and management *typical of this area.*

The breed of pig must be of bacon type. One has said, "Give me any breed and in process of time I will make a bacon pig of it." That may be true, if time is of no consequence, but in view of the fact that we have certain breeds dominantly of a bacon type, as, for instance, the Large White, and one notices that this breed, pure, has on the chart given the best results, we may as well commence here selecting at the same time the best strains of Large White. Those which I like to define as a Large White of early maturity, in contrast to the long, shanky, wasteful pig, sometimes seen within the breed.

In any case, it is admitted that the Large White should be the sire of any bacon pig. Excellent results have been obtained from the Large White x Essex, or better still, Large White x Large White x Essex, making the resultant progeny three-quarter Large White. The Large White x Large Black, which used to be very fashionable in this district, do not, as a rule, grade so well, although mating the Large White x Large Black with Large White again gives a most excellent pig; but here again much depends on the strain of sire or dam, and suitable mating.

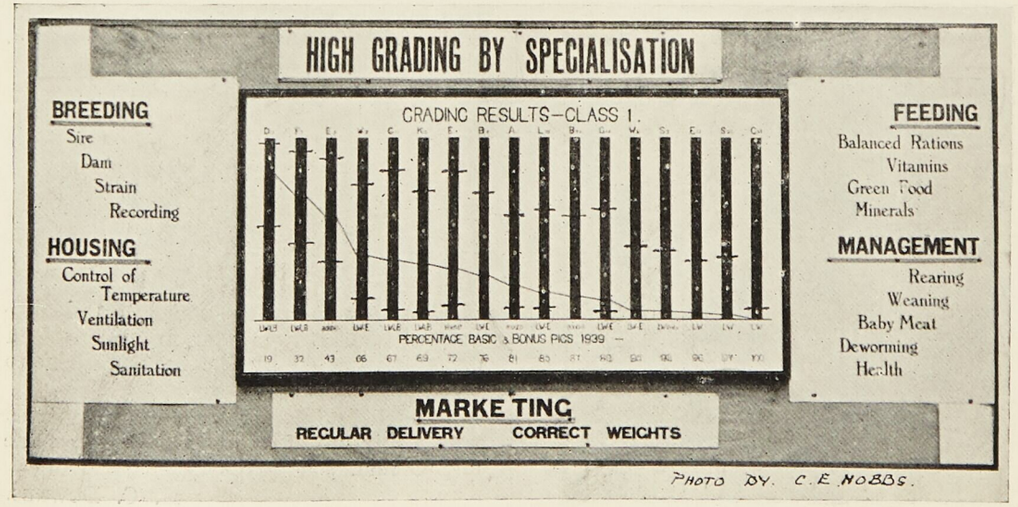
The value of ear-marking the sows and their progeny and recording the killing history from the Factory, and adopting a system of the elimination of undesirable features from the herd, will soon improve one's results.

In so far as housing represents comfort by control of temperature, ventilation, sunlight, and sanitation, this is worthy of greater attention. The more comfort a pig has the better it will thrive. Ventilation is of the utmost importance—an expert on one occasion when visiting the Factory said, "Show me the lungs of the pigs and I will tell you the grade." In principle we have found this true in numerous instances. If the pig has not access to pure air and if there is not thorough oxidation of the blood, growth is retarded and health impaired, and this affects grading adversely.

Sunlight is very important in its aid in the storage of vitamins, the disease resistant and nutrition factors.

Under the feeding item, we all realise the need for a "balanced" ration to get the best results. A pig fed on an excess of carbohydrates fails to grade well on account of excess fat. I sometimes think, however, that we talk too much of excess of fat; if the subject were discussed from the point of view of absence of lean it might convey more to the enquiring mind.

At the time of birth a pig is destined to produce so much lean, if allowed to do so, and it is during the first 14 to 16 weeks that the muscular structure is established. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the pig is kept growing from birth, and that the food given should conform to the animal requirements for this period with a fair proportion of suitable animal and vegetable proteins. Vitamins are an essential aid to early maturity. Cod liver oil is advised for



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the pig during weaning, and especially for those pigs which are weaned during the autumn. An axiom we often enunciate is that "For pigs weaned between the fall of the leaf and the rise of the sap cod liver oil must be fed"—this is when vitality is at its lowest ebb, and some of the troubles of pigs which appear in the early spring in consequence of deficiency disease, cramp, &c., would be avoided. It is necessary to give a word of warning, however—never exceed 2 per cent. of cod liver oil, and never feed it after 14 weeks of age. At that period the pig will have stored sufficient vitamin factors to bring it to Factory weights.

The use of green food, discreetly used, makes for economy and health. I well remember in my early days my father used to say that the way to feed pigs was to keep as far away from the meal tub as possible. I certainly think that pig feeders do not give sufficient consideration to many of the valuable accessory foods. Six pounds of suitable green food replaces one pound of meal equivalent, and besides saving the meal, health is preserved.

Then again, what about many of the herbs of a medicinal nature? A farmer once told me that he never had erysipelas because during the summer he fed nettles regularly. He has, indeed, been fortunate, whether due to the nettles I am not prepared to say, but this herb is a wonderful blood tonic. Then there is sheep's parsley, kidney tonic; cow-humbel, liver tonic; docks, blood tonic; which cost very little except forethought and energy to procure.

Most balanced rations include materials, and these are very important. Some farmers provide coal dust, broken chalk and salt, but a complete balance of minerals is to be preferred, including iron, magnesium, sulphur, sodium, potassium, and phosphorous. How can an animal keep healthy in every way without the necessary variety of raw materials for its system? I doubt if it is sufficiently realised that the digestive juices are most complex, and without strong digestive powers best results cannot be obtained. I believe a correct balance of minerals is vital to digestive processes. A few farmers have adopted a system of dosing pigs regularly with iron and copper when on the sow, in those instances where they have not been able to bring them in contact with mother earth, where a piglet, by rooting, can obtain its own iron.

We constantly enunciate that in order to ensure good grading results the pig-keeper must retain the baby meat or bloom, and never allow the pig to get a check from the time of birth. A pig which has been brought to the store condition as an intermediate stage of its development, a custom which is slowly dying out, has lost the opportunity to establish its natural and predestined muscular loin, and when it finishes it puts on fat only.

It is needless to add that many of our farmers' returns would give them greater satisfaction if the pigs had been delivered at best grading weights about 7sc. 15lbs., and if they weighed their pigs prior to despatch, thus avoiding incidental loss due to the pigs under or in excess of contract tolerance.

J. E. SMITH.

* * *

THIS MONTH'S HINTS.

A pinch of salt placed round the wick of a candle will make it burn longer and give a steadier flame.

When washing glass in hot water always dip the *open end* in the water first. If the bottom touches the water first the sudden expansion caused by the heat is likely to crack the glass.

Indelible ink marks can be removed with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and amonia.

K. C. DOWNES.

Solution to The Ipswich Crossword No. 5.

1 W	I	2 L	T	3 S	4 H	I	6 R	7 E						
E		A		8 O	O	L	I	T	9 E					
10 L	11 O	N	E		12 P	I	N	C	H					
13 T	A	T				14 A	S	H		15 S				
	16 S	E	17 R	V	18 I	C	E			U				
19 H	I	R	E		L		20 R	21 O	22 M	P				
	23 S	N	E	24 L	L			25 R	Y	E				
26 H			27 D	E	E	28 P	E	N		R				
29 A	30 L	31 E		32 A	G	E		33 A	34 W	N				
35 S	E	M	36 I	N	A	R		37 T	E	A				
38 P	O	U	T		39 L	U	T	E		L				



Edited by T. GODWIN.

WHERE GHOSTS WALK.

Most visitors to London appear to confine their attention and interest chiefly to those parts of the Metropolis known as the City and the West End. However, there are many places of interest in suburban districts that are intimately connected with the history of our country.

There is, for instance, the quaint old manor house at Havering-atte-Bower, where Queen Elizabeth used to spend many holidays tending the aviary which she kept.

Greenwich has played a most important part in the history of this country, and it is a well-known fact that the Danes, on their invasion, landed somewhere about this point on the Thames and camped on Blackheath just behind. Standing on the pier at Greenwich, it takes very little stretch of imagination to picture the barges carrying Drake or Raleigh, or Queen Elizabeth herself, along the river to visit one or other of the noble houses situated on its banks. Greenwich Palace itself, where Queen Elizabeth was born, is situated on the banks of the river near the present pier. The Isle of Dogs, which is just across the river from Greenwich Palace, retains its name as having been, in the early days, the site for the kennels in which were kept the dogs for the Royal Hunts.

So we find that the dirty, but beloved, Thames, as it meanders on to the sea, laps shores that are already drenched in romance and history.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

Three men were sitting in a cafe in a dictator-governed country. The first was reading a newspaper. Suddenly he points to an article, shakes his head, and exclaims: "Tut, tut!"

The second man looks over his shoulder and exclaims: "Tut, tut, tut!"

The third man jumps to his feet. "If you two fellows are going to talk politics I'm going home."

* * *

"What lovely furniture!" said the visitor.

"Yes," said the angel-child, "and the man who sold it to us thinks so, too. He's always coming here to ask about it."

* * *

ONE CHORINE: Jane isn't a gold-digger any longer.

ANOTHER DITTO: Did she reform?

ONE CHORINE: No, she heard about platinum.

* * *

When the waiter slipped the oxtail soup turned turtle.

* * *

A father reproved his schoolboy son for unnecessary diffuseness in his letters home. "Say what you have to say and be done with it." was the peremptory injunction. By return came the answering post-card: "S.O.S. L.S.D. R.S.V.P."

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.

Now-a-days there is a very big portion of the population with some means of transport, either motor, motor-cycle, or bicycle, and during the summer months the week-ends invite trips to the country or seaside.

The grouse from the motorist of the additional tax is gradually subsiding and, in its place, there is a feeling of pride and satisfaction that he is doing his share in providing the means with which the Government are carrying out the great armament schemes and by so doing preserving peace.

I believe there are now many cyclists who would welcome some small tax upon themselves so that they, too, could say that they are doing their bit.

I suppose there are many of us who look forward to a week-end run into the country, but who think they have explored all the country within a day's run, and they practically know every road and spot. I have often made a similar remark.

Last week-end was inviting with glorious weather, and the question arose—where shall we go? We decided to go into the country and follow any fascinating signposts which

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were off the main road. We did this and we travelled many delightful narrow roads, and had lunch in the shade of some old trees. Continuing our journey, we again followed roads which we had never covered before and, turning a corner, we ran along the banks of a river. A nice piece of grass invited us to drive on. Near the banks of the river were huge water lilies in full bloom, with river weeds and rushes in crystal clear water. Further on was a sign that a ford was ahead. The other occupants of the car were far more interested in this sign than the driver. We came to the ford and found it to be a real beauty spot. The water ran over shingle. The stream was some 30 to 40 feet across, and a dam had been built across, and this produced a waterfall of three or four feet. Over the dam was built a wooden bridge, which looked very smart, having been newly painted white. Once again an inviting stretch of grass made us linger. I got into conversation with a man who was working on an adjoining farm who was enjoying his afternoon pipe and sitting on one of the many tree stumps. He told me of many exciting experiences with cars that had stuck in the ford and how on many an occasion he had gone to get " Old Ned " out of the stable to pull them out. " But," says he, " its all right, sir, if you change down and take it slowly, and you have got a nice drive up the hill and through the woods. But just look after your brakes, because you will find that they won't operate after crossing the ford." We found him to be quite right, for we had quite a delightful drive, but the brakes were of no use at all until the water had all drained out. We climbed the hill and looked back over the valley which we had crossed, with the River Rib far below. We decided that we must pay a further visit to the spot, but we had no idea where we should strike the main road, but decided to take a landmark. As we picked up the main road we found that our landmark was an inn bearing the name of the " Sow and Pigs," which rather reminded us that the following day was Monday.

G.C.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

The ball and cross that crown St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, may look very small from the ground, but, as a matter of fact, eight people could get into the ball, which is 6ft. 2ins. in diameter and weighs 5,600lbs. The cross on the top, which is solid, weighs 3,360lbs., and is 39ft. high.

From the pavement to the top of the cross is 365ft., and not 404ft. as sometimes given. Strange to say, there is no record of when the first ball and cross were put up, nor how the work was done, or what the cost was, but in 1821 a new ball and cross were erected.

In 1848 the Ordnance Survey authorities decided that it was the best place from which to survey London, and erected a " crow's nest " on top of the cross for that purpose.

The ball and cross are gilded, and look very beautiful when shining in the sun.

S.W.M.

* * *



LEEDS

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

As I sit down to write my monthly article the sun is shining on a leafy green world, the chorus of warbling birds is in full song, and the bees are busy among my geraniums and calcies. On the fringe of this garden of peacefulness the tall poplars are swaying in a gentle breeze, and out in the meadow beyond the milk providers are quietly munching. That meadow, and the gurgling Red Back, caused me to recall my last account of an afternoon stroll across there, as a friend related a queer experience in the woods we traversed. He said, " I had just entered the wood when I saw a young tawny owl, and being interested in birds, I went within a yard to get a better view. I had just bent one knee when I felt a violent bump at the back of my left ear. It gave me quite a shock and made me dizzy for a minute or so. I looked around and there, up in a tree, were the proud parents, ready to attack again should I turn my back. My handkerchief was by now covered with blood, so I got home quickly to find I had nothing worse than scratches and a thick head, but in future I shall give owls a wide berth." It would seem, therefore, that during the nesting season one cannot be too careful.

Another unusual Nature note which came my way was mentioned by our postman. I had an impression that official uniforms are disliked by domestic animals, as they frequently are by humans. It may, therefore, sound strange, but clearly there are times when a postman's very good friend can be somebody else's dog. In our district it is a common thing for a postman on his early round to be accompanied by a dog, or dogs. The animals, apparently out for their early morning walk, and wanting the companionship that their households are not prepared to offer at that time of day, " tack on " to the postman in the friendliest kind of way, and have a real good scamper at his heels. While on the subject, I will relate a comical episode about our Yorkshire Large Whites.

Walt Disney ought to be told about this ! When a Driffield pig-keeper failed to secure the door of the pig-stye one day this week, three little pigs decided to go adventuring. They roamed the yard for a time, and then one of them found that a shed door was not really fastened. So inside they trooped, and found three tins of paint, one red, one black, and one cream. Attracted by the smell of linseed oil, they straightway chose their shades and set about emptying the tins. Luckily their owner came on the scene before they had finished their gaudy feast, and his consternation turned to laughter when he saw the gay colour of their chaps. Now he is keeping close watch upon their health, and also their complexions, in case he should find himself landed with rainbow pork.

In pondering over what new inventions we are likely to see at the local shows this year, I have been wondering if we are likely to see one of the automatic opening gates that I notice was put before the farmers at several exhibitions in the Midlands and the South of England last season. When the farmer drives towards this gate in his motor-car it automatically opens, and then closes when he has passed through. Such a gate, I have since thought, would have suited well the old-timer after he had had a good day at the Otley market and was returning home on horseback. A story comes to mind of one who had had a quite happy time with some old friends after the market, and who did not leave Otley until after the shades of night had fallen. Coming to the field gate he managed to dismount and open it, but he had difficulty in re-mounting. In fumbling about, his hat fell off and was lost, but in the end he managed to climb the gate, and so recovered his seat in the saddle. But, unfortunately, the horse had turned round, and he was therefore seated backwards. At the fold yard he was met by his wife who said : " You have lost your hat."

" Never mind about my hat," he replied, " this blessed horse has lost his head."

After all that I think it is time for something cooling. Listen !

The swallows, I hear, have been seen skimming just above the surface of the Wharfe. A motorist, I also hear, protested in court that he had only had a single drink. In this case, one swallow made a summons.

To continue, here is a strange but interesting note from Durban.

Water is scarce in the north of Zululand, but the Zulus don't care so long as " champagne " continues to grow on trees.

The tree in question is the masala palm, which flourishes in an arid tract of country that extends for 60-odd miles along the Zululand coast, and 50 or 60 miles inland.

To tap the palm you knock off one of the short branches and cut the bole down about half-way. A piece of palm leaf is placed just below the cut to form a kind of spout, and below that a calabash, into which flows the juice which the Zulus call masala.

Masala tastes just like champagne, according to those who have tried it. It is non-alcoholic, but wait !

Wait for 24 hours and masala turns into busulu, which is a potent form of alcohol. Wait for 48 hours, and it becomes a liquor which is guaranteed to produce complete intoxication within 15 minutes. And 50 palms can produce 20 gallons of masala a day.

This warm, lovely day, and talking of palms and Zulus, and the swish of my poplars, has made me sleepy. This camp chair, under the awning, is indeed comfortable. Things are all right, why worry ! Yawn ! Yawn ! Yawn ! Was that the buzz of the bees ? Buzz ! Buzz ! Drone ! Drone ! Splutter ! Crash ! Goodness ! I have been sleeping. But what was it. I look up into the clear blue heavens, and as I look a squadron of big gleaming bombers

roar over me, followed by a horde of Spitfires tearing and rendering the peace of my quiet garden. I shall not look. But I must; and through my mind runs somehow the refrain :—

Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.

But youth cannot be suppressed, nor can Yorkshire humour :—

It is reported to me from Halifax that there was a keen discussion the other day among a party of small boys on a Halifax bus. One of the other passengers, they had noted, was wearing a metal badge in the buttonhole of his coat, and argument raged as to whether it was a life-saving medal, the insignia of some secret society, or merely a piece of personal jewellery.

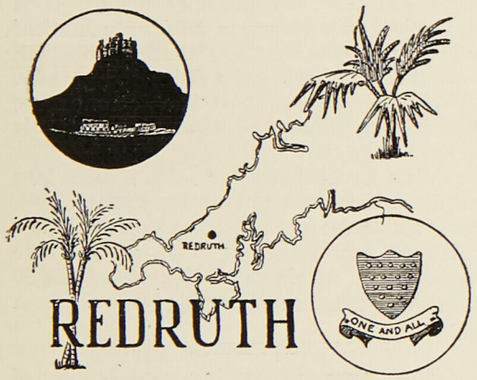
One of the disputants craned his neck cautiously to get a better view.

" I've got it," he answered triumphantly. E'll be an 'Alifax Rugby Player. It's got got A.R.P. on it."

* * *

FOOTNOTE :—On Whit-Monday we went out in the car. On Whit-Tuesday we had chicken for dinner. That's the 1939 answer to " Why does a chicken cross the road ? "

* * *



Edited by A. J. CLARK.

Time speeds on, and by the time these lines appear in print we shall be well into the summer, and holidays will be well in force. We hope that any of our friends who select Cornwall as their holiday venue (and there must be many) will pay us a visit. Each year more and more people come to Cornwall to spend their holidays on the glorious sandy beaches, or in the enchanting fishing villages which are to be found all around the coast. One can spend a long time exploring some of those little known coves, and any time thus spent is more than amply repaid by the charm which abounds there. We have on other occasions attempted to describe some of these delightful places, and the best advice we can give readers now is, " Come and see for yourselves."

To Mr. Jim Pryor and his family we extend our sympathy in the sad bereavement they have suffered by the death of his brother.

Congratulations to W. J. Pidwell on the birth of a daughter.

A.J.C.

It has been suggested that each of us in turn should contribute an article to the Magazine, and for this I look through our Office window to seek inspiration. This is a square bay, and thus affords view from either side. Situated as we are, high above the town, we have many delightful views. Perhaps you, too, may be able to visualise and, perchance, call to memory at least one of these views.

Let us look before us on this sunny day ; what do we see ? Not only housetops with grey slated roofs and smoking chimneys, but the famous hill of Carn Brea, topped with its Castle and Monument. At present this rugged, rocky mound is bright with bluebells, wild anemones, with golden gorse and tiny green shoots of bracken which are bravely pushing their way above the hardened soil. The grey granite rocks glinting in the sunlight make a delightful background for the gayer colours of the flowers.

Just near our Factory is a fine clump of elm and copper beech trees, their branches each day getting to look more green and copper ; the lacy network of the leaves gently stir in the breeze. Amid the branches are the rooks busy with their youngsters, and what a noisy place it seems to be. Can't you see the sunshine on those glossy black wings, and hear the loud " Caw, caw " ?

Let us now turn our heads to the right, and what a view meets our gaze. One that conjures up long days lazing on golden sands

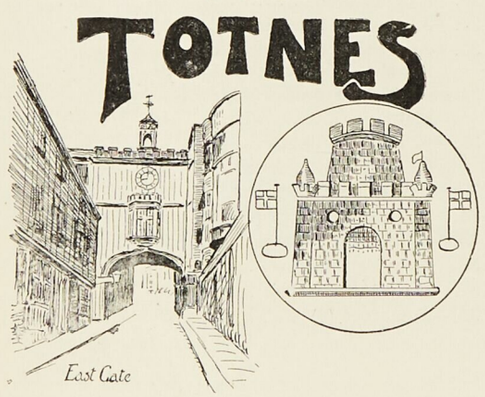
—not days to spend here—but holidays, when one recuperates to carry on with the routine work once more—St. Ives Bay and the North Cliffs fringed with the tall firs of Tehidy Woods lie before us. Perhaps many of you readers have spent happy days strolling along these cliff paths and can recall the beat of the waves on the seashore, and feel the salt tang on your lips from the spray of the sea. Perhaps, too, some of you will visit this lovely part of Cornwall and gain benefit from our fine Atlantic breeze.

For a last turn, let us look to the left, and what do we see. Stretches of green fields ; but immediately in front of these lie the most important thing, the railway track which brings to us each year hundreds of holiday makers, and as the trains thunder by the wheels resound : " Come to Cornwall, Come to Cornwall."

Now we must leave our window and return to work once more ; our lunch hour is over, and duty calls !

G.H.

* * *



Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

A few days ago we received a visit from about 40 young farmers from the Bude and Stratton districts, and it is encouraging to note the keen interest which is being displayed in pigs by the coming generation of farmers. Certainly the party mentioned above were not backward in seeking all the information they could secure about the methods of the curing industry, suitability of pigs, &c. As could be expected, quite a number of amusing questions were asked of our Grader and the member of our Staff who conducted the party around the Factory. There was quite a number of young ladies amongst them, one of whom was persistent in enquiring how the hair marks could be identified after the pig has passed through the singer or furnace. As the visit took place during the recent heat wave, thin cotton dresses were mostly in evidence amongst the girls, but the wearers of these did not appear to be over keen on watching the curing processes in our cellars ; most of them were quite relieved when they were taken to another part of the Factory.

The sweltering heat which we have been experiencing has made most of us envious of those of our colleagues who are on holiday. So far we have not had the pleasure of meeting many callers from Headquarters and the Branches, but these will, doubtless, soon be coming along and, incidentally, we suggest that those who do visit Totnes and have a little time to spare, might do worse than pay a visit to Dartington Hall, situated about a mile distant. There is quite a lot of interest to be seen there, including the fine buildings which have been restored and the open-air theatre constructed in the grounds. This is a unique feature seldom seen elsewhere, and a really fine example of horticultural landscape work.

The effect of the military activities on the unemployment problem is beginning to be felt in our area, as a large permanent camp is now being constructed at Denbury, near Newton Abbot, giving work for several months to about 600 men, and we are hopeful that this increase in the weekly spending power will enable us to increase our sales in that area. As there are likely to be about 1,500 men of the new Army stationed there, trade generally should receive a much-needed fillip in our neighbourhood.

W.J.T.

* * *

THIS MONTH'S QUOTATION.

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but its good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure that you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—*G. H. Lorrimer.*

* * *

A famous boxer, fearing his coat might be stolen, attached a ticket, "Owned by a champion boxer." When he returned he found no coat and on his ticket the added note, "Taken by a champion sprinter."

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HARRIS WELFARE ASSOCIATION (CARNIVAL & FLOWER SHOW SECTION).

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SHOW, 19th AUGUST, 1939, in the Recreation Ground, Calne.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

SCHEDULE.

SECTION I. (FRUIT).

Class.	*1st.*	*2nd.*	*3rd.*	*4th.*
1.—6 Apples (dessert), shown on a plate	4/-	3/-	2/-	
2.—6 Apples (Cooking), shown on a plate	4/-	3/-	2/-	
3.—6 Plums, shown on a plate	4/-	3/-	2/-	
4.—18 Gooseberries, shown on plate	3/-	2/-	1/-	
5.—Currants, any variety (not less than ½lb.), shown on a plate	3/-	2/-	1/-	
6.—Any variety of Fruit not shown in Schedule, shown on a plate	3/-	2/-	1/-	
7.—Loganberries, shown on a plate	3/-	2/-	1/-	
8.—Apples 4 varieties (6 of each 2 Cooking 2 Dessert)	6/-	4/6	3/-	

SECTION II. (VEGETABLES).

Class.	*1st.*	*2nd.*	*3rd.*	*4th.*
9.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties), excluding Tomatoes	10/-	7/6	5/-	2/6
10.—Green Peas (18 pods) plate or dish	4/-	3/-	2/-	
11.—15 French Beans, plate or dish	4/-	3/-	2/-	
12.—6 Carrots (long)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
13.—6 Carrots (short)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
14.—6 Potatoes (round white), plate	4/-	3/-	2/-	1/-
15.—6 Potatoes (round, excluding White), plate	4/-	3/-	2/-	
16.—2 Vegetable Marrows (table)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
17.—3 Cabbages (cooking)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
18.—2 Cabbages (pickling)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
19.—6 Turnips	3/-	2/-	1/-	
20.—3 Beetroot (long)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
21.—3 Beetroot (short)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
22.—12 Onions, stand or box	5/-	4/-	3/-	2/-
23.—Collection of Potatoes (4 varieties—2 K., 2 R., 6 Potatoes of each), plates	6/-	4/6	3/-	2/-
24.—15 Broad or Long Pod Beans, dish	3/-	2/-	1/-	
25.—Eschalots (24), stand or small box	3/-	2/-	1/-	
26.—3 Parsnips	3/-	2/-	1/-	
27.—3 Lettuce (cabbage or cos)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
28.—3 Cauliflower	3/-	2/-	1/-	
29.—3 Sticks of Rhubarb	3/-	2/-	1/-	
30.—Any variety of Vegetable not shown in Schedule	3/-	2/-	1/-	
31.—6 Kidney Potatoes (white), plate	4/-	3/-	2/-	1/-
32.—6 Kidney Potatoes (excluding white), plate	4/-	3/-	2/-	1/-
33.—2 Sticks of Celery (red)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
34.—2 Sticks of Celery (white)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
35.—9 Heaviest Potatoes	3/-	2/-	1/-	
36.—Heaviest Marrow	3/-	2/-	1/-	
37.—Dwarf Beans (15)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
38.—Tomatoes (6)	3/-	2/-	1/-	

SECTION III. (FLOWER).

Class.	*1st.*	*2nd.*	*3rd.*	*4th.*
39.—6 Bunches Cut Flowers (6 distinct varieties)	4/-	3/-	2/-	
40.—6 Varieties of Sweet Peas (6 spikes of each—no foliage)	5/-	3/6	2/-	1/-
41.—Vase of Sweet Peas (with or without foliage)	4/-	3/-	2/-	1/-
42.—Vase of Garden Flowers	4/-	3/-	2/-	
43.—4 Bunches of Cut Flowers (perennials), 4 distinct varieties	4/-	3/-	2/-	
44.—6 Spikes of Gladioli	3/6	2/6	1/6	
45.—Vase of Roses	4/-	3/-	2/-	
46.—Four Bunches of Asters 4 colours	3/-	2/-	1/-	
47.—4 Bunches of Stocks, 4 colours	3/6	2/6	1/6	
48.—4 Bunches of Antirrhinums (4 colours)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
49.—Specimen Plant (foliage or flowering)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
50.—3 Window Plants, foliage or flowering distinct varieties	3/-	2/-	1/-	
51.—6 Bunches Wild Flowers (6 varieties) and Grasses	4/-	3/-	2/-	
52.—Vase of Wild Flowers (Free. For Children of Members only). All Exhibitors to have Admission Tickets	4/-	3/-	2/-	1/-

	1st	*2nd*	*3rd*
53.—Table Decoration (Tables provided, size 5ft. by 4ft. 6in. All decorations to be carried out by Members or, if preferred, wife or daughter, and the entry to be in the name of the Exhibitor). Entrance Fee, 1/- which will entitle the exhibitor to admission ticket.	10/-	7/6	5/-
54.—Display of Garden and/or Wild Flowers of any or various varieties, to be arranged on a space 2yds. by 1yd	6/-	4/-	2/-
55.—Vase of Dahlias (any variety, colour, or mixed)	3/-	2/-	1/-

In connection with the above the following Firms have kindly consented to award Prizes to our Exhibitors.

Messrs. JAMES CARTER & CO.

Will duplicate 1st, 2nd, and 3rd money awards offered by the Section, and won with the produce of Carter's Tested Vegetable Seeds (not Shallots), Potatoes, and Sweet Peas, and other Annual Flower Seeds, by customers who have purchased Seeds and Potatoes in sealed packages to the value of 5s. and over direct from Carter's London Establisments, or through a Local Agent, during the twelve months ending June 30th, 1939, *it being uuderstood that the total amount paid by Carter's Tested Seeds, Ltd., to any customer is limited to the total value of Seeds and Potatoes purchased by that customer during the above-mentioned period*, and that evidence which entitles the customer to Duplication Awards be furnished by the Secretary, who will certify the claim. The products to be of the Exhibitor's own growth, and the specimens are to be staged in accordance with the regulation of the Section.

Messrs. SUTTON & SON, Ltd.

Will duplicate the 1st and 2nd Cash Prizes for *Vegetables and Sweet Peas*, provided that such winning exhibit is exclusively the product of Sutton's Seeds, obtained direct from Sutton & Sons within twelve months ending June 30th, 1939, and that the total value of the seed order is not less than 10s. 6d. The amount of the duplication will be limited to the value of the *Seed* purchased by the Exhibitor or on his behalf, although special consideration will be given when an exhibit or exhibits are of exceptional merit.

Messrs. TOOGOOD & SONS.

Will give the following Prizes to the Exhibitors gaining the highest points in the Horticultural Section devoted to Vegetables, provided the produce exhibited is grown from Toogood's Seeds, purchased direct in the Autumn of 1938 or the Spring of 1939, and labelled as such :—

1st Prize ... 7/6. 2nd Prize ... 5/-. 3rd Prize ... 2/6.

Messrs. DANIELS BROS., Norwich.

Will give Prizes value 5s., 3/6, and 2/6 (value in Seeds or Bulbs), for a Collection of Vegetables (four distinct kinds), from Seeds procured direct from Messrs. Daniels Bros., in the Autumn of 1938 or Spring 1939

Messrs. RYDER & SONS, Ltd.

Will give a Silver Gilt Medal for the best Collection of Root Vegetables, composed of three roots each of four distinct kinds, each plainly labelled.

Exhibitors intending to compete for these Special Prizes are requested to give notice of such as early as possible so that the Firms concerned may be advised. Further information as to conditions, &c., may and should be obtained from the Hon. Sec., R. B. SWAFFIELD.

INDUSTRIAL SECTION.

SCHEDULE.

SECTION IV.

(A. Open to Girl Members of Carnival and Flower Show Section).

Class.	*1st.*	*2nd.*	*3rd.*
1.—Jam, any variety	4/-	3/-	2/-
2.—Jelly	4/-	3/-	2/-
3.—Sponge Sandwich	4/-	3/-	2/-

(B. Open to Married Women Members, Wives & Mothers of Members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section).

4.—Jam, any variety	4/-	3/-	2/-
5.—Jelly	4/-	3/-	2/-
6.—Marmalade	4/-	3/-	2/-
7.—Fruit Cake, ingredients as per recipe detailed by Messrs. McDougall's	7/6	5/-	2/6

Particulars to be obtained from the Secretary. To qualify for Messrs. McDougall's prizes 25 entries must be received. If this condition is not complied with the Committee will give the following prizes, 4/- 3/- 2/-.

8.—Dish of Cooked Potatoes (twelve)	3/-	2/-	1/-
9.—Hand-made Garment	3/-	2/-	1/-
10.—Machine-made Garment	3/-	2/-	1/-

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	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
11.—Patched Garment	3/-	2/-	1/-
12.—Darned pair of Socks or Stockings	3/-	2/-	1/-
13.—Baby's Dress or Coat (knitted)	3/-	2/-	1/-
14.—Best article made from old garment	3/-	2/-	1/-
15.—Embroidery (White)	3/-	2/-	1/-
16.— Do. (Coloured).....	3/-	2/-	1/-
17.—Pair of Knitted Socks, for men	3/-	2/-	1/-
18.—Knitted Jumper for Adult...	3/-	2/-	1/-
19.— Do. Pullover or Cardigan	3/-	2/-	2/-
20.—Wool Rug	3/-	2/-	1/-
21.—General Class—Any Article not included in above 4 Classes. If more than six of a kind a Special Class will be incorporated	3/-	2/-	1/-
22.—Needlework, Children 14—16 years of age	3/-	2/-	1/-

FUR AND FEATHER SECTION.

SCHEDULE.

Class.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
1.—Heavy Breeds, Male Bird of any variety (adult)	5/-	3/-	2/-
2.—Heavy Breeds, Male Bird, of any variety (bred 1939) ...	5/-	3/-	2/-
3.—Heavy Breeds, Female Bird, of any variety (adult)	5/-	3/-	2/-
4.—Heavy Breeds, Female Bird of any variety (bred 1939) ...	5/-	3/-	2/-
5.—Light Breeds, Male bird of any variety (Adult)	5/-	3/-	2/-
6.—Light Breeds, Male bird of any variety (bred 1939)	5/-	3/-	2/-
7.—Light Breeds, Female bird of any variety (adult)	5/-	3/-	2/-
8.—Light Breeds, Female bird of any variety (bred 1939)	5/-	3/-	2/
9.—Bantams, Male or Female of any variety	3/-	2/-	1/-
10.—Duck or Drake of any variety	3/-	2/-	1/-
11.—Pigeons, Fancy Bird, Male	3/-	2/-	1/-
12.—Pigeons, Ditto, Female	3/-	2/-	1/-
13.—Pigeons, Homers, Male	3/-	2/-	1/-
14.—Pigeons, Ditto, Female	3/-	2/-	1/-
15.—Budgerigar, any variety ...	3/-	2/-	1/-
16.—Canary, any variety	3/-	2/-	1/-
17.—Rabbit, any description ...	3/-	2/-	1/-
18.—Children's Pet, of any description (age of Child, 14 years or under). Special prize given for the most attractive Exhibit	5/-	3/-	2/-
19.—Any exhibit by wife of member	5/-	3/-	2/-
*20.—Eggs, plate of 6 (brown)	3/-	2/-	1/-
*21.—Eggs, plate of 6 (white)	3/-	2/-	1/-

*Must be from Member's own birds.

A SILVER SPOON (presented by T. W. PETHERICK, Esq.) will be awarded for the Best Bird in Classes 1—8.

GLEANINGS.

MORE "SUCCESS" RULES.

Don't be afraid to have great ambitions. Other things being equal, the one with the greatest ambitions goes furthest.

Strive for perfection. You'll never be able to reach it, but what of that? It is the striving that counts.

Don't despair because you are filled with discontentment. That is a sign of growth and life. No-one who is continually striving can ever be completely satisfied.

Don't ever allow yourself to become discouraged. Bad breaks cannot defeat you. Only one person can defeat you—yourself. A person can overcome anything if his spirit is a conquering spirit.

Read the biographies of those who are considered successful. Every one of them had terrific obstacles to overcome. It is the difficult path which leads to success. If something is easy, it does not lead to success; for everyone can do it.

Train every single capacity you have. Just as a muscle grows flabby when it is not used, so does the mind grow flabby if you do not exercise it. Find time to exercise your mind, your emotions, your body. Find out what are the best times for you to do difficult work, and then use those times.

Have some sort of religion. There is a Power which we can reach through our prayers and desires. Believe in life and in its glorious possibilities.

"CALIFORNIA RETAIL GROCERS' ADVOCATE."

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BY APPOINTMENT.
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 13. ——— AUGUST, 1939. ——— No. 8.



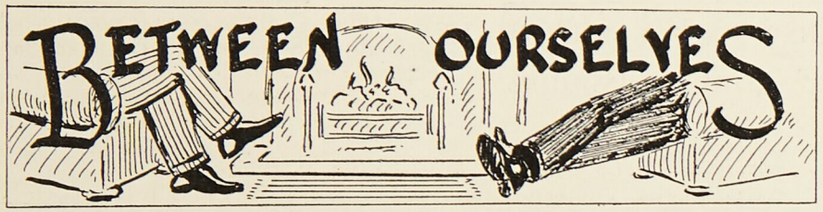
IT is rather fortunate that a late season for garden produce should coincide with a later date than usual for holding our annual Summer Show. The fruit, vegetable, and flower sections comprise 55 classes, all of which will be keenly contested by the keen gardeners of the H.W.A. and our friends at the Branches. Special prizes and awards are being offered by several firms with national reputations. This new feature will raise the standard of competition and, provided the weather becomes kinder, should result in one of the best displays staged in the history of our Carnival and Flower Show Section.

The Industrial Section has been increasing in popularity during the last few years, and for this Show 22 classes have been arranged, including several open classes for wives and mothers of members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section. Special prizes are being offered this year for a fruit cake, provided 25 entries are received; we hope that our lady members and wives and mothers of members will make this new class an outstanding success. The Fur and Feather Section although the youngest venture of the Show, has been increasing in popularity year by year, and now comprises 21 classes. A class which always arouses general interest is the competition for pets of children under the age of 14. A special prize is being offered for the most attractive exhibit in this class.

A full programme of sports has been arranged for the afternoon and evening, including the popular open events of last year and the annual Inter-Factory tug-of-war contest.

Many of our fellow-employees of the Firm working at Branches and Depots scattered from Ipswich and Dunmow in the East to Redruth and Totnes in the West will be making their annual pilgrimage to the parent Company, and this is one of the happiest features of the day.

Given fine weather this year's Show, which will be held on Saturday, August the 19th, promises to be one of the most successful since the first Show, which was held 18 years ago.



MR. THEODORE DAVID NEAL.

We all sincerely regret the passing of Mr. T. D. Neal. I had known Mr. Neal before he became a Director of our Company, and had been privileged with his friendship for many years. We shall feel his loss in the deliberations of our Board, for he was always wise, kind, and understanding.

Possessed of a great accountancy mind, there was a combination of this ability with shrewd commercial common-sense. Added to this there was his great gift of humour and ability for friendship, which endeared him to his colleagues very greatly.

Our thoughts go out to those who are connected with his home at Great Alne.

Speaking of Mr. Neal brings back to me the form of greeting I had from him in recent times: "Well, and how are things going in London?"

London for some of us just now means preparations of food defence plans, and the work of the Bacon Marketing and Bacon Development Boards.

The one point on which all parties are agreed is that the pig supplies of the country are inadequate. The guarantee provided by the Bacon Industry Act for the pig producers has not been sufficient to enable an increase in pig supplies to be forthcoming; indeed, unless the census of the pig population taken on June 4th last shows a different story, recent figures show a steady, if small, decrease in the pig population. To overcome this all Boards have agreed that the Government should be urged to increase the margin of prices for the pig producer. This, the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has stated, he is unable to do.

As I write arrangements are being made in regard to the new contract, which is supposed to operate from December 1st, 1939, for the year to November 30th, 1940, and there is on all hands great anxiety as to the future of the contracting system.

It should be understood that unless pigs are placed on long contract no Food Subsidy or Bacon Subsidy is available in regard to pigs obtained in other ways.

We seem to be at the cross-ways again, and so far there is no Government lead as to the direction which should be taken. I need hardly impress upon my friends who read these notes that much anxiety is being suffered by those who are responsible for framing the policy of the Marketing Boards.



A Cruise in S.S. Orford to the Atlantic Islands.

The weather was wet and cold and the Thames looked most unimpressive as we proceeded slowly, passing Southend, until we were heading for the Straits of Dover. Evening was approaching, and the lights of Margate looked most effective from the sea, the darkness descended, and we could see the lights of Dover. Later on lighthouses were flashing their lights from the North and South Foreland. It was time to retire in anticipation of our holiday of change in environment and adventure.

A delightful picture presented itself in the morning as we went to the boat deck; we were lying off Torquay, and it is here that the pilot left us. A wonderful panorama unfolded itself as we proceeded well in view of the Devon coast, Berry Head, Brixham, the mouth of the Dart, Kingsbridge, and Start Point, after which we headed down Channel, just sighting Eddystone Lighthouse in the far distance. An unusual object, looking like an island in the distance, proved to be a floating dry dock being towed by tugs proceeding up Channel. There was now nothing but sea until late afternoon, when we sighted Ushant, which we passed and so entered the area of the Bay of Biscay, which, contrary to repute, was quite calm beyond a slight swell. The decks presented an animated sight with ladies wearing all sorts of bright holiday colours, and some, indeed, wearing the absolute minimum, in spite of a very fresh breeze, which made the sunshine most acceptable.

On the Sunday morning the alarm signals, viz., six or more short blasts on the siren, followed by a long one, with all alarm bells ringing, summoned us to our group stations wearing our lifebelts, and various instructions were given by an officer as to the procedure in the event of emergency.

It is Monday morning, and we are still crossing the Bay, with bright sunshine and smooth sea, except for slight swell, and the air is distinctly warmer. After breakfast there was a competition with deck quoits, which kept all the courts busy. There is also a tote on the daily run; the distance to noon on Sunday being 297 miles, and Monday 418. All passengers received invitation cards from the Commander and Officers to a cocktail party half-an-hour previous to dinner, which, needless to say, was well attended; indeed, many appeared to prefer cocktails to dinner. A game of bridge in the evening brought us to bed-time once more.

The Tuesday morning opened with brilliant sunshine, and found us entering the river Tagus, and we shortly arrived at Lisbon. The scenery as we approached was very fine. The river broadens as the port of Lisbon is reached, the harbour being very wide with accommodation for numbers of the largest vessels. Passengers were all ready to leave the ship at 9.30 a.m., all having made plans to spend the day ashore. We had chosen a trip by car to Cintra, about 18 miles away in the hills, where the Pena Castle, originally built by the Moors, was previously the summer palace for the Kings of Portugal. King Manuel spent his last night there before abdicating the throne in 1910. The scenery is wild and rugged, and the reason for the high-powered cars in which we rode soon became apparent in order to negotiate the steep and narrow roads. A suitable account of the castle, with its history, would form a most interesting article in itself, so I will not attempt it here. We saw numbers of large cork trees, which we were told can be stripped of most of the bark at periods of eight years, when a new bark grows; the wood of the trunks showed a deep red colour where stripped.

Returning to Cintra, after visiting a wonderful garden containing every variety of tropical plants and trees, brought us to lunch, which proved most welcome. A visit to the old Royal Palace, at Cintra, also built by the Moors, and then a return ride to Estoril, the Riviera of Lisbon, where we viewed some magnificent gardens at the Casino, afterwards reaching Lisbon, where we visited the Church of Jeronymos.

In our absence about 16 vessels of the Italian Fleet had arrived, one battleship lying just astern of our ship. The sight of these battleships gave most of us food for thought, having regard to the present critical European situation.

As the night was being spent at Lisbon, many passengers took the opportunity of visiting some of the fashionable night clubs, but, personally, I was very glad to have a quiet, restful evening on deck, and after dinner the many and varied lights of ships and harbour presented a fascinating spectacle.

Wednesday was spent at sea on the

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way to Casablanca. A gymkhana was held during the morning on the games deck, and many amusing competitions were held, but many passengers were glad of the opportunity to take an easy day before arriving at Casablanca. One was struck by the complete contrast to Lisbon. The native black police were in attractive uniform, and most of the dock workers donned the Moorish fez, wore baggy trousers, reminding one of plus-fours, with all the plus in the seat, and many of the inhabitants were dressed in the typical flowing robe in various degrees of uncleanliness and disrepair, and wearing turbans. One outstanding person was the water seller, carrying his supply of water in a goatskin slung across his back, with brass cups brightly polished, and continually ringing his handbell. I was informed that he sold this water generally to dock workers at about the equivalent to one halfpenny a cup to those who did not care to run the risk of colic by drinking the supply in the dock. We boarded a well-equipped special train for a run of about 50 miles to Rabat and Sale, a number of boys dodging the native police as we stopped at the junction for the town to change engines from steam to electric, and calling for "Penny, penny, jolly lady, penny, please." Shortly after another start we passed the native quarters, which accommodate several thousand people, but the appearance of the place is almost indescribable. All the habitation consisted of roughly-erected sheds, with some attempt to street arrangement, but any piece of tin, corrugated iron, kerosene barrels, or petrol tins flattened out, and in fact, anything which could be used to assist in making a home of a kind, was in evidence. I enquired if disease did not at times occur, and was informed that any infectious cases were immediately removed to isolation, but one could not help wondering why the cause of disease could not be tracked at the source and proper methods of sanitation instituted.

Continuing our journey, it was interesting to see that efforts were being made, although in a very primitive manner, to farm the land adjoining the railway. Stretches of desert were occasionally seen with nothing but scrub, but generally the country was semi-cultivated, and rough shacks or hovels were frequently seen representing farm buildings and habitations, the best of which could not compare with the buildings we see in England for the accommodation of cattle and farm produce. Camels were frequently to be seen at work, and always the donkey, which even the poorest appear to possess. H. LUDGATE.

(*To be continued*).

* * *

THIS GAME CALLED CRICKET.

Hundreds of the many thousands who wend their way eagerly to the Lickhill Cricket Ground, on Saturdays, are woefully ignorant of the various technical terms used in our summer game.

To the student of cricket and its many varied affinities we dedicate the following glossary :—

TERM.		MEANING.
WICKET	...	Being bad.
STUMPS	...	What the dentist leaves.
BAILS	...	What one is glad of after a night out.
CREASE	...	The two natty lines down one's Sunday best.
STANCE	...	What people put up at Trade Exhibitions.
BALL ...	...	Sometimes called a hop or dance. Cinderella gate-crashed at one.
BOWLER	...	A semi-spherical piece of headgear.
RUNS	...	A place for chickens—not ducks.
LEG BREAK		A first-aid case.
YORKER	...	Not my dog, but your cur.
MAIDEN	...	Our star bowler's adorer.
FIELD...	...	Something full up.
BOUNDARY		Another way of saying "He's a bounder," i.e., "A boundary is."

* * *

To-morrow will be a repetition of to-day. Every doctor has the same experience. Every doctor grumbles, but doesn't know what he can do about it. For years I have been trying to educate my patients ; but new patients come and they, too, need educating, until I, like other doctors, will have to give up the struggle.

Perhaps one of these days I shall receive a message which will end with these words : "Will the doctor come at his convenience." I shall be so delighted that I shall probably make it my first visit.

"CUDDLE DOON."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
  Wi' [1]muckle faucht an' din—
"O, try and sleep, ye [2]waukrife rogues,
  Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak ;
  I try to gi'e a froon,
But aye I [3]hap them up, an' cry,
  "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
  He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cried : "I want a [4]piece "—
  The rascal starts them a'
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
  They stop awee the soun',
Then draw' the blankets up an' cry :
  "Noo, [5]weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Bab
  Cries oot, frae 'neath the [6]claes :
"Mither, mak' Tam gi'e ower at ance,
  He's [7]kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
  He'd bother half the toon ;
But aye I hap them up an' cry :
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
  An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
  While Tam pretends to snore.
"Ha'e a' the weans been gude ?" he asks
  As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
  An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel's
  We look at oor wee lambs ;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
  An' Rab' his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
  An' as I strik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up :
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
  Wi' mirth that's dear to me ;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
  Will quaten doon their glee ;
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
  May He who rules aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be bald :
  "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

1, means much noise, 2 wakeful, 3 cover up, 4 something to eat (say bread), 5 children, 6 blankets, 7 tickling.

* * *

A man got separated from his Company and went up to a man (who happened to be the Colonel) and said : "Eh, lad, hes ta seen owt o' B Company ? "

The Colonel replied : "Do you know whom you are speaking to ? "

"I've nivver seen thee afore," was the answer.

"Well, I am the Colonel. What is your name ? "

"Brown."

"How long have you been in the Army ? "

"A few days."

"What is your rank ? "

"Private."

"Well, above you is a lance-corporal, then a corporal, then a sergeant, sergeant-major, regimental sergeant-major, second lieutenant, lieutenant, captain, major, and then the colonel. Do you understand ? "

"Aye, I understand, but tha still hesn't telled me if tha's seen owt o' B Company."

* * *

Large shopkeepers have their worries, too, as the following notice will make clear, which I spotted behind the scenes in a store I visited this week.

"All requests for leave of absence owing to weddings, funerals, spring-cleaning, sore throat, backache, &c., must be handed in not later than 10 a.m. on the day of the game."

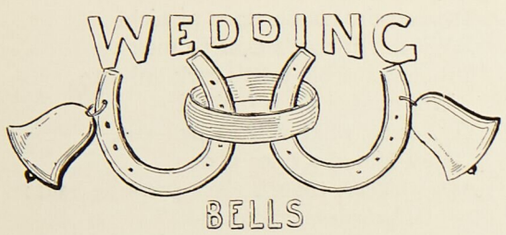
* * *

Business whets the appetite and gives a taste to pleasures, as exercise does to food. —*Lord Chesterfield.*

* * *

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.—*Lord Morley.*

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On June 11th Miss Garraway was married to Mr. Jack Wafer, of Calne. The bride was dressed in a pale-blue satin dress, with halo satin hat to match, and silver shoes, and wore a spray of roses and fern.

The reception was held in Oxford Road, where 20 guests attended. Miss Garraway's last period of service was 11 years in the Kitchen, and she was the recipient of a chair.

At the Baptist Tabernacle, Swindon, on June 24th, Mr. Jim Dean was married to Miss M. G. Clarke.

The bride wore a gown of white satin, with veil and wreath of orange blossom, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Three bridesmaids were in attendance ; they wore dresses of blue satin, with wreaths of silver leaves, silver shoes, and their bouquets were of sweet peas.

Mr. Dean is attached to the Lard Department, and was presented with a clock from the Staff.

On June 24th, at Calne Parish Church, Mr. Jack Smart was married to Miss Eva Barnet. The bride was given away by her brother, and wore a gown of white-patterned crepe, with veil and wreath of orange blossom. Her bouquet was of pink and white roses. The bride was attended by her two sisters, who wore dresses of mauve taffeta and halos of mauve flowers. They carried bouquets of mauve and white sweet peas. The reception was held at Quemerford. The honeymoon couple left later for Weymouth, the bride travelling in a navy blue two-piece suit, with hat and shoes to match.

Miss Barnet was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery from the Bacon Packing Department, where she was a clerk for four years. Mr. Smart's present from the Kitchen was a rug and fire-screen.

At Chippenham, on June 24th, Miss Mary Dean was married to Mr. Ivor Wisternoff, of South Wales. The bride wore a navy blue costume, with navy blue hat and shoes and gloves. Miss Dean was 13 years in the Warehouse, and was presented with a chiming clock from her colleagues in the Pie and Warehouse Departments. Mr. Gale made the presentation.

At Chippenham, on July 1st, Miss Ivy Bethel was married to Mr. John Smith, of Beckhampton. The bride wore a pale blue two-piece suit, with pale blue hat and navy blue shoes.

Miss Bethel was attached to the Sausage Department for four years, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror from the Department.

At London Road Methodist Chapel, on June 24th, Mr. Christopher Brownjohn was married to Miss Elsie Clark. The bride was given away by her brother and wore an old-gold cloque dress, with hat and shoes to match, and carried a Hymn Book. The bride was unattended.

The reception was held in the Scouts' Hall, where 40 guests assembled. Afterwards the bride and bridegroom left for Clevedon, the bride travelling in a blue costume, with hat, shoes, and gloves to tone.

Miss Clark was employed in the clerical staff of the Warehouse for 11 years, and was presented with a case of fruit spoons and oak biscuit barrel from the Department. Mr. Gale making the presentation. Mr. Brownjohn's wedding present from the station staff was a Westminster chiming clock.

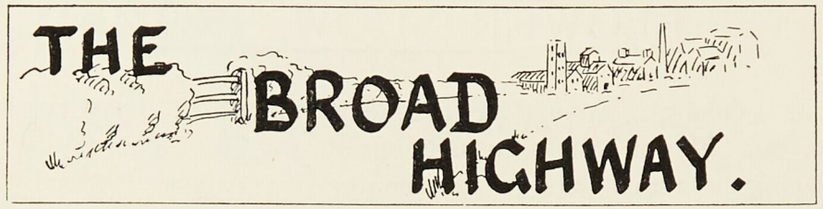
The marriage was solemnized at St. Mary's Church, Calne, on June 24th, of Miss May Garraway to Mr. Charles Freegard, of Bath. The bride was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Arthur Garraway, and was attired in a periwinkle blue georgette dress with a spray of pink carnations, navy hat and shoes, with white gloves, and carried an ivory Prayer Book. The honeymoon was spent at Weymouth. Miss Garraway was a member of the Office staff for a number of years ; for the last four years in the Cashier's Department.

Her colleagues presented her with a handsome oak sideboard.

* * *

The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August.

Byron.



We congratulate Mr. J. Irvine, our assistant representative in Glasgow, on his marriage, which took place on Friday, June 30th. We hope Mr. and Mrs. Irvine will be very happy.

We also congratulate Van Salesman C. W. Herbert on his marriage on July 17th, and send him and Mrs. Herbert our best wishes for their future happiness.

We welcome Mr. Leslie Hughes, who has started in Calne as a Relief Van Salesman.

Relief Salesman J. D. Bonnick has been appointed to take over Van 23, Birmingham. Mr. Edmonds has sent us the following notes with regard to the departure of Van Salesman A. J. Wellsted :—

" On the 23rd June the Birmingham representatives and Coventry and Birmingham Van Salesmen met at a small informal dinner at " The Old Barn," Hockley Heath, near Birmingham, to wish Mr. A. J. Wellsted God-speed on the eve of his departure from Birmingham. A very happy evening was spent, many good wishes exchanged, and at the close a small memento was presented to Mr. Wellsted in appreciation of his help in maintaining the spirit of goodwill which has existed in this area for so many years.

We are now at the height of the holiday season, and we wish all Representatives, Demonstrators, and Van Salesmen a very happy time when their holiday comes along. We hope that the weather is going to be kind and that everybody will benefit from the rest and change.

The international situation is still creating very serious problems, and we sincerely trust that nothing is going to happen to interfere with the general trend of business, which is showing marked signs of improvement with the big reduction in unemployment.

We are sorry to say that Van Salesman Ball of Portsmouth is due to go into Hospital for an operation to remove an old source of trouble. We hope that this will be completely successful with the minimum of discomfort and send him our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

J.H.G.

* * *

Small shopkeepers sometimes see life from unusual angles, since their customers frequently make unusual requests.

An eccentric maiden lady once asked a West Riding shopman if he would look round her house with her, since she had heard strange noises and greatly feared burglars. He obliged, but did not feel too comfortable when he stood in the hall of her old-fashioned rambling house and watched her lock the front door, put the chain on, push home the top bolt, and then the bottom bolt.

First, they searched the attics, next the bathroom, and then the woman's bedroom, and here the shopkeeper was told, " You haven't looked under the bed." However, all was clear ; and two more bedrooms revealed nothing out of place.

Finally the ground-floor rooms were inspected, and the shopman turned to go, but was recalled with the words, " We haven't been in the cellars."

The door at the top of the cellar steps was unlocked, and the cellars were searched. Everything was quite in order, and at last the shopman said, " Good-night," and the woman followed him as he walked down to the garden gate, thanking him most profusely.

Meanwhile, the front door slammed with a loud bang. " Oh, dear," exclaimed the woman, " the latch has dropped and locked the door, and my keys are in my bag inside the house. What shall I do ? "

So the shopman got another job, that of finding a skilled tradesman to force an entrance, while the unfortunate woman waited outside her own house.

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FLOWER SHOW, 1939.

Owing to August Bank Holiday being on the latest possible date our Flower Show, usually fixed for the Saturday week following, is rather late in the month, viz., August 19th.

The lateness of the Show, together with the rainy season we have mostly had, ought to be productive of good crops and particularly fine specimens.

New features are included in our Schedules this year. We are having special prizes given by well-known horticultural firms for produce of their seeds—these, supplementing our own prizes will make the awards well worth attaining.

In the Industrial Section there is a big prize for cake-making and we hope to obtain many entries for this Class.

The Sports programme is most comprehensive. One change is noticed. We have re-introduced the high jump in place of the long jump.

The open events introduced last year are being repeated viz., Marathon (distance about 5 miles), 120 yards Hurdle Race and a 3-Mile Cycle Race.

We would like to see our Tug-of-War competition more freely patronised. Not only the Inter-Factory but the Inter-Departmental contest. The valuable cups given for contest deserve strong and keen competition.

All Inter-departmental events should evoke great rivalry and we appeal to departments to do their best to create this spirit of rivalry.

No Flower Show or Sports can be organised with any degree of success without strong support from many participants, and when this support is forthcoming it behoves all others to show their interest by attending, for in doing so they give encouragement to the many who have by their entries and work given of their best to make the show a success.



OPEN-AIR CONCERT AT THE WOODLANDS.

VISIT OF THE BRISTOL ACCORDION BAND.

As members know full well, Mr. Frank Nash has done some splendid work on behalf of H.W.A. in the past, but in his latest effort in arranging and organising the visit to Calne of the Champion Accordion Band of Great Britain, he has surpassed himself. A limited number of tickets were sold in advance of the date, June 28th, to members for the modest sum of sixpence, the remainder paid at the gate. Fortunately the weather, although not ideal, was fair, and some 300 people thoroughly enjoyed a novel entertainment.

The wind, which dispelled the clouds and rain, was indeed a blessing to the spectators.

For the players the conditions were more difficult, and on occasion one or two had to pause and collect their sheets of music.

The Band has specialised under the expert guidance of Mr. Handel G. Lovell, F.R.C.O., A.B.C.A., in well-known classical pieces, but showed real versatility when rendering such items as "The Glow-worm," the "Skater's Waltz," "Down the Mall," and "Snow White Selection." To lend variety, and at the same time to allow the band a well-earned rest, Miss Barbara Foote sang two songs extremely well, and in response to the hearty applause, followed up by singing two songs in the manner of Paul Robeson. Rather difficult for a girl to accomplish, but she made a success of it.

The songs and dances of Miss Irene Skuse were popular with the crowd and, deservedly so. She is a young girl of some promise. Accordion solos were skilfully rendered by Miss Joyce Fowler, Miss Connie Matthews, and Mr. Ivor Skuse, and mention must be made of the little comic interlude by two of the band, known as Billy and Benny.

This venture, which took place in beautiful surroundings at the Woodlands, was definitely worth while and, at the close, Mr. J. F. Edwarde, chairman of the Committee, congratulated Mr. Lovell and the members of his band on a fine performance, and also the organisers. He reminded his listeners that this was the first occasion in Calne of such a band concert, and he was confident that a return visit would be applied for.

Mr. Lovell replied, and thanked the chairman and all those concerned for the happy evening and the attention paid to their performance.

A word or two of sincere thanks are also due to Mr. Jack Bromham and the members of the Maintenance Staff for the fine staging and lighting effects.

This band was formed some years ago by Mr. Brown, of Messrs. Brown's, St. Stephen Street, Bristol, suppliers of all musical instruments, and it was nice to see both him and Mrs. Brown, together with about 15 band supporters, present at the Woodlands.

The band defends its title in November next, in London, and we wish them the best of luck.



Many of our friends have commented on the absence of news regarding our teams.

Whilst regretting the circumstances, we hope to make amends from now on.

If our reports err on the side of brevity will our friends remember that others also have claims on the space of the Magazine.

Up to the time of writing (June 26th), the 1st XI. have played 8 matches, won 3, and lost 5.

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The 2nd XI.'s record is 5 played, won 2, lost 3.

There must be plenty of the younger people in the Firm who would be all the better for joining us. Our present members extend them a welcome and hope that with encouragement and coaching they will lay the foundation for team building in the future.

Our practice nights are on Tuesday and Friday, and all our youngsters are invited to come along.

MIDDON.

1st XI.

On July 1st we met at the Avon Sports, Melksham. Batting first, we scored 109, with P. Cainey (32), J. Archard (25), and P. Carter (19) as the only batsmen to show double figures. Our opponents collected 227 for the loss of seven wickets, of which K. Mugglesworth made 124, including five sixes.

We are still regretting those dropped catches!

Here is a brief account of the "21-over" match, played on Tuesday, July 4th, 1939.

Starting off smoothly, the R.A.F., Yatesbury, climbed steadily to 101 for five. Then Anti-Aircraftman Stevens registered three successive hits, which caused the Airmen to nose-dive sharply to 101 for eight. Flattening out, they resumed horizontal, and at 128 for eight, with their engines ticking over, they taxied gently to bring their flight to an end. We were quickly off and our altimeter soon showed 65 for one, and on to 93 for three. Then climbing became somewhat difficult owing to the attention of the ground batteries, whose splendid marksmanship finally brought us down, completely out, at 123.

And so we lost by five runs—but what's five runs between friends?

It was a jolly game, aggressively played, with real cricket spirit, both sides equally generous in their applause.

There were two things that are still puzzling us. Was the big hole in Ft.-Lieut. McDonald's sweater caused by a Puss Moth, or mice? And does Ft.-Lieut. Barnes train on Spitfires? Seven for 49 leads us to think so.

July 8th, v. Savernake.—Jupiter Pluvius carried his bat.

2nd XI.

Evidently we had visions of green peas on July 1st, when we played Avon Sports 2nds, judging from the number of "ducks" that were collected. Perhaps we were thinking of the 1st XI.'s experience at Lacock earlier in the season (*). Be that as it may, out of 11 players seven of them had "blobs," and the remaining four totalled 38 (H. Bowman 25).

The reply was 124, and we are hoping to remove "ducks" from future menus.

Looking at the score-book for the match against Derry Hill, on July 5th, at Lickhill, we reached out for our stock of medals for meritorious conduct. Eight wickets for 10 runs sounded good to us—but, alas, it was meant to be two for 10. Still, even that showed good work by R. Goddard, and coupled with six for 34 by G. Dean, our opponents could only make 67 against our 102 for three declared.

Derry Hill took their revenge at the return match on their own ground on July 12th. Batting first, they made 89 (F. Cleverly three for nine and W. Smith two for nine).

Only three of our men reached double figures, and our total was only 73. The score-book showed four "0's."

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* At Lacock eight ducks were registered, and the score was six runs and two extras.

MIDDON.

INTER—DEPARTMENTAL CRICKET.

It is a great pity more teams do not compete in this event. This year we had seven, which is not many when one considers the number of males employed at Calne. Those who do compete thoroughly enjoy themselves and are all on their toes to snatch a victory. The strokes and play may not be up to "test" standard, but in a "time limit" match a couple of mighty swipes may be worth more than a couple of maiden overs played according to the "book."

The Kitchen opened proceedings on June 26th, when they met the Slaughter. Instead of making it hot for the Slaughter they were ruthlessly butchered, only scoring 68 against 100.

The following night saw the Warehouse (125) overcome the Boning (60). It might be called a "one-man" victory, Percy Carter (Warehouse) making 93. This was a splendid effort, especially as the Warehouse batted first and were therefore up against the best bowling the Boning could put on. It is easier to make a big score after one's side has passed their opponents' total, as usually everybody "has a bowl."

Thursday, the 29th, was the turn of the Maintenance. In this match, versus the Office, bowler Jack Bromham displayed great cunning in tossing them well into the air, which necessitated the batsman looking up into the sun. The Office, with their galaxy of talent, were all out for 87, but as the Maintenance could only collect 65, the "Pen-pushers" passed on.

The Retort, who had received a bye, met the Slaughter on Friday, June 30th. This match was one of the most exciting, and had the Slaughterers' play been up to the standard of their opening pair—who made 47 out of a total of 71, the retort of their opponents might not have been enough, Even so, it was left to No. 9, H. Dobson, who scored 32, to make victory possible.

July 3rd saw many of the regulars in action, when the Warehouse were defeated by the Office. Such was the play that for the Warehouse only seven players batted, and for the Office only five. The Warehouse scored 85 runs, which was passed by the Office for the loss of two wickets. Play was continued until the regulation number of overs had been bowled, which brought the Office score to 147. This latter play, as usual, was not treated seriously, six bowlers "having a go."

* * *

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy that can be done for the public good are not what require great parts but great honesty.—*Pope.*

* * *

It is a terrible advantage to have nothing at all, but it is not right to abuse such an advantage.—*De Rivarol.*

* * *

Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear note to reach the ears of God.
Oscar Wilde.

* * *

Imagination and memory are but one thing, which for divers considerations hath divers names.—*Hobbes.*

Friends Elsewhere.



Edited by W. H. WESTON.

CONGRATULATIONS.

We extend to Mr. L. Wright, of our Chippenham Shop staff, our congratulations upon becoming a father. We are pleased that both mother and son are making good progress.

PRESENTATION.

On Saturday, 17th June, Miss D. Allen, our telephonist, bade us farewell. Mr. Long, on behalf of the local management and the Office staff, presented Miss Allen with a clock as an expression of our good wishes for her future success and happiness. Dorothy had been a member of our staff for 3½ years, and during that period had won the esteem of all.

PRESENTATION AND WEDDING.

It is a most rare occasion for us to witness a double presentation to members of our Factory staff, but on Saturday, 24th June, our Manager, Mr. Long, had this privilege when he presented Miss G. Hanks (Small Goods Department) and Mr. H. L. Holder (lorry driver) with a clock from the local management and Factory staff. The gift was a parting token to Miss Hanks, who had been an employee for 11 years, and also the medium of conveying to both the best wishes of all for their future happiness.

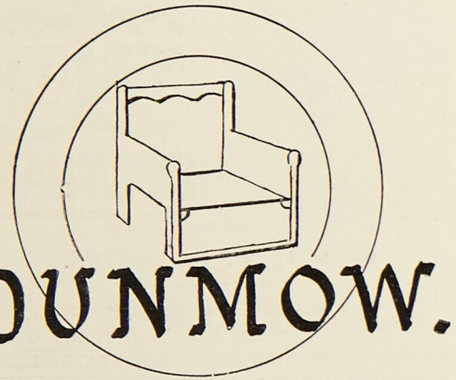
The wedding was solemnised at Hardenhuish Church on Saturday, 1st July, the bride being given away by her brother, Mr. Richard Hanks, and the best man was Mr. R. G. Holder, brother of the bridegroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Holder will reside in one of the Company's houses in Foundry Lane.

We are pleased to welcome back to his usual job Mr. J. Cleall, who had been away for several weeks. We sincerely hope that Jack will now enjoy his former good health for many years.

W.H.W.

* * *



DUNMOW.

Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

We are not all taking an equal share in filling our Magazine space, and this is not as it should be. An effort must be made by some, so, in spite of having no "text" to work at, something *shall* be said to fill space. Shall it be a talk in general—a kind of rambling, though not by "Rambler"?

Standing on our Dunmow railway bridge one Sunday recently, one was prompted, by what he heard said, to begin thinking on these lines: How queer folk as individuals are; what tastes we have; how silly we really can be; and, perhaps the most conceited of us are quite as foolish and unbalanced as those others whom we criticise.

In this case three young fellows cycled up the hill. One said to the other two: "Come along, I'll show you the most *amusing* thing in all Essex—Dunmow Station." Now that made the listener start thinking, and his thoughts were not at all complimentary to those Londoners. However, they were seen to free-wheel down the hill to the station, and very soon they were seen pushing their way up the hill again towards Dunmow High Street, just rolling with laughter. Apparently one silly fellow had imposed his ideas on his two pals, and all had accepted the idea that Dunmow Station "was the most amusing thing in all Essex."

At the time it seemed really funny to hear such stuff out of the mouth of a smartly-dressed young fellow, and, childish as it may seem, the so-called joke still exercises the mind of the listener. Yet, in spite of all, perhaps we are all equally queer and foolish. A moment's honest introspection will reveal us to ourselves in such a light that we can hardly claim to be other than entirely foolish and unbalanced.

Another thing which struck the same listener was the occasion of a "call to look round your lovely garden" one night by a fellow tradesman from a town some miles distant. This friend takes his very strong "Anti-lots-of-things" views into the Press very often. His letters in the correspondence columns are frequent and lengthy. On this night he stopped his car, shouted over the fence, "May I see your lovely garden?" So in he came. After shaking hands, the amateur gardener host began to pull himself together to collect as many Latin names as possible, in order to look big, and to decide how best to keep this visitor from going into those corners where nettles, docks, and other what-nots abounded! There was no need for any of this concern, however, for this caller proved himself a perfect peripatetic orator, who was determined to go along all paths, talking all the way about Bishops, &c., and not seeing a flower at all. The host said, "I say, what do you think of this?" The caller said, "This is certainly a lovely garden. Did you really agree with my point about . . ." &c. And, believe it, this kind of talk went on for a full half-hour—the host separating a fine specimen of this or that for special recognition, and the visitor, still saying how fond he was of a lovely garden, yet only thinking and talking of his Church history. When he went he shook hands and gave thanks for "the view of the lovely garden." The point is he never saw a garden at all really! And are we not all partly like him in life's happenings?

Another friend, met once a year at least at bridge, said one night last year (and this man was really a first-rate gardener, and a real lover of flowers): "I say, Mr. ———, some of these lazy young things make me mad. I call them mere talkers when they say they are fond of flowers." He said, "Do you know ——— (naming a girl we both knew) came into my garden one day, and in a very loud way began shouting out how fond she was of flowers and all that. Knowing that the girl in question never turns a hand in a garden, and will do nothing but *cut* flowers *grown* in a garden, I said, 'You are no lover of flowers; nor is anyone else unless they tend them by planting, keeping watered, staked, and properly looked after—only those people know how to love flowers.'"

Now at the time this gardener friend seemed wrong, but on reflection perhaps he is more right than wrong. Can anyone really love flowers who do not tend them when growing?

And so we go through life amusing each other unconsciously—seeing the foolishness in others, their lack of balance, and none of us even half aware that we are just "that other fellow" to someone else.

W.C.

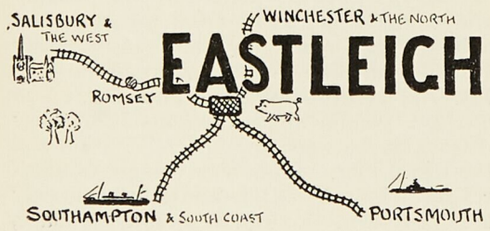
Harvest time, and the fruits of man's labour and the earth's bounty will soon be garnered in. With Nature to-day is as yesterday and to-morrow as to-day; the one stable thing left in this seemingly mad world.

Through aeons of time she has moved inexorably, and to those who love and endeavour to understand her, she imparts some of that calm and serenity which pervades old Mother Earth.

As I see those fields, rich with their harvest yield, I am humbly thankful for one thing that is beyond the scope of human control and power of destruction.

RAMBLER.

* * *



EASTLEIGH

Edited by L. S. JONES.

ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW.

This fine Show was held this year at Southsea. The Show ground was situated on the Common within a stone's throw of the Clarence Pier. With ideal weather and a nice breeze blowing in from the sea, conditions were ideal, and the attendance for the four days was consequently well above the average. The Hackney Horse Society hold their Show in conjunction with the Royal Counties, consequently, in addition to the usual entries, there is always a wonderful show of horses.

The Pig Section was, as usual, very strong, especially Large Whites and Wessex Saddlebacks. We were glad to see that Mr. Chester again scored heavily with his wonderful team. It was particularly interesting to see that he has now entered the prize-lists with young pigs of his own breeding.

In the bacon class he gained 1st prize for a lovely pair of Large Whites. Second in this class was Lord Monck, another of our regular senders, with a very nice pair of Large White x Saddleback. We were particularly interested in the judging of these pigs alive, as we were to have them at Eastleigh for the carcase class.

In the horticultural tent the exhibits, though on the short side, were of marvellous beauty. Toogoods, of Southampton, had a wonderful display of clarkias; and Allwoods, as usual, had some hundreds of carnations of every size and hue.

Pig judging by points for students teams and Young Farmers' Clubs attracted a lot of attention, and we were glad to see the County Farm students in the prize-list, easpecially as we had given them a little tuition at the Factory a few days prior to the Show. The judging for the carcase competition attracted a lot of interest and several of the competitors came to the Factory to see the judging. Here again Mr. Chester scored first prize, and also second prize for a pen which was unplaced in the live judging. Lord Monck gained third prize for a pen which was not noticed by the judge when alive.

The whole of the pigs sent in were first-class bacon pigs, and the number of points separating the competitors was very small indeed. The first prize pair were really ideal, however, and well deserved the reward.

We understand that the Show is to be held in Wiltshire next year, when perhaps some of our Calne friends will find time to visit one of our best Agricultural Shows.

EXACTLY.

A customer, who, presumably, was going to give a party, sent the following order to a well-known Southampton trader:—

"Half head of pork, a fat one about 1s. 5d. Chop nose and jaw bone half off.

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Cut ear right out and around the eye cut out, don't chop any more. I want to stuff it; don't score it. Any loose brains you have please send me. 2d. bad apples (presumably for apple sauce). 2d. cod shoulder for cat. 2d. fat trimmings of bacon for basting with."

HAMPSHIRE POLICE SPORTS.

The 11th annual Police Sports were held at Fleming Park, Eastleigh, in June, when, in glorious weather, a fine programme of events and a record attendance combined to make this one of the big occasions of the year.

Visitors attended from all parts of the South, and the meeting maintained its reputation of being one of the finest attractions of its kind staged in the South of England.

Many of our people were fortunate enough to be among the crowd, of which it is estimated that over 6,000 were present, and we are sure that it was an event that we would not like to have missed.

Among the programme of events the cycle races were as thrilling as ever, and the walking and relay races were well worth watching. One of the most interesting items was a herculean struggle in the final of the open tug-of-war contest. The winners were the Cranleigh British Legion A.C. (Surrey), and of the eight members of the team five were brothers, and another was their brother-in-law. They defeated the famous Metropolitan Police B Division team. I wonder if our Kidlington friends will be interested in these teams in case they are out for fresh blood!

As a result of these sports, charities throughout the county will benefit considerably.

News of Welfare activities is rather scarce this month, but we understand that the Committee are meeting regularly and forming plans to ensure that the forthcoming winter season will not lack interest.

We hear rumours of a proposed cricket match between our fellows and a team of Warnford stalwarts, with Mr. Chester taking a leading part. This visit to Warnford, by the kind invitation of Mr. Chester, should prove very interesting indeed. We only hope we exceed the number of runs made by a certain team somewhere in Wiltshire. We are not quite sure of the facts, so perhaps "nuff" said!

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.—No. 9.

1.—How would you pronounce:—
BAC KAC HE. SO MET IM ES.
MAC HINERY.

2.—To what address would the postman deliver this letter?
WOOD
JOHN
HANTS.

3.—Insert words of four letters in the five spaces, each containing the same four letters.
Come landlord fill the flowing . . . .
Until the . . . . run over,
For in this . . . . to-night we'll . . . .
To-morrow . . . . to Dover.

4.—Arrange these letters to form one word:—
PNLLEEEESSSSS.

5.—Is this addition sum correct?
11711
91511
111310

6.—Arrange these three numbers to make a number divisible by seven.
163.

(*Solutions on Page* 200).

* * *

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

If you have no plans for your holiday and want to get away from the rush and noise on the roads try this:—A monthly ticket from Calne to Southampton costs 11s. 7d., return any time, any day. You can get comfortable accommodation very reasonably between the Central Station and the Royal Pier. From here you get wonderful sea trips. To Ryde and Southsea, only 2s. 6d. return. To Bournemouth, Swanage, and all Isle of Wight resorts, with an occasional trip to Cherbourg, at very low fares, and the catering on board is that of a first-class restaurant. If you tire of the sea Southampton itself is a place of much interest, and if you care to face road travelling, you get quite quickly, either by bus or train, to those beauty spots in the New Forest—Lyndhurst and Brocklehurst. A week spent thus will send you back to work like a giant refreshed, saying "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

We are pleased to report that our old friends, Messrs. F. Lawrence and A. Wyatt, are showing signs of improvement, and are able to be down and about and enjoy the summer sunshine.

We congratulate Mr. H. R. Harding on the birth of a son on the 12th June, and from reports we hear, mother and son are doing well.

We are pleased to record a visit from Mr. R. P. Redman, from Calne, on Tuesday, the 4th July.

OUTING TO LONDON.

From information received, our correspondent is able to report that the outing to London, on the 24th June, was a complete success, under the control and guidance of Mr. R. C. Lynham, who very kindly acted as guide to our young people in seeing the sights of the City, and pointing out places of interest, and apparently everyone had a good time. It was a long day, and they were blessed with fine weather. The day was not without its experiences, as many of our people were very close to the activities of the I.R.A., in Piccadilly, on that day, and some had only just missed the same experience at Madame Tussaud's, having left that well-known establishment just before the explosions occurred.

We must return our grateful thanks to those who ably organised the outing.

WELFARE NOTES.

The monthly meeting of the Association was held on Thursday, the 13th June, but as our summer activities are not quite so much in evidence as in the winter season, the business was soon got over.

FLOWER SHOW.

The Sub-Committee appointed to arrange sports, sideshows, &c., submitted their report, practically embodying the same programme as last year, which was duly received and accepted.

It was decided to invite Miss Needs and Mr. Cavill to act as judges; the former for the miscellaneous competitions and the latter for the flowers and vegetables.

It was reported that a 32-seater had been booked for the Calne Flower Show.

FUR AND FEATHER NEWS.

We are pleased to record the merits of the "homers" owned by some of our employees who take a keen interest in this sport, and by the way, by the pigeons themselves, who have proved, and are proving, their use to mankind in times of peril, by carrying messages in quick time, and one is almost led to suppose they have some supernatural power for speed and sense of direction. Their reliability and loyalty under ordinary conditions, and even under extraordinary conditions, is worth noting as an example even to mankind. Their staying power is magnificent.

W. J. Young.—Durham, 253 miles—4th and 8th. West Somerset, open—9th. Berwick, 317 miles—1st, 2nd, 5th, and 6th. Banff, 447 miles—5th and 6th.

C. Turner.—Berwick, 317 miles—7th.

A.R.P.

The above letters stand for Britain's fourth line of defence, and embodies both extensive and intensive work for the care of the general public in present conditions of modern warfare.

Every one of us who are interested and have voluntarily offered our services to the community in this direction, feel that we are doing really good work for those who are not able to help themselves; although many of us are not at all in sympathy at the conditions of the world in general, but as each one of us individually make up the world's population, we have somewhat to bear a share of the blame that things are not what they ought to be, and it is up to us to help to make the necessary improvement that

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would eliminate such services, and in its place substitute the spirit of brotherhood and service to mankind. Until this vital change can be brought about, our correspondent submits to those who have not yet seen fit to offer their services, to do so, as the safety of your own kith and kin depend upon what *you* are doing individually.

BRITISH LEGION NOTES.

It is with pride that we record the wonderful gathering of the Somerset County Rally of the members of the British Legion, which assembled at Clevedon, on Saturday, the 10th June, 1939. Those who attended as members or associates, and those who were lookers-on, could not help being impressed by such a gathering of the men and women who had helped, and were still helping, to carry on the good work for those who had paid the supreme sacrifice for the service of mankind. Our correspondent, being a humble member of the Parrett Group (who are numerically strong in the county), can say without fear of contradiction that there is no barrier placed between class and class, when officer and private mingle and march shoulder to shoulder with but one thing in mind, "Service, not self." It is a grand thing, and if only we could extend this spirit, what a difference it would have on the world's affairs.

There were some four to five thousand on parade, with 15 bands taking part in the procession, the whole parade being inspected by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, Bart., G.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., accompanied by His Grace the Duke of Somerset, D.S.O., O.B.E.

The day ended with a county fete, held at Clevedon Hall Paddock, in aid of British Legion funds.

C.B.S.

WEST OF ENGLAND CREAMERY.

On Thursday, the 6th July, we were very happy to receive a number of students who had secured highest places in the final examination, 1939, of the Institute of Certificated Grocers, whose present tour is designed to provide the student grocers with first-hand knowledge of the high-quality of home-produced foodstuffs, and the dependability of commodities marketed under the National Mark. The party, under the supervision of three teachers nominated by the Council (Mr. Fairhurst, Mr. Barraclough, Mr. Perry), two representatives of the Institute (Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Dudeney), and the Ministry of Agriculture representative (Mr. F. G. Stevens), arrived at the West of England Creamery, Highbridge, at 9.20 a.m., and were received by Mr. A. G. Kidley.

The party was split into three groups, and conducted over the premises, where the manufacture of Caerphilly cheese was in progress. We were able to show them various stages of cheese-making, in three 400-gallon vats, with which we endeavoured to convey to the party, in the short space of time they had available, how Caerphilly cheese should be made. Great interest was shown by the party, but, unfortunately, they were not able to see the later stages of vatting and pressing, but with the tour extending to the Press Rooms, Brining and Drying Rooms, to the Packing and Assembling Room, the students, we were sure, were given a very good idea of the type of cheese made, and the conditions of maturing.

After the tour had been completed, Mr. Fairhurst, on behalf of the party, thanked Mr. Kidley for the very instructive time they had spent at the Creamery, and for the way they had been received.

Mr. Kidley replied that he hoped the party had, in the short time at their disposal, learned a little of the way in which Caerphilly cheese was produced, and, if so, he was glad to have been of some assistance to them. It had been a great pleasure to him and to the members of the staff to welcome them.

H.C.M.

* * *

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 198.

1.—BACKACHE. SOMETIMES.
MACHINERY.

2.—John Underwood,
Andover,
Hants.

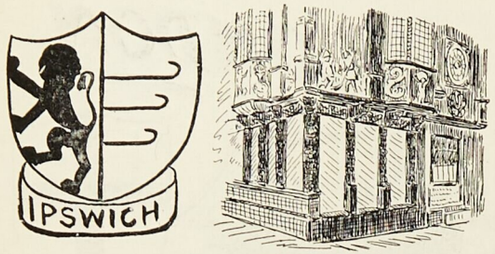
3.—Pots, tops, spot, stop, post.

4.—Sleeplessness.

5.—

£	s.	d.
1	17	11
9	15	11
11	13	10

6.—Invert the 6, and make it 931.



Edited by J. E. SMITH.

SOCIAL NEWS.

On Saturday, July 8th, 32 members of the Harris Sports and Social Club, Ipswich, journeyed down to Eastbourne for their yearly outing, made possible by the kindness of our Chief, Mr. Bodinnar.

A start was made from Ipswich about 7.30 in the morning, and London was soon reached, then on to Eastbourne. The party split into several groups, each having their own particular venue. I think I can say without fear of contradiction that all of the party, at some time or other, wended their way to Beachy Head—some hiked to the top, but I am afraid I must plead guilty to taking an easier way out. What a grand view greets one on reaching the top; the invigorating air, the broad expanse of sea, and the wonderful panorama of the Downs, the lighthouse at the foot of the cliffs looking more like a large tree sticking out of the water from such a height. The whole of the party met once again at the station to entrain for home, arriving there at 2.15 a.m., tired but happy after a most enjoyable day.

Another of our parties made the journey to Clacton by coach, and a most enjoyable day was spent at the various amusements down there. Patsy enjoyed himself immensely on the way home.

P.S.—Who said that stokers thrive on ice cream?

S. BLOOMFIELD, *Secretary*.

* * *

THE GULF STREAM.

I was tempted to enter the lecture hall at the Ipswich Public Library, the subject for discussion being the Gulf Stream. What I first thought would be dry or tedious proved to be one of the most interesting lectures I have been privileged to listen to.

The Gulf Stream is a prolongation of the equatorial current of the Atlantic, of which the origin still remains in obscurity. The current, after having washed Western Africa, veers round and proceeds across to America. At some distance from the coast one branch of the current becomes detached; it descends towards the south, and forms the Brazilian current. The main artery goes northward and penetrates eventually into the Gulf of Mexico and when it escapes from this Gulf it receives the name of the Gulf Stream. It is a majestic current, upwards of 30 miles broad, over 2,000ft. deep, with an average velocity of four miles per hour. Its waters are warm and salt, and are of an indigo blue, which contrasts with its green banks formed by the waves of the sea.

The waters of the Gulf Stream form a massive moving body which glide over the empire of the sea; in the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its current is even more rapid than that of the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. It possesses sufficient vigour to advance as far as Iceland, and casts upon that coast the trunks of trees and fragments of wood borne from other shores. This constitutes the only supplies of fuel the Icelanders are able to obtain.

The right arm of the Gulf Stream flows eastward, and directs its course to the British Isles, which it surrounds with what may be termed a mild and genial liquid girdle. It softens the climate of Scotland, and improves its vegetation. A portion of the current enters the English Channel, and enables the fig tree to florish in Brittany. Without this genial current, which dispenses so widely the blessings of a mild temperature, Scotland would have the climate of Siberia, which, situated in the same latitude, has in winter to endure cold of 20 degrees below zero. Without the same soft influence the winters of Brittany would no longer be so mild as they are.

During the winter, landing on the shores of the United States is sometimes difficult and dangerous, and the mariner is exposed to storms of snow and gales of cutting wind; masses of ice surround the ship, which severely try the captain's courage and experience, and a freezing mist benumbs the crew. If, however, the captain is able to steer his vessel into the tepid waters of the Gulf Stream he will see, as if by enchantment, winter succeed to summer, and the sailors find their energies recruited by the reviving

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warmth and, thanks to the generous current, he will reach his destined port.

The Gulf Stream exercises a vast influence upon meteorology—violent gales and squalls frequently follow its track. The waves of this mighty current are often agitated by tempests, and the waves are especially formidable when the wind blows in a direction contrary to that of the Gulf Stream. These marine currents render signal service to navigation and, thanks to the facilities which they give, certain voyages are accomplished much more rapidly than was possible before their movements were charted and understood. The highest use of the marine currents is to equalise the temperatures of the globe, in which they act like pipes of a huge heating apparatus. New York is situated in nearly the same latitude as Lisbon, but the climate of the former is much less mild than that of the latter, in which oranges grow. That branch of the Gulf Stream which skirts the coast of Norway clothes the Norwegian fiords with a carpet of green, while the Baltic and the White Sea, situated beneath the same latitude, have a much colder climate.,

The tracing out of these currents, so long ignored, is one of the proudest conquests of science, a fruitful victory which offers to the thinker a vast field for study and meditation. It is a discovery invaluable to the navigator, but where is the secret power hidden? Heat is the most obvious cause of marine circulation, but heat would not be capable of producing marine currents were it not for the salt which is dissolved in the water; in fact, salt is one of the chief factors in producing the circulation of the sea. It has been said that if all the salt of the ocean were collected and placed upon America it would cover that vast continent with a layer 4,500ft. thick.

B. J. HASTE.

* * *

Through a wise and salutary neglect of the British Colonies a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection.—*Burke.*

* * *

The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For nature, which to them gave gout,
To us gave only gout.

Lord Erskine.



Edited by T. GODWIN.

CURIOSITY CORNER.

Did you Know?

Why did Charles Dickens take the Name of "Boz"?

This pseudonym was first used in 1834 in the monthly Magazine where "Sketches by Boz" were appearing, and Dickens himself has told us how he came to use the name. "Boz," he says, "was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother (Augustus), whom I had named Moses in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced became Boz." Of course, it was intended to be pronounced "Boze," but the public used the short "o," and "Boz" it has been ever since.

An epigram of the period referred to the matter.

Who the Dickens' Boz could be
Puzzled many a learned elf,
But time revealed the mystery
For Boz appeared as Dickens' self.

BUCHAN AND THE WEATHER.

Alexander Buchan was a Scottish meteorologist, born in 1829, who studied the weather over the course of years, and came to the conclusion that there are certain periods, more or less well defined, when definitely warm and cold weather may be anticipated.

According to Buchan, there are six cold and three warm periods, as follows:—
1st cold period—Feb. 7th to Feb. 10th.
2nd cold period—April 11th to April 14th.
3rd cold period—May 9th to May 14th.
4th cold period—June 29th to July 4th.
1st warm period—July 12th to July 15th.
5th cold period—Aug. 6th to Aug. 11th.
2nd warm period—Aug. 12th to Aug. 15th.
6th cold period—Nov. 6th to Nov. 12th.
3rd warm period—Dec. 3rd to Dec. 9th.

That there is some truth in Buchan's observations is suggested by the fact that he is often right, though he never suggested that the periods must invariably occur every year.

S.W.M.

THE CHINESE QUIETIST.

As I write the Chinese are very much in the news and, on talking with a friend lately returned from Hong Kong, I realised how little we really understood of those yellow-skinned brethren of the East. Here are some impressions I received from our conversation.

The Chinese have a whole philosophy of doing nothing, according to which to do nothing is the way to do everything. But this ju-jitsu, like the other, needs great skill. It is a masterly inactivity that must not be confused with the inaction caused by not knowing what to do. It is the inactivity of the advocate who knows when the other side is winning his case for him.

The Chinese quietist never allows himself to be forced into action, because his settled aim in life is to live in such a way that the minimum of action is required from him. He does nothing on principle, not because he is afraid of doing something or because he is lazy, but because he prefers the inner life of the mind to the outer life of satisfying bodily wants. It is his endeavour to want nothing, because it appears to him that there is no end to wants if you try to satisfy them; and according to his view of life men are happy not in satisfying their wants, but in having none. In China such a man is holy or, at least, highly respected for his sense. In England he would be called a tramp, if poor, or a dilettante if well-to-do.

In the West, whenever we choose to go without things we call it self-denial, as if it were the essential part of a man that had all these wants. But to a Chinese quietist it is not self-denial at all, but self-liberation. To him we, with our Western activity, seem to live in a vicious circle, like the swallows which fly about all day because they have always an appetite for flies, and which have always an appetite because they fly about all day. The philosophic Chinaman sees that there is no way out of this vicious circle except to learn the art of doing nothing; but he is as unlikely to teach us as to the swallows.

USING TELESCOPES, &c.

Most people when looking through a telescope or microscope shut the eye they are not using, but this is never done by expert users of such instruments.

Scientists do not screw up one eye when examining objects through the microscope, nor do sailors close one eye when using a telescope. Strange as it may seem, after a little practice of keeping both eyes open the sight of the unused eye does not interfere with the sight of the eye viewing the object, and keeping both open is far less tiring.

S.W.M.

DO THE STARS FORETELL?

In these days of international tension I sometimes think it would be nice to slip back to the calmer days of the pre-war period. News and rumours travel quickly and come one on top of the other. I find myself getting into the habit as soon as I get downstairs in the morning of pulling the papers through the letter-box to eagerly scan their front pages to see what fresh crops of international incidents have occurred during the night. At the same time I am finding myself reading any exciting headlines with comparative calm, whereas a few months ago I did perhaps show some alarm. When dangers are continually present they are often ignored, but I think there is a feeling of confidence in ourselves which is gradually growing as this country gets more and more prepared for any emergency.

I have heard people say, "What is to be will be." Perfectly true, but some things can be altered to make our short stay on this earth as pleasant as possible.

With all these unsettled world conditions there seems to be a very popular movement who give their time to studying the stars, which they say foretell all the future.

During the last crisis a friend of mine wanted to get his wife into the country. She is a member of a Lodge of Astrology and would not listen to him, and definitely told him that a war was impossible and that the nearest approach to it would not occur until 1941. She had studied the horoscopes and was quite definite.

It is reported that Mussolini consults an astrologer before taking any important and decisive step. I do not know whether we can look upon this revived ancient study

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of the stars in the same light as fortune-telling, or that it is even superstition. Perhaps we are all a little superstitious, even if we don't own it. I have even heard of people who believe that others have the gift of telling their fortunes from the lay of the tea leaves in their cup. At any rate, it affords a few minutes of amusement after tea, but with the horoscope this seems to be quite a study and it is worked out on some great mathematical lines.

In a certain weekly paper on January 1st there appeared a horoscope for 1939, and it is amazing how events so far have turned out correctly in international problems. For July we are told that weather conditions will be favourable for those taking their holidays. There will be an important medical discovery. Italy and Germany will both find themselves in grave economic difficulties, while the Irish Free State comes in for a sticky patch.

As the month goes on we shall be able to see how this works out. I am hoping that the weather part will be correct as I am taking my holidays during that month.

I even see that in our daily papers there appears horoscopes for people who were born on certain days, and on the day I am writing this article I find mine to be: "It's a good day if you don't get rattled. New ventures will do well." There was nothing in the nature of a new venture that was likely to occur—perhaps I should have bought a racehorse. I don't appear to have got "rattled"—whatever that means—so I expected a good day, and with the exception of severe thunderstorms and a slump in prices of fores and gammons, with big stocks to clear, I had nothing to complain about.

My knowledge of what the stars foretell is nil, but I am sure they cannot stop a nation making war upon another if it so desires; the only thing to stop that would be the fact that they are likely to suffer defeat.

G.C.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

The mistress of the house heard the bell ring and saw standing at the open front door a Chinese hawker. Quickly retreating, she called out to the maid: "There's a Chinaman at the door. You go, Ella."

This was too much for the Chinese, who stuck his head in at the door and shouted indignantly, "You go 'ella yourself!"

An American visitor was taken to Trafalgar Square, where his eagle eye soon spotted the Nelson Column.

"Who is that guy at the top?" he asked.

"That's Nelson," replied his English companion.

"Who is he, anyway?"

"Oh," the Englishman answered proudly, "he's the man who made England what she is."

"Too bad," said the other sadly. "Too bad to blame it all on one man."

* * *

Caller at telephone exchange: "These flowers are for the 'phone girls."

Supervisor: "Thank you, sir. You flatter our service."

Caller: "Flatter nothing! I thought they were all dead."

* * *

"It's terribly warm. Do you mind if I sit down?"

"Does the hot air bother you?"

"No, go right on talking."

* * *

Auntie: "Well, my little man, and how do you like school?"

Little man: "Closed!"

* * *

"A girl's ideal is often shattered, you know."

"Don't you mean 'broke.'"

* * *

HEARD WHILE ON HOLIDAY.

A big foreign liner, a veteran of the sea, at anchor in Southampton Water, with a large L on her funnel.

Small boy on pleasure steamer: Daddy why has that ship got that big L on her?

No response.

Boy, in a quieter tone: Doesn't it mean *Learner*?

* * *

LAST WORDS.

1.—Watch me beat that train to the crossing.



LEEDS

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

During a recent visit to Calne it was my great privilege to see colleagues at work. Again, as on previous visits, I was struck by the order and method which characterises the whole outfit, blended with a harmonious atmosphere of good fellowship. To be interested in one's work, and the enjoyment of doing one's job well, create great personal satisfaction, but to have the considerable additional joy of carrying out one's labours under first-rate management, calls for a word of acknowledgment to those who guide and direct these activities of ours.

Familiarity may lesson the appreciation of those who are employed daily at Calne, but to the occasional visitor it is a marvellous achievement to watch this great organisation moving in unity; and a tribute is due to the minds which have fashioned it, and the hands and brains which operate it.

Will you permit the writer of these notes to say also that you all made him feel very much at home among you during his visit. There was a personal welcome everywhere and an evident desire to be helpful. This recalls the moment when the siren blew for "knocking off," and the whole Office staff appeared to jump to "Attention." The business atmosphere altered in a moment to one of care-free relaxation, and hurrying footsteps told of anticipation in the world outside. Before rushing off, however, many colleagues stopped to shake hands, and I was cornered by a couple of cherubic beings who had hovered in my neighbourhood off and on all day. As I was rather dubious about the pleasure, or otherwise, of meeting these beings (who, by the way, overshadow all our lives, but especially mine!), I had dodged them mercilessly. You will realise that I am referring to the Editors. Were they going to hammer me for my sins of omission and commission?

From far away Yorkshire I had suffered them in silence, but vis-a-vis was another matter. Was I going to meet my doom for all the things I had perpetrated? Imagining that my fellow-correspondents may wish to have some idea of what they are like, I may whisper that they did not come up to expectations. I had thought of one as a big, hefty fellow, and the other as a little shrivelled nosy-parker with a sharp blue pencil. Well, one of them has a kind face and a waist line that looks as though it has not yet reached its limit of expansion. The other reminded me of Joseph's dream (not the "dreams" you see on the screen!), but the "lean kine." As I am a bit lean and lanky myself I feel sure this section of the Editorial staff will never let any errors through and will burn the midnight oil hunting for them. Although spare in figure he will spare no effort to "edit" our poor contributions. Nevertheless, these Editors have their troubles; and if your next effort is cut by half, think kindly of them, for they are only doing their job, while you can guess the reason for any "cut" from the following story told against himself by Mr. Vyvyan Adams, M.P.

He related that at a private meeting he "let himself go" in his speech and felt rather dubious about a young man sitting in front who appeared to be taking copious notes.

After the meeting he asked the young man if he intended reporting his speech. The man replied that he did not, and said he had been passing the time by doing a crossword puzzle.

"I said I hoped I had not interfered with his pleasures," went on Mr. Adams. The young man replied, "Oh, no. As a matter of fact, I was stuck for a word for 'part of the internal organs of a cow.'"

"How did my speech help you?" enquired Mr. Adams.

"It gave me the word 'tripe,'" replied the young man.

So we come to the point of retaliation! These Editors sometimes ask a series of posers. In the name of the whole body of literary contributors we will invite them to answer the following, and you will find their answers in the next month's issue.

1.—What is the meaning of "Selah"?

2.—What does the name Dublin mean?

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3.—Why do we never see the other side of the moon ?

4.—What part of the human body is tending to disappear in the process of evolution ?

5.—How many pounds may be sent by parcel post for 6d. ?

Now that something has been done to assist our Editors in their leisure, here is something for all the other nice people I met.

The story of the mistress who asked her servant to sing jazz rather than hymn tunes because, when singing jazz she always did her work quicker, has a definite basis in fact, according to a report on " Rest, Pauses, and Refreshment in Industry," issued by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology.

It was said that out of 1,050 factories employing 305,000 people where officials were interviewed, 10.7 per cent. provided music. Comments were :—

" Employees doing ' hammer ' work keep time to swingy music."

" Music has the effect of stopping chatter, and work improves in consequence."

" The girls prefer work in the warehouse with music, to work in other departments where higher wages are earned."

" Slow and fast music affect the speed of work. They work to the beat."

" People can work and sing, but they cannot work and talk."

It was found that 52.9 per cent. of the factories visited had official rest-pauses, spent in taking refreshments. Bread was the most common food, and tea the most popular liquid refreshment.

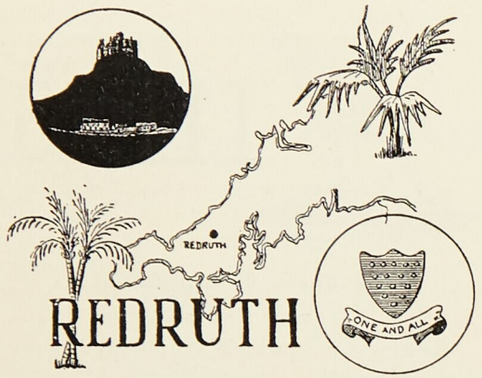
The next time I go to Calne it will be interesting to listen to the music ; although I hasten to add that there was no chattering on the present occasion, at least, no chattering to me. If anyone will compose a good chorus upon the theme of—

Sing a Song of Sausages,
Strolling through the Passages
Down in dear old Dixie
By the White Horse Downs,
&c., &c.

I feel sure they will get their reward.

But don't expect any prizes from a Scotsman living in Yorkshire. It simply isn't done, my dears !

G.S.C.



REDRUTH

Edited by A. J. CLARK.

To Messrs. John and Edgar Merritt and other members of their family we extend our very deep sympathy in the loss they have sustained by the death of their mother.

We were very pleased to receive a visit from Mr. Bingham, of Calne, who has been spending a holiday in the district. During this holiday season we would like to say how pleased we always are to receive a visit from any of our friends known, and unknown, who may be in Cornwall.

The annual Works Outing took place, as usual, on the Saturday nearest to the longest day, and we are indebted to Mr. Sheppard for an account of this.

A.J.C.

June 24th was the date agreed upon for the Redruth staff to take their annual outing.

We had been having perfect summer weather down here for some weeks previous, and were hoping that we should be favoured with the same for our outing, but, unfortunately for us, the rain came a few days before, and we started with an overcast sky, but still it did not actually rain. Our trip this year was a tour of Cornwall and Devon, the outward journey to take in the North Coast and the return journey down the centre of those delightful counties. We arranged to make a start at seven a.m., but before we made a move off we took the " roll-call " to avoid leaving anyone behind as we did last year. Having made sure that all were present (pasties and sandwiches as well), we started the first stage of the journey, which was to Wadebridge, where we were going to have breakfast. Before arriving there, however, we passed through some wonderful Cornish countryside, and as we went through the main street of St. Columb the sides of the bus almost touched the houses, the street being so narrow ; but things like that make up part of the quaintness and beauty of Cornwall, which make it so attractive to visitors. Arriving at Wadebridge, we were all very glad to adjourn to the nearest cafe, where we partook of hot tea and really nice sandwiches, made from the finest ham obtainable, namely, the West of England Bacon Co.'s ! Our ladies in the Office had again prepared these for us, and we tender to them our very grateful thanks for their kindness. If they only knew how much we enjoyed them I know they would consider their trouble well worth while.

From Wadebridge on to Bude, the furthermost point of Cornwall on the North, where we made an hour's stop. Bude, like the majority of Cornish seaside resorts, depends entirely on its sea and surrounding district to attract visitors. It is quite devoid of any of the more modern attractions that go to make up a seaside resort in other parts of the country. They can boast, however, of a very nice swimming pool.

Clovelly was our next point of call, and everyone was charmed with this quaint little village with its cobbled street, little houses set in the side of the cliffs, the donkeys taking the children up the hill with sure-footed ease, and many other interesting things. Our gardeners, too, greatly admired the very fine fuschias growing outside the houses.

After leaving Clovelly, the weather, which had been dull but fine took a turn for the worse, and rain began, enough to make things uncomfortable but not sufficient to affect our enjoyment, and on arrival at Bideford (our turning point) we all went our separate ways to amuse ourselves ; some to have lunch, others to buy presents and look at the local sights, &c.

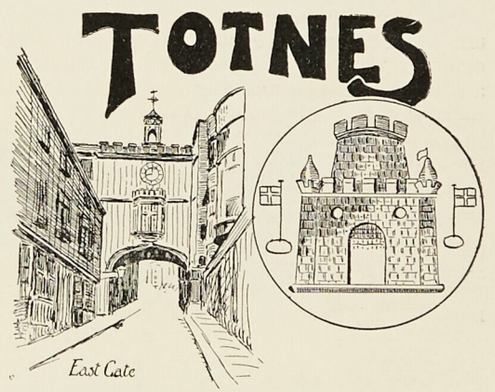
The ride from Bideford to Oakhampton was through some very lovely Devonshire scenery ; our view, however, was somewhat affected by the rain, which was now coming down in earnest. Arriving at Oakhampton, we all adjourned for tea. Sight-seeing here was very little, owing to the weather, and on meeting again at 7.30 it was decided to abandon the rest of the tour, which was via Liskeard and St. Austell, with stops at lovely Lynford Gorge and Gunnislake, two delightful places, and to come straight home through Launceston and Bodmin.

All of us had had a very active day, and after a short stop at Bodmin we were glad to get back to Redruth, in " that dear old county of Cornwall," at somewhere about midnight.

Now many of you may think that, having to forego part of our programme, the day was spoilt, but this was not so. Everyone had a really good time, and are looking forward to, perhaps, a similar event next year. As someone said to me at the end of the day : " It would take more than a drop of rain to damp a Cornishman's spirits " ; and I certainly believe it.

O.J.S.

* * *



Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

HOBBIES.

A strange title to such an article, you say ; rather a " Children's Page " heading. But it is not only among the youngsters that hobbies are found. Hobby is quite often associated with collection, although there is no reason why the two words should be associated as one has no need to collect anything to own a hobby ; it might be better if the word interest were substituted for hobby, as a hobby is a thing that one is wholly and devotedly interested in. A great variety of interests may be found in our own Factory. As found among most men, gardening decidedly takes first place. There is quite a lot of competition between the ardent gardeners as to the size of their potatoes and the quality of their beetroot. One man swears by his crop of onions (it may be that besides growing them he practi-

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cally lives on them). Another makes a good thing out of selling snowdrops, while another ex-engineer shows his Wiltshire breed by growing his runner beans up sunflowers. Several here take a great interest in singing. Around the piano massed choir effects always form an important item of our Totnes socials. The lorry drivers spend their spare time in rabbiting, while another, not to be mistaken for his brother, reads books on house painting. In the Office interests are shared between football and cycling; in fact, one gets to know as much about gears, frames, and "twenty-fives" as one does about contracts and tolerances. There is one man here, I know, who collects brass work; a dull hobby Why should he waste his time and, often, his money on such a thing? I cannot say. It is in the personal interests of the man and whatever his reasons are, they are good to him. If we stop and consider we shall probably find we all have an interest in something or other. One persons says, "My hobby is my work"; he must be fond of his work. But remember the saying: "All work and no play. . . ." A hobby should be a thing of leisure; something that one can put their mind to, to forget the worries and cares of work and the trials of this troubled era. Find an interest, make it a hobby, and you will find contentment in the tracing out of that hobby.

R.H.G.

Well, the summer season has come once more and it has brought to us a pleasure which we always look forward to, and that is in giving a hearty welcome to our friends from Calne and elsewhere who call on us when spending their holidays in our neighbourhood. Up to time of writing we have received visits from the Misses C. Roberts, M. Stevens, and H. Roberts, and Mr. T. Osborne from Redruth; also Messrs. S. C. Bingham, G. Gough and family, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Calne and others. We understand that ere the season closes a number of our colleagues will be calling on us. The more the merrier, we say, as it is good to meet old friends again and gain from them news of the welfare of others who are in our thoughts. So far the weather has not been too kind to some of our visitors. To them we say, "Come again next year, and they may then see glorious Devon at its very best."

W.J.T.

MARKET REPORT.

William Pitt—About 1800: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."

William Wilberforce — Shortly afterwards: "I dare not marry, the future is so dark and uncertain."

Lord Grey—In 1819: "I believe everything is tending to a convulsion."

Queen Adelaide—About 1831: "I have only one desire, to play the part of Marie Antoinette with bravery in the revolution that is coming."

Disraeli—In 1849: "In industry, commerce, and agriculture there is no hope."

Duke of Wellington—In 1851: "I thank God I shall be spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering about us."

Lord Shaftesbury—In 1868: "Nothing can save the British Empire from shipwreck."

These expressions of opinion serve to illustrate how wrong the best-informed people can be, and prove how foolish it is to worry about events which may never happen and which are beyond one's control. Under present circumstances the following quotation is not inappropriate:—

I have nothing to do with to-morrow,
Its troubles then why should I share?
Its Grace and its Faith I can't borrow,
Why should I borrow its Care?

* * *

He was proud of the fine sons he possessed, but found their education expensive, which, with other financial troubles, had put him into a bad temper. But he managed to answer a farmer civilly when asked to admire a fine litter of pigs.

When he was told how expensive it was to keep them, he again lost his temper.

"Keep them!" he roared. "Keep them! Be thankful you haven't to educate them."

* * *

"This," said the guide, stopping at a glass case in the dungeons of the castle, "is the skull of the famous highwayman, Dick Turpin."

"But, surely it is rather small for a full-grown man," ventured one of the tourists.

"Ah!" replied the guide, "it's the skull of Dick Turpin when a little boy."

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BY APPOINTMENT.
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 13.——SEPTEMBER, 1939.——No. 9.



THE Annual Meetings of the various Sections of the H.W.A. will soon remind us that summer time has ended, and a new year of the Harris Welfare Association has begun.

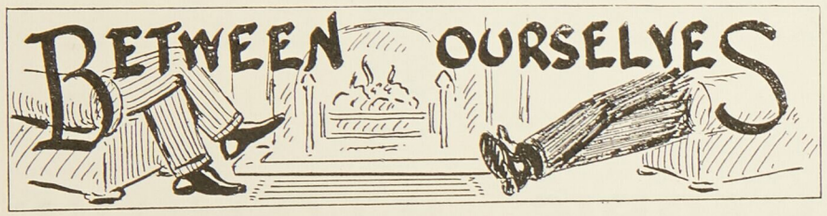
In spite of the weather the members of the Cricket and Tennis Sections have had a happy time, and a note in this issue invites increased membership for the ever-popular Hockey Section.

Thanks to an enterprising Games Committee, competitions and tournaments have made the Club House a rallying point for the recreational efforts of the Association. This centre, however, is capable of fuller and more systematic use, and we hope that new ideas carried into practice will continue to make this handsome building, set in such charming grounds, indispensable to the work of the H.W.A.

During the summer a visit by an accordion band was a marked success, and the grounds during summer time could be the scene of similar happy gatherings in the form of open-air plays, concerts, and garden parties.

During the winter the rooms could house comfortably many discussion and study groups, and we trust the H.W.A. will consider every possibility of using the Club House so as to give the utmost benefit to its members.

In conclusion, we hope that all who feel they have some talent which they can develop will not hesitate to take an active part in the work of one of the many Sections of the H.W.A.



WHEN this copy of the Magazine is issued our Flower Show and Sports Day will be over. May I say to everybody concerned how much I thank them for their work in connection with it and for the visits they paid to it.

It was a great regret to me that I was not present. The fact was that my only chance of getting a very short break coincided with the holding of our annual event and in view of the work that is ahead, as well as the work which is behind one, I felt bound to take a short time off.

I hope that the gathering of the clans meant the forging of yet another link of kindliness and good-will between our people in our various concerns.

The census of the pig population, taken on June 4th, 1939, has just been published. It showed a small increase in the number of sows in the country compared with a year ago. I hope this means that the persistence of cheap food is going to react upon the number of pigs that are to be produced.

From other figures of the census it would seem as though we are going to be slightly shorter of pigs in the country in the immediate future; indeed, I do not see much chance of greatly improved supplies for some months ahead.

A main problem of a Bacon Factory has always been connected with insufficient raw material and of a raw material that is not delivered regularly day by day, week by week, and month by month. It is impossible to get upon economical working lines in a Factory until sufficient and regular supplies of raw material are available.

I referred last month to the anxiety with which all concerned in the Marketing Boards, which administer the Bacon Industry Act, were facing the question of the new contract. I understand that this is to be issued at the beginning of September. Some of one's fears and anxieties will be removed if there is an adequate response to the contract offer. If, however, that response is very poor we shall find ourselves up against a very serious situation, but that will, to some extent, have to wait until we know the size of the problem that is involved.

I hope, in spite of our mixed bag of weather this summer, that your holidays have been, or will be, as the case may be, health giving and care free.



A Cruise in S.S. Orford to the Atlantic Islands.

(*Continued*).

We eventually reached Rabat and Sale, the latter being the old native city, still surrounded by its ancient walls and gateways. This originally was the home of pirates and slave traders, and as we wandered through the narrow densely-populated streets we could well imagine the happenings of bygone days. This was an evil-smelling place; the main streets, never more than 4ft. in width, were lined with hovels, with no windows, representing shops. Here men and boys were at work, many of them making straw or cane mats. In the small market place a few Moors had small displays of what we should term absolute rubbish, and which could easily be collected from refuse dumps at home, such as pieces of metal, even rusty wire nails, bottles of every size and shape, empty tins (incidentally, petrol tins at all times took the place of buckets). We left Sale in our cars, which were of every make and nationality, and returned to Rabat, which is built on modern lines, with wide streets and some very good shops, and visited the Sultan's Palace, just outside. The quarters for the harem were pointed out to us, and we were told the number of wives and concubines amounted to 200. It was intimated that we should look around the gardens of the Palace, but were told this could not be done as the wives were there at the time, so all we saw was the external of the Palace from the large courtyard. The sentries on guard were happy fellows, and willingly posed arm in arm with some of the ladies in the party to be photographed. After this a visit to the Sultan's Mosque near by, and the ruins of a Mosque which in its time was the largest known. This was destroyed in the earthquake of 1755, which so disastrously affected Lisbon, causing the loss of many thousands of lives. All women in Rabat and Sale were veiled, one peculiarity being the Sale women in the native quarter uncover one eye only, as not recognising the Rabat women who expose both eyes, it is meant to signify that they can see their own Sale people only and have no eye with which to see the Rabat women.

We sailed again at 7 p.m., and all were glad of a restful evening, followed by a day at sea, before arriving at Las Palmas on Saturday morning. The first thing we noticed upon arrival was the rocky nature of the island, with mountains stretching as far as the eye could see. Upon coming alongside the quay we were greeted by a chorus of song from numbers of canaries in wicker cages, which were for sale. Numerous pedlars were offering all sorts of wares, including cigars. Upon going ashore we were allotted cars (four in each) for the run of three miles to the town, where a tour of the principal streets gave us some approximate idea of it, but there was nothing at all impressive; in fact, there was every indication of hard times, the Spanish war having drained its resources like every other Spanish town and city. A start was then made over the mountains to Atalaya, where many natives have built habitations in caves in the mountain side. The countryside was very parched and dry, and it was difficult to imagine how the natives obtained a living. Apparently heavy rains occur at times as there were many dried up water courses and gullies down the mountain sides. To sum up one's impression of the island, poverty was the outstanding feature, although a considerable amount of shipping is done at the quay.

Upon returning to the ship we found a first-class German battleship lying astern of us, the "Gnuisenau," which had been thrown open to the public, many of our passengers taking the opportunity of looking over her (where permitted). A guard of honour stood at the head of the gangway to receive the commander, who was returning with the Mayor and Bishop, as well as other public officials of Las Palmas, to visit and inspect the battleship. The guard of honour appeared to be highly trained, and I could not help feeling impressed with their precision and splendid discipline.

We left Las Palmas at one a.m. on the Sunday morning, arriving at Teneriffe at eight a.m. Here again were lofty and rugged mountain peaks, but the outlines were softer and, upon going ashore, we found greater signs of fertility, more especially in the form of bananas. We entered private cars on the quay, and after a skim round the town left for the open country en route for Oratava. This being Sunday, it was interesting to see many on their way to or coming from Church, but in many other respects work was being carried on much

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in the same manner as on week-days. Here again poverty was very apparent, although the people looked well and the children, although poorly clad, appeared well fed and bright; many of them were very good looking. A visit was paid to a banana packing shed, and all the details connected with the preparation of the bunches of bananas for export could be inspected and were of great interest. Lunch was taken at the Grand Hotel Taoro, a splendid hotel in a lovely spot facing the slopes of the Peak of Teneriffe, which rises to a height of 12,150 feet above sea level, and said to be the highest mountain peak rising abruptly from the sea. Unfortunately the peak was most of the time covered in mist, but glimpses of the view which could occasionally be had gave a splendid idea of the beauty of the neighbourhood.

We reached Madeira early the following morning. What a feast of beauty presented itself as we approached Funchal; the houses rising in tiers from the sea, and everywhere a verdant green. We had to go ashore in launches, and from the end of the jetty were drawn in those quaint bullock sledges to the station for the mountain rock railway. One could not help admiring the well-kept condition of the bullocks and the clean uniform of the drivers, in fact, all persons offering articles for sale in the streets (and they were numerous) wore a kind of brown holland suit for the males, and the female flower sellers had most picturesque costumes, which matched the colours of the flowers; many could be seen posing for photographs for visitors. Before ascending the rack railway a visit was paid to a Madeira wine lodge, where all the interesting processes for preparing and maturing the wine of Madeira were explained. The ascent by rack railway to the top of the mountain, 3,300 feet above sea level, gave ample opportunity of inspecting luxurious growth en route in great profusion; sugar cane, bananas, and grape vines predominated, with flowers of every colour in great abundance. From the top very fine views of Funchal and the harbour could be seen. A descent was made by means of sledges over a cobbled roadway, controlled by attendants who cling behind them. Whilst the experience was quite unique, the bumps and jolts suggest other more comfortable means of transport back to the town. Space will not permit me to elaborate further of the many more interesting features of Madeira; it only remains to be said that for those able to visit the island they will be charmed with all to be seen.

Many passengers took the opportunity of seeing night life in the casino and hotels, as the boat did not sail until two a.m., and judging by the sounds of revelry from those returning in the early hours, a good time had been enjoyed.

The following morning saw our course set direct for Southampton, a distance of 1,300 miles, ordinary routine being followed in much the same manner as on the outward voyage. A race meeting on Wednesday evening, complete with tote, provided a sportive event. Early Thursday morning we crossed the Bay of Biscay, and for an hour or two had a rough sea, but the weather turned delightfully fine and warm, and so for home.

A real holiday in every sense of the word, full of interest, fresh air, sunshine, and enjoyment.

H. LUDGATE.

* * *

SPECIAL SCHEME FOR INSURANCE OF PRIVATE MOTOR CARS

Owned by the Staff and Employees of Messrs. C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., and Associated and Subsidiary Companies.

A scheme has been arranged by the Management whereby members of the Staff and other Employees may insure cars with the Eagle Star Insurance Co., Ltd. (assets £25,000,000), at premiums approximately 20 per cent. below those charged by other first-class Companies.

The following are specimen premiums :—

	Annual Premium. £	s.	d.
8 h.p., up to £100—Comprehensive	8	5	9
Third Party only	3	8	0
9 h.p., up to £100—Comprehensive	9	7	0
Third Party only	3	8	0

The special premiums would be subject to any no claim bonus earned under the present policy (maximum 25 per cent.)

The Eagle Star has a widespread organisation for handling claims and an excellent reputation for prompt service.

Applications for quotations should be made to Mr. H. W. Bodman, Insurance Broker, 23-25, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol, 1.

Impressions of Malaya.

Sungei Kawang Estate,
Bentong,
Pahang.
21*st July*, 1939.

As it is so difficult to write to *all* my friends at Calne and the Branches, perhaps a few of these notes could be put into the Magazine when a suitable opportunity occurs.

Sincerely yours,
G. F. ROYLE, (*nee* Fellows)

The moment we landed at Penang I was struck with the vividness of the light and the blueness of the sky; colours abounded everywhere—deep scarlets, brilliant reds and yellows—made even the very air itself so luminous that my eyes were dazzled with it all. Gradually things began to take shape, and one noticed the natives, dressed in all kinds of apparel, some in brilliant sarongs, some in old European suits, and some with merely a loin cloth. The noise was something also I had never noticed before anywhere; even London cannot compare with the blaring noise of thousands of tongues which one heard around the Docks of Penang, piercing the air so much that to get away into a quiet of a garden was a relief that was unimaginable. Malays, Chinese, Indians, all having their various jobs in connection with the loading and unloading of the liners, seem to think that even the boat may be deaf and therefore act accordingly. We had, in actuality, booked through to Singapore, but at the last moment decided to leave the boat at Penang and go down to the rubber estate, a matter of 300 miles, by road. Penang itself is a gorgeous spot, and I suppose, being my first glimpse of the real East, made a vast impression on my mind. It is beautifully laid out, everywhere are gorgeous flowering trees, and flowers abound everywhere. All round one catches glimpses of the sea separating it from the mainland, and a mile or two out is a small range of mountains, which can be climbed by means of a cable car, and there one can see Penang lying in the hollow, skirted by water, and right off into the horizon are the mountains which form such barriers as one travels through Malaya. These mountains are covered with jungle right to the summit, and the vegetation is really luxuriant. We spent a delightful time upon the Penang mountain, only coming down at six p.m. to see to our baggage and car, which had unceremoniously been thrown on to the quayside, as we had been told that it was impossible for us to get our things before the boat arrived at Singapore as it was so crowded. However, "the powers that be" decided otherwise at the last minute, and those of you who know the East at all will realise what it was to see to packing cases and a car in the dark. The heat was terrific. There was not a breath of air anywhere. All the coolies had apparently gone home for the day, and we had to set about hiring small carts and coolies to get the luggage down to the "godown," as it had not been passed by Customs. We finished up that night at 11 p.m. utterly fagged out, the only compensation being the hotel, which is the finest in the East, according to all reports. It is built on the water's edge, with lovely cool, green lawns sloping down to the water, shadowed by gigantic trees all in yellow flower. The garden was made up of hundreds of dahlias, zinnias, sunflowers, and hollyhocks. Out here the best results are always obtained by planting in pots, and this garden was really lovely.

The next day we finally got away at three p.m., and commenced to drive to Kuala Lumpur, 300 miles south. It was interesting and an experience which will be very vivid for a long time. The roads are not very wide and one sees jungle, rubber trees, rice fields, and small kampongs (villages). The next size to the kampong is the small native town, consisting of two rows of shops, &c., for about half a mile, with indescribably dirty children sitting around in all the filth of the road; Indians sitting cross-legged outside their silk shops; Chinese, all standing, and talking around their eating shops; Malays merely doing nothing at all but staring impassively in front of them. Malays on the whole are a lethargic race, so I'm told, and from what I've seen it appears to be true. They have a saying, "Tidapa biso"—"Never mind, to-morrow will do," and it is so. They are a picturesque race, always brightly clothed in sarongs of blues, reds, yellows, &c., and all wearing their little velvet hats, which they never take off, even in the house. Nearly all the roads are narrow, winding, and bumpy. Car riding is not the joy it is in England, and I'm afraid I hate contem-

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plating any journey these days as the road always upsets me terribly. Well, we drove into Kuala Lumpur at 11.15 p.m., very tired, but nearly at the end of our journey. We spent the next day there and then went on to the estate, another 73 miles up-country.

Kuala Lumpur is my nearest town for shopping, and to get to it as, I've said before, we have to climb up over the mountain pass and then down again. It is 73 miles, and it takes us three hours to do it. The road merely bends round in circles the whole way, but it is pretty country mostly. We drive alongside a river for about five miles, and then commence to climb. The road is flanked mostly by jungle until one gets near to K.L. Here and there are small native huts, but on the whole it is uninhabited. The Pahang district is the least developed of all the F.M.S., and we are *very* isolated. But on the other side of the range it is quite nice, and Kuala Lumpur itself is a very well-built town, or city as one might call it. I obtain all my meat and vegetables there, having to order 24 hours beforehand from the cold storage. It comes up to us by bus. Food on the whole is quite good, but not fresh and tasty such as we buy in England. We have very good bacon from Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, and also Denmark. Wall's sausages are obtainable fresh, and one can also purchase Harris' chicken and salmon rolls. The best meat we can buy is local pork, which is really excellent, and is Government examined, so that we know it is really pork and not buffalo or some other animal.

The road on which we are is called the Mentekab Road, and is very narrow, with only enough room for two cars to pass carefully. There are, all told, about seven rubber estates, which are managed by Europeans. Our nearest neighbours are, on one side of us, ten miles away and, on the other, five, and if we go to any other estate for dinner, tennis or badminton (which is quite popular here), we have to travel about 20 odd miles, and you can imagine how one felt on arrival not being able to just "go out" for half-an-hour to do shopping or have some tea somewhere. However, one gets very quickly used to all this, and it is really a lovely spot. The estate is some 3,000 acres in all, and is in the process of being opened up. One can see every stage in the making, from jungle to the finished sheet of rubber. The bungalow, which stands on a hillock, up to quite recently faced a big patch of jungle, but that has been felled now and burnt, and the view is lovely as we look right away over the plantation, and in the distance are the tops of some mountains. There is a lovely garden of four acres falling away from the bungalow ground in terraces; it is all grass, with the exception of big beds of brilliantly red and yellow cannas (similar to gladiolus) and lots of flowering trees, such as bourgan-villas and flame of the forest. There is a tulip tree and colossal clumps of white temple flowers, which give out the most exotic perfume and is quite overpowering in the house. Also, to my joy, there is a clump of honeysuckle, which has bloomed ever since we arrived here, and when it is in the house it smells very "Englishy." I, too, have acquired the "flower pot" habit, and have grown a large number of zinnias and dahlias, which have been very fine, and some chrysanthemums are now coming up. People get very good results with these, so I'm hoping that ours will be as good. I've also grown quite a lot of tomatoes from seed, and lettuce also. Lettuce is like gold—very, very difficult to obtain—and if one can grow it it is marvellous. There is also a very large oil palm tree, which has graceful boughs and foliage. This one has just flowered, and the seeds are as big as walnuts with an orange colour. Marigolds are very successful, and a sort of yellow lupin grows extremely well. Naturally, only quite new to the country, I have to do a lot of experimenting, but so far have had quite good results.

(*To be Continued*).

* * *

What is harder than a rock, what softer than water? Yet hard rocks are hollowed out by soft water.—*Ovid.*

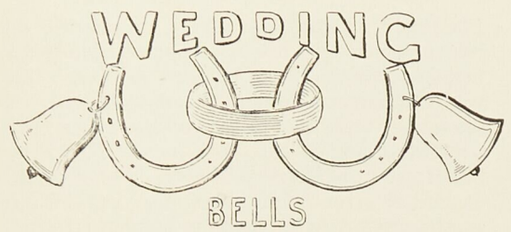
* * *

Politeness is excellent, but it does not pay the bill.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

* * *

LAST WORDS.

2.—Ladies and gentlemen, I will now enter the cage alone and unarmed.



At Calne Parish Church, on July 15th, Miss Edna Lucas was married to Mr. Leonard Hitchens, of Calne. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a pink crepe suede frock, with large pink straw hat to match, black suede shoes, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. One bridesmaid attended the bride and wore a mauve crepe suede dress, with straw hat to match, navy blue sandals, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Miss Lucas was 15 years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a chromium curb from the staff.

At Calne Parish Church, on August 5th, Miss Barbara Chivers was married to Mr. Edgar Winterton, of Calne. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, and wore a two-piece duck-egg blue suit, with large white straw hat, white buckskin shoes, white doeskin gloves, and carried an ivory Prayer-book. There were no bridesmaids. The reception was held at the Scouts' Hall, where 40 guests assembled. The honeymoon was spent in Shanklin, Isle of Wight. The bride travelled in a navy blue tailor-made costume, with navy blue hat, shoes, gloves, and handbag.

Miss Chivers was over 12 years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of a Lloyd loom linen basket from the staff, and numerous domestic presents from her colleagues.

At Derryhill Parish Church, on August 5th, Miss Olive Bullock was married to Mr. Gordon Garner, of Chippenham. The service was choral. The bride was given away by her brother and wore a gown of white broche satin, with a halo head-dress of orange blossom and veil. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies. Two bridesmaids were in attendance; they wore crinoline dresses of gold taffeta, trimmed with gold velvet, haloes of gold velvet flowers, with veils to tone and gold sandals. They wore gold bangles, gifts from the bridegroom, and carried bouquets of yellow tea roses.

Miss Bullock was eight years in the Retort Department, and was Work Council representative. She was presented with a chiming clock from the Staff.

At Chitoe Wesleyan Chapel, on August 12th, Miss Marjorie Knott was married to Mr. Harvey Pearce, of Chitoe. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, and wore a white satin gown, with coronet and veil, satin shoes, and carried a sheaf of lilies. The bride had one matron of honour, who wore a lemon floral georgette dress, with lemon veil and coronet of lemon veil, and white suede court shoes, and carried a bouquet of lemon roses and asparagus fern. Two small bridesmaids were in attendance; they wore Victorian dresses of pink satin, with mob caps of pink net and rosebuds, black patent strap shoes, pink socks, and carried Victorian posies of sweet peas.

Miss Knott's last period of service was two years in the Kitchen. She was the recipient of an oak biscuit barrel.

* * *

Hints—Wise & Otherwise.

The best things to use for polishing floors. A little wax, a large duster, a kneeling pad and a dutiful husband.

* * *

A bore is the kind of man who when you ask him how he is, tells you.

* * *

If you are angry, count one hundred before speaking: if the other chap is bigger than you, count a thousand.

* * *

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.

* * *

How to make money go a long way. Put a £1 note in an envelope and send it to Australia.

* * *

There are three kinds of people in the world: those who work to death, those who worry to death, and those who are bored to death.

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To the Editors,
" Harris Magazine."

DEAR SIRS,

At a time when a large number of people are making merry on the golden sands I am in a hospital for functional nervous disorders. It is the Cassel Hospital, Swaylands, Penshurst, Kent.

I suppose this stunt to be about a final cast of the dice of fortune, but, anyhow, they seem confident that they can set me up. I fear I have been badly handled previously.

I think it worth while to write about this place for I read in a recent medical review that 75 per cent. of the ills that at present afflict mankind are due to nerves.

The Cassel Hospital was founded and endowed by the late Sir Ernest Cassel, and opened in 1921. The original mansion was Swaysland, the property of a member of the great banking family, the Drummonds. It is intended for people who cannot afford tremendous fees, and the entire cost to Sir E. Cassel was £222,000. The fees are in accordance with one's ability to pay, and range from 2gns. to 10gns. per week. It is difficult to get in as the demand on the space —72 beds—far exceeds the supply. I waited five weeks, and the cheaper beds are all booked three months ahead. I am paying 6gns. per week, which is a bit stiff, but—well, needs must, &c. However, for anyone who has the " ready " it is dirt cheap even at 10gns. The whole affair is splendid, and rather beyond my powers of description.

There is a large staff of doctors. The mornings up to lunch time are occupied with a half-hour interview with one's allotted medical man, and then one has to work at some handicraft and, if fit enough, work in the gardens. The rock garden is, I think, the finest in England. In the afternoons one plays various games. Last Saturday there was a cricket match on the cricket field, which must rival many of the pretty cricket fields for which Kent is famous. Personally, I can only think of playing on two grounds which can rival Swaylands for beauty, and that long before the War. One was the famous Sidmouth ground, with its sea view, and the other, oddly enough, a somewhat similar place to this, the Holloway Sanatorium, at Virginia Water. The grounds extend to around 100 acres and, in addition to the cricket field, there is a splendid nine-hole golf course, a croquet lawn, a number of tennis courts, a golf putting green, and so on and so forth. The great idea is evidently to entirely fill in the time of the patients. Indoors there is a ballroom (dancing two nights a week), a badminton court, card rooms, music room, billiard room, and many and various diversions and, in addition, a fine library.

There is, in addition to the magnificent gardens, a very large orchard and vegetable garden and a farm. They keep their own pigs—for pork, I gather—but don't seem to keep cows.

So far I have not done anything but get around the grounds and play billiards. For the first week they don't press the work mornings. Though, indeed, a fair lady arrived one morning and wanted to teach me mat making. It was a bit of a frost, for indeed, my line of country has never been in the way of these sort of hobbies, and I doubt if now, at 70, I can hope to do any good at that sort of thing.

Time now for my half-hour with the medico. So more anon.

The hospital is within half-a-mile or so of Penshurst Church, and it is around the Church that the village of Penshurst clusters. The quite unspoilt beauty of this spot is, without doubt, due to the two great Penshurst families—Lord Harding of Penshurst and Lord De Lisle and Dudley. Penshurst Castle, which is close to the Church, is, I believe, entirely open to the public every day. The village is very small—so small that there are no banks, only two sub-offices, which are only open on Fridays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. There are no modern houses, some few are entirely of wood and others half timbered. Penshurst seems to have gone along through English history much as it now is. As is so often the case, one gets to know about a place through the Church records. According to these records Penshurst was in being in Saxon times, and there can be little doubt that the Church was originally built by the Saxon owner of Penshurst Place, because

for about 200 years before the Norman Conquest, owners of manors were not allowed to assume the title of Thane (equivalent to that of " knight ") unless they provided a Church for their Manor. The probable date of this Saxon Church would be about A.D. 860. Of this first Church no trace now remains.

The first quite definite date in the history of the Church is 1170, for in that year Thomas a Becket signed a deed instituting a priest to the Church of Penshurst. It is interesting from the point of view of English history that within 48 hours of signing the deed Becket was assassinated.

The Church has been restored from time to time, and there are just vestiges linking the Norman to Gothes, and dated about A.D. 1200.

The De Lisles and Dudleys are descendants of the great Earl of Leicester who was so involved in the political affairs of Queen Elizabeth, and also of the historic Sir Philip Sidney. There is a most quaint brass in the Church to the memory of an infant, Sidney, stating that she died in 1558 in the years of the reign of King Philip and Queen Mary. This mention of Philip of Spain as King of England is extremely rare.

There are in addition to the many memorials of the Sidney family also many to the great Harding family. Some to the Drummonds who, for a time, lived here, and to another family who resided here before the Drummonds.

It is a great joy to me to find a fair space of England entirely unspoilt by the crimes of the building speculators. There used to be many such places, and now, alas, there are so few.

One thing that strikes me as rather queer is that so many of the patients here seem able to play tennis with considerable ability and zest, and the golfers go round and round. I could wish there were a bowling green. I cannot stick croquet, and the more violent games are now entirely beyond me. But it is most evident that the medical view here is that outdoor sport is one of the great things for nervous ills.

R.E.H.

* * *

Every reform, however necessary, will by weak minds be carried to an excess which will itself need reforming.—*Coleridge.*

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

Relief Salesman B. Davis is taking over Van 51, Bristol, from the beginning of September.

Mr. L. S. Gosling is leaving the Company to enter his father's business at the beginning of September, and we send him our best wishes for a successful future.

We are glad to say that Van Salesman R. J. Ball is making good progress after his operation.

We sympathise with Van Salesman Widocks, of London, in the serious illness of his wife and hope that she will shortly be very much better.

There will be no London Grocers' Exhibition this year at the Agricultural Hall. This Exhibition has been amalgamated with the London Dairy Show, which takes place at the end of September at Earl's Court. We are not exhibiting this year. The Women's Fair has also been cancelled owing to the general uncertainty of the International situation. We shall be exhibiting at the North London Exhibition from the 11th to the 28th October.

J.H.G.

* * *

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.—No. 10.

1.—Without altering the order of the letters, how many words can you make out of DISHEARTEN.

2.—How would you spend 20d. on 20 birds if linnets were 4d. each, blackbirds a ½d. each, and thrushes a ¼d.

3.—Make five upright strokes and then add three strokes to illustrate a quotation from Shakespeare.

4.—Which is larger, a square half inch or half an inch square?

5.—Punctuate—It was and I said not but.

6.—Prove that a penny is a shilling.

Answers on Page 228).

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CRICKET.

1st XI.

Three blank Saturdays, owing to weather conditions, may have resulted in the loss of match practice so very essential to any team. Be that as it may, we had to admit defeat when we visited Chipping Sodbury on July 29th.

In response to their total of 104 we could only muster 48, and our return home was in a somewhat chastened mood.

It was a typical summer's day on August 5th, when we were due to play Lacock.

With pink noses and raincoats, we were too busy getting out our winter woollies to even think of cricket—hence, no match.

Our matches with Marlborough College Staff are always enjoyable, so we looked forward to our journey on August 12th. We batted first, and things did not look rosy (three for 1 and then four for 18), but, as usual, someone plays the hero's part. This time it was J. Archard (No. 2), who played until the fall of the eighth wicket for a nice 43 out of a total score of 82.

Our friends, with consistent play, could only manage 74, and thus we ran out winners by eight runs.

MID ON.

2nd XI.

Between the showers on July 17th, E. Wiltshire (No. 7) managed to hold out against the Goatacre bowling for a patient 40 out of a total of 126.

In spite of the weather, ducks were not conspicuous, each side collecting only one, and individually it was a close game, as our opponents came very close to our total by putting together 119 runs.

Our fielding was certainly very keen—five catches and one run out!

If further evidence is required we would mention that although our opponents wanted eight runs to win and had two wickets in hand—yet we did the trick by seven runs.

We batted first in our match with Wingfield on July 22nd. Maybe it was the journey; maybe not, but only two of our batsmen (R. Swaffield 23, and R. Gardener 30) could reach double figures out of a total of 83.

Our opponents passed this total and went on to score 111 for seven wickets before calling it a day.

Still, the result is of minor importance—we all had a good time.

July 26th saw another of those 20-over matches, which so contribute to lively cricket. Batting first, we managed to knock up 97 runs, with honours fairly evenly distributed amongst the batsmen.

Heddington's reply, however, just pipped us, as they scored just the century.

With a much weakened team, and a man short, we were no match for the strong Lowden St. Peter's XI., on July 29th. Our opponents were soon on top of our bowling and finished with 143 on the board.

Our reply was a mere 18, of which nine were extras. The weight and experience was too much for us on this occasion.

MID ON.

STICKS.

As this paragraph is being written the sun is shining as it should do, and the thermometer registers a very high degree.

It is difficult to become hockeyish under such conditions. Nevertheless, in a very short time (late September) our season opens, and we shall be shaking the moths out of those many-hued woolly scarves of ours.

A warm welcome is extended to everybody to join us, and we seek their help in making this season's team a real "winner."

If you can't join the team, come along to Lickhill and give us your vocal encouragement.

X.Y.Z.

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Friends Elsewhere.



Edited by W. H. WESTON.

CHIPPENHAM HORSE AND FLOWER SHOW

Once again this annual show, held in Monkton Park, on August Bank-holiday, proved to be of great interest to Chippenham and the surrounding districts. Favoured with delightful weather, it attracted the largest crowd for several seasons, this alone proving that the day of the Flower Show has not yet completely passed; in fact, there is reason to suggest that at Chippenham it gains popularity each season, and its fame must be known for miles around, when we notice that some of the competitors in the Horse Section came from such places as London, Barnsley, Hereford, and Truro.

The show this year was held under the presidency of the Duke of Beaufort, who succeeded the veteran Squire of Grittleton, Sir Audley Neeld, who was 90 years of age last January, and has now retired from public life.

There were over 200 entries in the Horse Section, and a marked advance in the number of exhibitors compared with last year, which again is evidence of the interest that is maintained. Other attractions were a series of Dairying Competitions by the Wiltshire Association of Dairy Students.

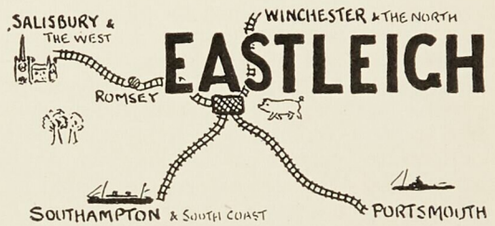
Another popular feature of this event is the band concerts, music this year being provided by two bands—the 2nd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps and the Swindon Military Band.

In conclusion, we must not forget the pleasure fair, which kept many of the young visitors to a very late, if not an early, hour.

We extend to Mr. Fred Sawyer our sympathy in the illness of his wife, who has undergone an operation in Melksham Cottage Hospital. We trust she will shortly be restored to health.

W.H.W.

* * *



Edited by L. S. JONES.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mr. B. Flynn, whose wife passed away on July 15th, after a long and painful illness. We would like Paddy to know that we are all thinking of him during this sorrowful period.

WELFARE ASSOCIATION.

FOOTBALL.

The Committee have reluctantly decided to disband the Football Club for the coming season, as several of our fellows have joined the Royal Air Force Voluntary Reserve, and owing to the call upon their time it was felt that it would not be possible to run a successful team in the Winchester League.

After the successful time experienced last season this decision is a matter of regret, but it is hoped that perhaps something can be arranged when the question comes up for review another season.

CRICKET.

Our cricket activities began on July 8th, when we visited Warnford to play the Warnford Farm Estate, at the kind invitation of Mr. Chester. Both teams fielded 12 men, and despite the atrocious weather, we managed to enjoy an afternoon's sport. We batted first, and our score reached the tremendous total of 35! E. Merritt scored 12 of these, and his innings was of immense value to us. When our hosts batted it was

apparent that the state of the pitch was responsible mainly for our bad score for we dismissed them for 41. Of this total Mr. Chester himself scored 17 very useful runs.

After partaking of tea, very kindly given us by our hosts, we played a second innings. This time we fared even worse, for we were dismissed for 28 runs, A. Jannaway scoring 12. We set about our opponents in fine style in their second innings and managed to dismiss them for 23. Thus we lost a very interesting game by one run. However, we all enjoyed an excellent afternoon's sport. Mention must be made of our capable umpire. He certainly did his job well and deserved his conducted tour amongst our pretty villages, which he was given afterwards. We also extend our thanks to "Nicky" for scoring for us.

An evening match was played against Hann's Dairies, at Fleming Park, and although we lost, we gave our opponents a good game. We batted first, and scored 56 runs. This total was not high enough, however, for the wicket was perfect, and Hann's had scored 100 for six wickets when stumps were drawn.

Four Counties score being as follows :—E. Farmer, 16 ; E. Merritt, 5 ; A. Jannaway, 4 ; L. Drayton, 10 ; G. H. Taylor, 2 ; W. Jannaway, 9 ; F. Richardson, 6 ; R. Collins, 0 ; L. Hunt, 0 ; F. Martin, 0 ; P. Christopher, 0 ; Extras, 4 ; total, 56.

Our bowlers were :—A. Jannaway, 4 wickets ; F. Richardson and E. Farmer, one wicket each.

Our next game was against Upham, away, and we lost a very exciting match by 11 runs.

We batted first and, thanks to good scores by Farmer (17), and Wheeler (25), we totalled 57 runs. We dismissed Upham for 68, A. Jannaway, who skippered the team, taking four wickets for 20 runs.

Scores :—F. Beckett, 5 ; E. Farmer, 17 ; A. Wheeler, 25 ; E. Smart, 0 ; A. Jannaway, 3 ; E. Merritt, 1 ; W. Jannaway, 1 ; L. Drayton, 0 ; R. Collins, 1 ; W. Mudge, 0 ; L. Hunt, 1 ; Extras, 3 ; total, 57.

Bowling :—A. Jannaway, four wickets for 20 runs ; E. Smart, two wickets for 6 runs.

We are hoping to arrange one or two more fixtures before the end of the season so that interest in our Welfare activities will be kept even more alive.

E.A.S.

We should like to know if pigs are ever painted with iodine to bring out their bruises, as one of our bright young things has made this suggestion, which would probably be a good idea.

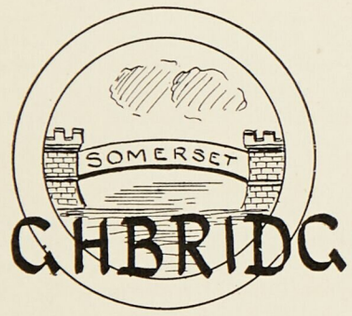
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Whilst on the subject of gossip, who was the member of our field service corps who was "strolling" across the barrack square the other day as if on holiday ? Good job his sergeant was also on ticket of leave.

* * *

It is also rumoured that one of our "airmen" was seen holding an umbrella one day. Perhaps he is going to take it along with him on his flips as prevention is better than cure.

* * *



HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

OBITUARY.

Our sincere sympathies are extended to Mrs. V. C. M. Major on the loss she has sustained by the death of her father after a short illness on Monday, 7th August.

We are pleased to hear that our sub-captain of the skittles team (F. Pople) is better and at work again after three weeks' illness.

Our congratulations are extended to Walter Young and his Staff at the Creamery for again securing recognition with the manufacture of Caerphilly Cheese at the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show at Caernarvon.

WELFARE NOTES.

Our monthly meeting was held on Tuesday, 25th July, and was of very short duration owing to clashing with other meetings of a similar character, in which some of our members are interested. It was reported that all arrangements were now complete with reference to the outing to Calne for the annual Flower Show, and we are all looking forward to spending a very happy day at the family gathering. We shall, of course, be extremely disappointed not to have the privilege of meeting Mr. Bodinnar, but we are glad to know that he is able to have a few days of very well-earned rest, and hope that he will greatly benefit from it.

The best thanks of the meeting were extended to Mr. R. C. Lynham for the interest he took in escorting a party of our young people to see the sights when up at London for the "trip."

A.R.P.

Both Highbridge and Burnham services have taken part in the two black-outs arranged for during the past few weeks, and so far as we can gather the exercises have been very satisfactory on the whole, and the general public can rest assured, should an emergency arise, our volunteer services will rise to the occasion and give a good account of themselves. Both towns have a very enthusiastic and keen body of ladies and gentlemen rendering voluntary service to the community.

FUR AND FEATHER NEWS

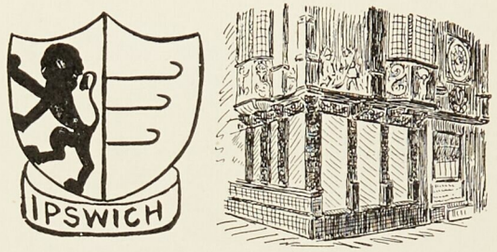
From information received from the Secretary of the Huntspill Homing Society, they have been trying out their young birds, and the first race was on 29th July, when they flew from Ashchurch (66 miles), but the weather appeared to be against them, many birds having a night out. This proved to be a very slow race. A record number of 200 was despatched, and the following birds came home :—W. J. Young, 1st, 4th, and 5th.

The next race was from Barnt Green (90 miles), 150 birds despatched, and appeared to be considerably faster than in the first race. C. Turner secured seventh place.

C.B.S.

* * *

He harms the good that doth the evil spare.—*Old Proverb.*



Edited by J. E. SMITH.

EDITORIAL.

Whenever any of the Staff return from a holiday it is noticeable that some minutes are devoted obviously discussing their experiences, and from their facial expressions and gestures one concludes that something terribly exciting has happened. Could not we recount some of those impressions in the columns of this Magazine for the benefit of all ? The Editor is even yet optimistic.

OUR HERITAGE, THE SEA.

There is no more imposing spectacle than that afforded by the sea, and it is interesting to watch the ceaseless motion of the waves which roll gently upon the shore, and the restless undulations of the billows which chase one another with a plaintive murmur. The observer looks towards the distant horizon and the liquid circle, with which he is surrounded, that almost insensibly the sea and sky become united and blend into one.

Look on the globe, and ocean is the rule, earth the exception, and it has been ascertained that the sea covers at least two-thirds of the surface of the globe. The sea, however, is unequally distributed, the Southern hemisphere being far more abundantly provided with water than the Northern.

Sea water, if enclosed in a bottle, appears colourless, but seen from the shore it is generally of a beautiful green. The Black Sea owes its name to its frequent tempests ; the White Sea to its masses of floating ice. It is probable that water has a colour of its own, which appears to be either blue or green, but put out to sea at daybreak on a cold winter's morning and the sea looks grey and terribly uninviting in keeping with the grey skies overhead. When on a sea voyage, endeavour to stay on deck all night and look straight down the ship's side, and

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more often than not the sea is radiant with a strange lustre, the white foam is replaced by fiery bands, each wave in rolling over shines with a mysterious brilliancy.

The waves of the sea, majestic and tranquil, are at times subject to the most terrible convulsions. They rise and fall in torrents of foam, and during great storms mariners have seen waves attain a height of over 30ft. Whilst dashing against the rocks of the shore they move with a startling rapidity and acquire an irresistible force. Gigantic waves are to be met with in almost all seas; near the coasts they give birth to breakers, which are a just object of dread to mariners. The action of the waves is felt by the hardest and most solid rocks, and however abrupt and resisting the shore, it is gained upon by the irresistible element. Nothing is sufficiently strong to escape the army of waves, and the land is always defeated in its contest with the sea, and to bear this out one need go no further than our Suffolk coast, where cliffs and houses have been swallowed up by the sea. The places to suffer most of recent years are Southwold, Kessingland, Pakefield, and Lowestoft. Sometimes the waves cut, separate, and excavate rocks, and give birth to fantastic construction bearing the impress of a style altogether unique—a grotesque order of architecture—but the sea repairs to some extent the ravages which it has caused, the debris being transported to other places where it forms superimposed layers, and by frequently repeating the operation, large estates which border on the Delta of the Humber have been elevated several feet, which, in a way, compensates for the wounds which have been inflicted elsewhere.

Nature has accomplished another phenomenon by leaving high and dry, at low water, the Scroby sands off Yarmouth, and landing on these sands in 1919, I was told that they had not been seen for about 70 years, and one would be correct if, at low tide, the sands were called Scroby Island; and who knows but that one day it may become an island and be built upon. It is doubtful if it will ever become attached to the mainland, the channel separating the two being very deep and navigable for ships of large tonnage. If the tides at Yarmouth are about the same, and I have not seen it reported to the contrary, one must assume it is the sand that has risen little by little and gradually elevating itself.

The poets have often looked upon water as being the emblem of inconstancy and mobility, but the great movements of the sea are not capricious, their obedience to law is perfect—the circulation of water on the earth is as regular as that of the circulation of the blood. Just as the sunflower is said to look up to the sun, so twice a day the ocean swells her bosom towards the powerful attraction of the sun and the moon.

There are many songs of the sea, and I will complete this article by quoting:—

What is more grand and free,
Than life on the boundless sea?
Land hath no charms for me,
O! beautiful sea.

B. J. HASTE.

THIS MONTH'S HINT.

Leather and Rexine.

When either of the above are dull or dry it indicates that they need "feeding" or cleaning, in the following manner.

Polish with a white shoe or furniture cream at least once a week. By using a white, colourless cream, there is no risk of discolouration due to pigment or dye, and it leaves a smooth non-tacky finish.

K. C. DOWNES.

* * *



Edited by T. GODWIN.

BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

A Londoner took a visiting American to see "Hamlet."

"You sure are behind the times here," remarked the American. "I saw this play in America four years ago."

* * *

"Can you lend me a quid for a week, old man?"

"I admire the pathos of your appeal, but I'd like to see the weak old man first."

A land girl called on a farmer in response to an advertisement for a shepherd, and offered her services.

"No, no, my lassie," said the old farmer, "I advertised for a shepherd, not a shepherdess."

"I know that, but surely there is no reason why the work should not be undertaken by a woman?"

"Well, a woman once tried it and made a mess of it."

"Who was she?"

"Bo-Peep."

* * *

An Irishman, much given to standing drinks, used to say, "This is on me, boys." When he died a flat tombstone was put on his grave. On it was carved: "This is on me."

* * *

"Does your wife economise?"

"Oh, yes. We have to do without practically everything I need."

* * *

A local celebrity's presence in the chair at an entertainment was desired, and two of the organisers waited upon him with a deferential request. The required promise was duly obtained.

"You may rely on me," said the big man. "Friday, the 28th, in the Parish Hall. It's quite a non-sectarian affair. I suppose?"

"Bless your 'eart, sir," came the reply, "the place was only lime-washed last week. You won't find nothing of the kind on the premises."

ON 'CHANGE.

On July 12th the Right Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, performed the opening ceremony of the new London Provision Exchange. There were a big company of members present and representatives of other associated Exchanges throughout the country.

Some readers may perhaps just wonder what is an Exchange, what its purpose is, and what really takes place there. We are familiar with the names of the Stock Exchange, Baltic Exchange, Corn Exchange, and others, but the Exchange we are associated with is the London Provision Exchange, and I will try to give just a brief history and some idea as to what really happens on the floor.

In the early days before any organised trading, produce arrived at Brewers Quay, Lower Thames Street. Tooley Street agents would meet buyers on the quay and could actually transact their business as soon as the boats were unloaded. There were arrivals of butter, bacon, and other products, and these were sold by sampling and inspection. The largest volume of bacon in those days came from Ireland and Germany. The chief Continental supplies arrived from two factories in Hamburg.

Trading was found to be difficult and there was some desire for better convenience, and some sort of organisation. A small Exchange was opened on the quay by a firm by the name of Barbers, and a kind of regulated trading commenced with the growth of imports. This Exchange was found to be too small for the growing trade and a larger Exchange was built in 1887, adjoining the south side of London Bridge, and this was known as the Home and Foreign Produce Exchange. Firms who wished to be represented on the Exchange had to take up one or more shares, and only those with the highest integrity were accepted as members. Rules and regulations were made and were binding to both buyer and seller. A curious custom among its members was that all attending the Exchange wore silk hats, but this has now disappeared, with the exception of just one or two members.

Any disputes, which were extremely rare, were settled by arbitration, and it is really amazing when you consider that all deals are made verbally, that to-day disputes are unheard of. A really true picture of that fair trading of which we, as English people, have a right to be proud.

On occasion quite big transactions take place. Sometimes Brokers will step in if they anticipate any market advance is likely to take place, and they will hold until they are satisfied with their profit of advanced prices, and then re-sell. On the other hand both Agents and Brokers unload their stocks as soon as possible if they foresee a dropping market. It is here that the buyer, with his intelligent anticipation, either holds off or buys according to how he views the position.

Official prices are issued weekly by the Exchange of bacon, butter, lard, and cheese.

About ten years ago the volume of English and Empire commodities considerably increased and it was, therefore, thought desirable to alter the name of the Exchange,

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and it is now called the London Provision Exchange.

The old Exchange served its purpose for 52 years, but with the increase of commodities, including canned goods, the necessity of better facilities and more Committee Rooms, the new Exchange was built, still adjoining London Bridge, but on the opposite side of the road.

G.C.

THE FAT BOY OF COCK LANE.

The Fat Boy is a carved wooden figure representing an uncommonly fat boy which formerly rested on the wall of the Fortune of War Tavern, at the corner of Cock Lane, and bore an inscription which read, "This boy is in memory put up for the late Fire of London occasioned by the sin of Gluttony, 1666."

According to an old story, a greedy baker's boy, while stealing his master's pies one evening, knocked over a lamp and so started the Great Fire.

Various accounts of the origin of the fire are given, and one historian says that as an explanation this is as good as any of the others.

The Fortune of War was pulled down and a new building erected on its site and the Fat Boy gilded and set up on the wall without the old inscription.

A preacher in his sermon on the anniversary of the Great Fire asserted that:—"The calamity could not have been occasioned by the sin of blasphemy, for in that case it would have begun in Billingsgate; nor lewdness, for Drury Lane would have been first on fire; nor lying, for the flames would have reached the city from Westminster Hall. No, my beloved, it was occasioned by the sin of gluttony, for it began at Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner."

But, the historian remarks, the fire continued to spread about Cripplegate 20 hours after Pie Corner had been razed.

S.W.M.

* * *

You are worth as many men as you know languages.—*Charles V.*

* * *

No path of flowers leads to glory.—*La Fontaine.*



LEEDS

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

We like the story of Mr. Sidney Smith, the paper salesman who, when customers try to show him the door, produces a few conjuring tricks which "invariably amuse" them and "usually lead" to getting an order. Mr. Smith is a specially deft hand at this business. Competing for the first time he won the British Championship of the International Brotherhood of Magicians, with a card manipulation and cigarette act. Not every commercial traveller will be able to attain such heights. Not one of them will wish to come into competition for business with the Champion Brother of All-Britain. But skill enough to please the average customer should be within the reach of all, and we see a pleasing prospect of sales resistance breaking down everywhere under their magic touch, with beneficial results not only for themselves and their firms, but for humanity at large. To speed the trade cycle with a rabbit from the hat, or a packet of cigarettes at less than the old price—this is surely a task to inspire our ambassadors of commerce and make learning how to do it worth while.

It is not an entirely new idea. The juggling salesman at the pot stall knows the value of attracting interest and attention through something other than his goods and prices. The older generation will remember Sequah, who employed a brass band to draw clients and to drown their groans under his teeth extraction trick. Now that Mr. Smith has proved the efficiency of modern magic perhaps we may look forward to the day when business will be done on the stage instead of in the stock room. All sorts of delightful combinations are possible with magic in one hand and trade in the other. But perhaps if all salesmen became conjurors clients would grow tired of tricks and refuse to be amused, in which case the orders would go to the caller who had nothing up his sleeve.

This brings to my recollection the first encounter I had when I first came to Leeds—a raw laddie frae the Hielans without the least notion of the kind of people he would meet hereabout. It was in the busy central area, and one of the chief stores, and it had a very long counter running right from the doorway to the depths behind. When I walked in for the first time the assistants signalled me to go forward—they never spoke. At the far end was a big, hefty man with his coat off, busily packing. He was the manager. He turned with a scowl and put his hands to his hips and glared. I quietly told him my business and asked to see the Manager. His answer was a roar (because I had called on the wrong morning!) followed by the longest sustained string of "flowing" English I have ever heard. I replied by studying my wrist watch till he stopped, and then congratulated him upon his vocabulary, and asked him if he had heard about the man from Bramley who went up to London.

When he was signing the hotel register he noted that several of the signatures were followed by cryptic letters, such as J.P., M.C., and the like. "Here, what's this?" he asked the clerk. "What 'ev ah to put after my name?"

"Well, sir," explained the clerk deferentially, "we like our visitors to indicate any distinctions they may possess."

The Yorkshireman pondered awhile. Finally he added to his name the letters "B.B.B. B.B.B." "There," he said, "Reckon you won't have had one like that afore."

The clerk agreed and asked more deferentially still what the letters stood for.

"Ah," said the Yorkshireman proudly, "They stand for Best Blooming Blower i' Bramla' Brass Band."

Well, my Boar Lane client laughed, and laughed again; and that story started a friendship and re-opened a valuable account.

Personally, I have never used the begging method of salesmanship, nor have I cultivated the pitiful tale. Yorkshire admires the man who stands up for himself and offers a straight deal, and gives a straight answer to a straight question without subterfuges. One example of the kind of thing which loses customers in Yorkshire was related about a London greengrocer who opened a branch in Yorkshire.

An ardent shopper, anxious to extend her own personal "Buy British" campaign to every category of purchases, looked critically at a pile of tomatoes in the Leeds Market. They were reasonbale in price and excellent in quality, but doubts assailed her.

"Are these British?" she asked sternly.

"Well, ma'am, not exactly," said the salesman apologetically, and then more hopefully, "But they were grown in the Canaries from British seeds."

At this period of the year it is customary to refer to weather news. We are thinking of holidays; and, while it is not pleasant to be working under dull skies or rainy conditions, it is sheer torture to be soaked during our holidays. Since Easter the West Coast generally has had the sunshine, and Scotland and the Isle of Man have scored over the East. Since Whitsuntide the West Riding has had more rain than it can stand, and while I write it is thundering and pouring down.

The Leeds Tattoo was a great show in every sense, but again this year the rain ruined it, and the wonderful spectacular riding by the Motor Cycle Corps and the musical ride of the Horse Artillery were performed in a quagmire while the audience shivered. One story indicates the state of affairs.

After the Tattoo the head of the house was confined to bed with influenza, and his wife was busy sterilising the dishes he had been using.

"Why do you do that, Mummy?" asked four-year-old John.

"Because, dear," replied his mother, "Daddy has germs, and the germs get on the dishes he uses. I boil the dishes and that kills the germs."

John thought for a moment or two and then said: "Mummy, why not boil Daddy, and get rid of all the germs at once?"

I fear that many people who "cast the clouts" when May went out have had to resume winter attire. The effect upon trade has been quite serious, and stores are already having "sales" to clear summer stocks. Grocers are very quiet also, as the ladies will not come to town to shop. One factor frequently forgotten is that the young men now going into training were consumers of plenty of food, and the food trades are feeling the effect already. Nevertheless, we

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are carrying on nicely; and, as I hope to visit Scotland soon, I shall end by telling you in confidence that more haggis is eaten in England than Scotland. Many believe this to be due to the far greater number of Scotsmen in England than in Scotland. The movement to found a national home for the haggis is gaining strength. Although this is serious, please do not be alarmed as sometimes they go home again.

At one of the several new schools which are rising in the wool capital, some Scottish workmen arrived from Glasgow to construct a particular feature of the building. When they had been working for a few hours one of the school authorities asked the foreman if he could give any idea as to how long the job would take them?

"We'll be going back wi'in four-r weeks," said the foreman grimly. "We've only taken monthly return tickets."

Best wishes to you all for a good holiday and lots of sunshine.

* * *

THE EDITORS REPLY.

Our genial friend from Leeds set us a poser or two in his article last month, and we accordingly accept the challenge.

POSER No. 1.—This might be a puzzle to some, but at our kindergarten Selah was the Sanskrit for Smiling Morn. Reverse the word and you get Hale S.—hence, "Hail, Smiling Morn." This we might add is the term used by our Office staff as the pre-dawn alarm goes off.

POSER No. 2.—We learnt this when we kept poultry. Dublin is a bird which lays double-yolk eggs and its abbreviation is "N.N."

POSER No. 3.—Because we go to bed early.

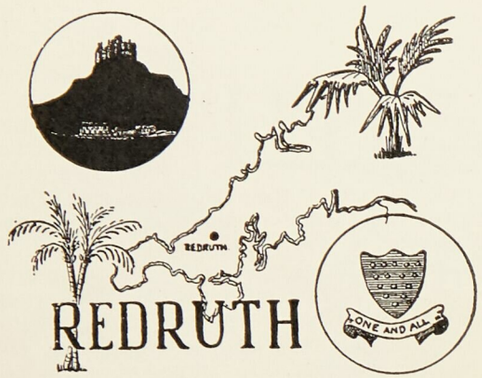
POSER No. 4.—All of ours at 5.30 p.m. (Saturdays one o'clock).

POSER No. 5.—As many as our friend cares to send to us. If he prefers postal orders so much the better. (We've got some bright hopes, haven't we?).

Our final retort will be in the nature of a poser to our Heiland laddie.

Why was there no chattering when G.S.C. visited Calne?

Because we did not like to interrupt!



Edited by A. J. CLARK.

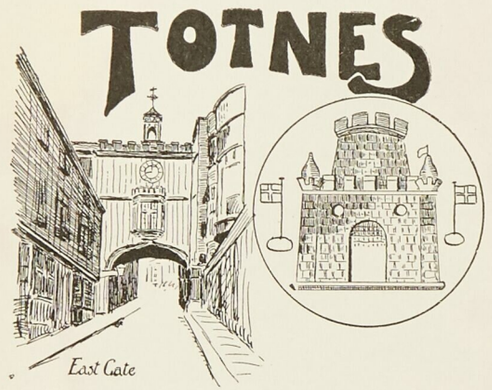
On the 31st July we bade regretful farewell to Mrs. Hugo, who has left the service of the Company after having been employed at this Branch for the past 15 years as typist.

During this week distribution of gas masks is being made to the population of the urban area. Members of our Staff are assisting in the task, which is a heavy one in such a thickly populated district. Let us hope that these masks will never be needed for the purpose for which they are intended, and that the efforts being made for peace will succeed. Although so far distant from the vulnerable areas, Cornwall is playing its part toward the preparedness required of the nation. In the event of an emergency arising many thousands of children from London will be evacuated to the comparative safety of Cornwall, where arrangements have already been made for their reception and housing. At this time Cornwall is already providing accommodation for many foreign refugees. Only a week or so ago a Confirmation Service was conducted in German at St. Clements by the Bishop of the Diocese for refugees who are being housed at what at one time was a home for young wayfarers at Bodrean, one of the homes of the brothers of St. Francis. At Carclew—a beautiful estate overlooking the river Fal, where the house was very badly damaged by fire some years ago—refugees of several different nationalities are housed and they are slowly building up the ruins of the house to provide shelter for others.

The 4th and 5th Battalions of the D.C.L.I. are in camp during the first two weeks of August at Corfe Castle. One of our Office staff and two from our Factory are in camp, and we hope on their return to receive an account from them of their life under canvas.

The weather during the early summer has proved disappointing, but Cornwall has again been chosen by many as their holiday venue.

* * *



Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. W. B. Friggens in the loss he has sustained by the death of his father.

At the time of writing we are in the midst of the holiday rush and, despite the weather, the seaside resorts in our neighbourhood appear crowded to the utmost, the streets and beaches presenting a scene of the greatest animation. It is unfortunate that the climatic conditions so far this summer should have been so disappointing, as the influx to the West has undoubtedly exceeded that of previous years.

On the 27th of July Mr. and Mrs. James Granger celebrated their golden wedding. Members of the family and various friends joined them in this very happy event, which was made all the more enjoyable for Mr. and Mrs. Granger when telegrams began to arrive from many quarters. One telegram which was much apreciated was that received from our Deputy Chairman and Managing Director, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq. Good wishes were sent from everybody at the Totnes Bacon Factory, where Mr. Granger was employed for many years, and we all hope that they will be long spared to continue their happy married life together.

W.J.T.

ALL THRO' THE NIGHT—ON A BIKE.

The brilliant moonlight greeted us one night as we set out at about 10.30 p.m. on what our local Cycling Club terms its annual 24-hour run. A fresh wind was blowing at the start, but for all that it was great; the Devonshire hills looming out against the skyline as we made our way through by-ways and highways as midnight was approaching. The Dart Valley was enchanting with its woods and rushing water, which gave the night a song such as it is impossible to hear when the noise of traffic disturbs the peace of our countryside; it held a mystifying glamour that is difficult to explain, and which is not experienced during the hours of daylight. On we went through the night, until 1.30 a.m. found a very happy party seated on capes, pullovers, saddle-bags, or anything else that was available, beside a bridge, under which babbled a true West-Country stream. This being our first stop, we made tea with the help of a Primus, which is the cyclists' aid to alfresco dinners, teas, and even breakfasts. After about 15 minutes rest things were getting somewhat chilly, and it was time to stick on a spot more clothes (our fair sex with ankle socks and shorts must have found it a bit icy). Suddenly the silence of the night was disturbed by a clatter of hoofs from a couple of straying horses from a neighbouring farm. These animals were evidently terrified at the sight of our party as they quickly disappeared through the first available gateway.

We were packing our kit, with the aid of a lamp, and commencing to move when lights appeared in the distance, We soon found these came from a motor-coach which had gone astray and was groping its way through the moonlit lanes. On nearing us a Cockney voice called out: "Can y' tell m' the wye to the nearest town?"—what a reception we got from the passengers when we answered "only a couple of miles." On we travelled into the early morning through peaceful sleeping moorland villages until we came to Okehampton. Here things were quite lively, although it was only four a.m. Many of our party were quite disappointed to discover they were not the only early birds

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to be seen. They did not expect to be greeted with a cheery 'good morning' from quarry men already on their way to work. Entering a lovely valley shortly after this, we found a number of Army men, with their lorries, out training, although it was barely sunrise.

Soon after this came the high spot of the run, the stop at Lydford Gorge, a famous Devon beauty spot on the edge of Dartmoor; Receiving the captain's order to "dump the irons," we were soon making our way towards the Gorge, a few fences having to be crossed as the main entrance was closed at this early hour on a Sunday morning. We were soon clambering down the path near where the water was tumbling down at a terrific rate in a series of falls to the valley below. It was an awe-inspiring sight looking down the deep crevice, which was full of dark shadows and black rocks, and the spot of sunlight after dawn only added to the charm of the scenery.

As the keen air had given us all a hearty appetite, we took a final look at the splintered ridges and, saddling up quickly, made our way on to Tavistock, where a breakfast had already been ordered, to which full justice was done, and all of us felt grateful for the hospitality of these "Tavvy" folks who ministered to our wants. A short rest was then taken, after which we sped on into Cornwall, as far as Kit Hill, where the mid-day meal was taken, followed by a little sleep, after which a beautiful afternoon saw us making tracks for home. We soon bid "cheerio" to Cornwall, and were back again in Devon, and reaching Plympton, a halt was made for tea. After this we travelled along comfortably, reaching home at about 8.30 p.m., and all of us agreed that it was one of the best night runs that could have been arranged, and one which is likely to remain in our memories for many years to come Those of our readers who have visited these parts may be able to visualise the route taken, which was mostly on the fringe of Dartmoor, and ideal for the purpose.

C.W.M.

* * *

A thoroughly honest and upright man is one who tells the whole truth about a second-hand car which he is trying to sell to a fellow he doesn't care for.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 217.

1.—Dish, is, I, she, ear, shear, hear, he, art, ten, hearten, heart.

		s.	d.
2.—	3 Linnets at 4d. ...	1	0
	15 Blackbirds at ½d....		7½
	2 Thrushes at ¼d. ...		½
	20	1	8

3.—KINI. A little more than kin, and less than kind (Hamlet I., 2).

4.—Half an inch square.

5.—It was "and" I said, not "but."

6.—A penny is a copper, a copper is a bobby, a bobby is a bob, and a bob is a shilling.

* * *

A young farm-hand visited London to spend a holiday with a relative.

His clothing being decidedly rustic in appearance, his host suggested that he should get a suit from a city tailor, to which the young man agreed.

"What about a small deposit, sir?" asked the tailor when measurements had been taken.

"Just as you like," replied the other, "put one in if they're fashionable."

G. S. CAMPBELL.

* * *

The man who said that there was room in the world for everybody has never had his car out on Sunday.

* * *

How to raise Carrots. Take hold of the top and pull.

* * *

How to avoid falling hair. Jump out of the way.

* * *

All of us have our ups and downs, the hardest of which are trying to keep appearances up and expenses down.

* * *

To improve your eyesight. Get up early and you'll see father off.

* * *

The taste of mustard is greatly improved if a little Roast Beef and Yorkshire are added.

God Save our King and Queen.



. . . . may you rule us long
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!

TENNYSON.

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HIS MAJESTY'S BROADCAST.

The following message was broadcast by the King from Buckingham Palace throughout the Empire on Sunday, September 3rd, 1939.

In this grave hour, perhaps the most fateful in our history, I send to every household of my peoples, both at home and overseas, this message, spoken with the same depth of feeling for each one of you as if I were able to cross your threshold and speak to you myself.

For the second time in the lives of most of us we are at war. Over and over again we have tried to find a peaceful way out of the differences between ourselves and those who are now our enemies. But it has been in vain.

We have been forced into a conflict. For we are called, with our Allies, to meet the challenge of a principle which, if it were to prevail, would be fatal to any civilised order in the world.

It is the principle which permits a State, in the selfish pursuit of power, to disregard its treaties and its solemn pledges; which sanctions the use of force, or threat of force, against the Sovereignty and independence of other States.

Such a principle, stripped of all disguise, is surely the mere primitive doctrine that might is right; and if this principle were established throughout the world, the freedom of our own country and of the whole British Commonwealth of Nations would be in danger.

But far more than this—the peoples of the world would be kept in the bondage of fear, and all hopes of settled peace and of the security of justice and liberty among nations would be ended.

This is the ultimate issue which confronts us. For the sake of all that we ourselves hold dear, and of the world's order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge.

It is to this high purpose that I now call my people at home and my peoples across the Seas, who will make our cause their own.

I ask them to stand calm, firm and united in this time of trial. The task will be hard. There may be dark days ahead, and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield. But we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God.

If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then, with God's help, we shall prevail.

May He bless and keep us all.

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BY APPOINTMENT.
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 13.——OCTOBER, 1939.——No. 10.



WE feel that an attempt should be made to ascertain whether our Magazine can prove helpful, as a link between the Firm and its employees, during the coming period of strain and trial; we are, therefore, continuing publication so long as circumstances permit.

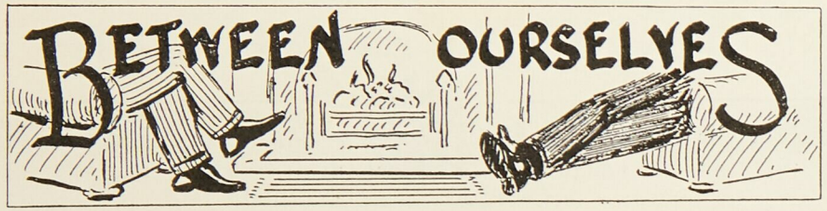
Difficulties will arise, but we hope that our friends will forgive us if it is necessary to produce a smaller Magazine which may appear a little later than the usual publication dates.

The Harris Magazine has appeared each month since January, 1927, and it would be a great loss if its continuity should be broken at a period when new scope and usefulness may await it.

We know that we can rely upon the absolute discretion of our contributors at this critical time and that every sentence will be carefully considered, so that the Magazine will help and foster the National cause to the utmost.

Our Chief, in spite of the great demands made on his time and energy, will keep in touch with us all, as he has done for the past 153 months, on the page devoted to "Between Ourselves."

Once again we extend our thanks to Contributors, Distributors, and Subscribers, and venture to express the hope that, collectively, we may be able to shed a ray of hope and guidance in the darkness which is enveloping us.



FOOD MINISTRY,
LONDON.
SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1939.

TO ALL MY FRIENDS IN ALL OUR BUSINESSES, EVERYWHERE.

I would like to be able to see each of you individually just now to shake your hand and say "Cheer up" to you.

We have, altogether, faced many jobs of work. To-day we face, and will ensure, a conquest in the cause of decent living, liberty, the keeping of our word, and all those things we hold dear.

Some we care for have already left us to take up their duty in the Forces. Some more of you will go. Good luck and God bless you and keep you.

Some of you—many, I hope—will, while doing your daily job with us, spend your spare time in one of the many forms of Civil Defence or along one of the many avenues of Service which will be required. He will be of faulty steel who does not now serve his fellows, his home, his country, and the best ideals of a free and unfettered civilisation, in some form or the other.

Our country presents an united front to those whom we would have had as our friends but who now, by their form of Government, are our enemies. Do not blame the German people for the sins of the German Government. Some day the German *people* will be our friends. Meantime we have to win this war, or, truly, religion, peace, love and the gentle arts of true humanity, its skill and kindness, will be blotted out for our England by a senseless ambition which knows not the way of truth but only seeks the myth of power gained by force, greed, sword, bomb, and blood.

You will each and all have your worries and your heartaches. So shall I. So, shall we now buck up, and, with our shoulders well back and heads held high, " grin and bear it " all the way ?

To-night the headlines to an article in a London evening paper are :—

DON'T GET SPY FEVER.
BELIEVE, OR SPREAD, RUMOURS.
BE MISERABLE OR CENSORIOUS.

Very good advice, too.

There are plenty of " DONT'S " we should act upon just now, and there are even more " DO'S " that we shall need to adopt with the opportunities for Service now present, with still more to come.

I am told that Food Factories are an essential part of the Nation's Defence. I guess that no man or girl who will work in ours will let the Nation down by slack service, grousing, poor workmanship, waste or unfriendliness with any with whom shoulders are rubbed in the heavy days ahead.

I shall see little of you : and I shall miss you. I appeal to you to do your jobs well wherever you are. Many grave problems are to be faced. It is the spirit of our folk that will win this War. It is the spirit of understanding, the play of common sense, the willingness to give and take, and the determination to do the best possible in the circumstances, that will enable us to solve problems that will be peculiar to our businesses and that will take us as a Nation to a glorious vindication of the principles for which we stand.

May I close on a personal note. Some of you helped me to carry on in the last Great War. Your arms may not be as vigorous as they were then, but you can do much to help by wisdom and kindness and by your memories.

Some of you will know War for the first time. Base all your thoughts and actions so as to serve your cause, and work humbly, effectively, and in the spirit of sacrifice, that never again will the experience you will now have ever be possible on God's fair earth again.

For myself, I shall, I suppose, see you all but seldom. For years I have worked to establish prosperity in the Bacon and Pig Industry of this Country. Many months ago I had a summons (which, if my sense of duty had allowed, I would have refused) to organise and control the whole of the Bacon Production in this Country in time of War, and further to act as the Chief and Chairman of the Division of the Food Ministry which co-ordinates the five Directorates of Imported Bacon and Ham ; Distribution of all Bacon, Pig Supplies, Lard, and Bacon Production.

I will try to accomplish my task and I will try in doing it to leave it when Peace comes, so that out of our control and organisation there may be the nucleus of a Scheme which may be adapted at long last in a form that will be of benefit to those who follow on in all the Bacon Factories of our Country.

From London then—to all my friends and colleagues everywhere—my affectionate regards—always—and get on with that job !



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Impressions of Malaya.

By G. E. ROYLE (*nee* Fellows)
(*Continued*).

One of the greatest snags is the climate, and at the moment of writing it is terribly hot. We have had no rain for about a fortnight, and everything is parched up. The bungalow, being a temporary one, is built of wood, with a sort of thatched roof, and you can imagine how hot it is after the sun has been up for two or three hours. Fortunately, where we are there is nearly always a cool breeze, which tempers it down slightly, and the greatest boon of all are the cool nights, which enable us to have normal sleep and rest. When it rains it doesn't do it mildly whatsoever ; the sky becomes overcast, the wind in the rubber makes a queer, whistling noise, getting nearer and nearer, and then it is as if the heavens open and torrents pour down. It hurls itself into the bungalow, knocks vases over, pictures fall down, and we are completely saturated, as none of the windows have covers, and all are open to the elements. This may last ten minutes, or an hour or two, but it is pretty ghastly while it is on. And then, afterwards, comes the clearing up—everything has to go out into the sun the next day to dry—books, clothes, linen, beds, everything that is likely to go mouldy ; and even this doesn't prevent mildew from setting in, and every week, without fail, these things have to be carried out and left in the sun for a day. The other nuisance one has to contend with is Mr. Cockroach. He is a real pest and eats anything and everything. Books are a great joy to him, and unless one really looks at them every day they are eaten right away. There is a varnish which can be pasted on, and I've just done this.

Although there are a lot of jungle animals about, such as tiger, panther, elephant, not forgetting reptiles, I haven't seen any, nor do I want to, but we have a herd of elephants in the estate nearly every night when the moon is up, and they do a tremendous lot of damage. They like the young clover crop which is grown to protect the roots of the rubber trees ; it is succulent and tender, and when there is a dearth of water they break in and eat it. That is a thing which struck me—to grow a weed to protect your trees—everyone does it, and it may be ferns or it may be a sort of creeper plant, but it provides a lovely green carpet on the ground, and very cool to look at. I don't venture into the rubber very much ; for one thing one could get easily lost, and another thing, the snake question is very vital, and although I haven't seen one yet face to face, we've run over two or three in the car, and I don't feel like risking it. I'm lucky to be living in a bungalow which is built on stilts, for other people around have had pythons and cobras in their rooms, and it is a common thing for the men to kill pythons, &c., when they are out on inspection.

The restriction on rubber planting being off temporarily, all the big Companies are opening up very extensively, and in this district particularly thousands upon thousands of acres have been felled for planting. There is a very interesting feature about this. After the jungle has been felled for about a month, provided no rain has fallen for three consecutive days or so, they have a " burn." This is terrific and very exciting to one who has never seen them ; in fact, very few people have seen them for years as rubber production up to now has been so restricted. To commence with the coolies have long bamboo poles with kerosene-soaked rags on them. They set light to these and then move off in a line right across the area to be burnt. They touch the undergrowth with these flares and conflagaration sets in. Up goes the undergrowth, setting light to the huge felled trunks of trees, and then the coolies move on, having signalled each other by means of a whistle, and set light to the next line and so on, until they've covered the entire ground. The fire having been thoroughly started in this way, burns at a terrific speed, and the sky is completely blackened out with flames and soot. I can think of no other word than colossal.

We've had three big burns and some minor ones. Other people have also had them, and the countryside around at night is a mass of blaze and smoulder. Great care has to be taken so that the fire does not spread to the rest of the estate and burn the rubber, so a small green belt is always left right round the area, and this is finished afterwards. People often throw a party when a burn is on, and we did a few weeks back, and nearly all the Europeans from neighbouring estates came.

As hot as it is here, the big feature in the way of food is curry, and one's first curry

tiffin is a thing not easily forgotten. There are usually three sorts of meat, chicken, pork, fish, in various hot sauces, and on the table are about 15 different kinds of small things like nuts, pineapple, banana, sauces of all kinds and description, cocoanut fried and in milk—things that, although I have them on the table, I haven't the faintest idea what they are. We have Indian servants and, of course, curry is their national dish, and when we have a curry they have "carte blanche" and do exactly what they will. I must say it is excellently done and very delicious, *if* one likes hot curry.

Every State has its own Sultan, and the Sultan of Pahang has been visiting all the out-station districts. A fortnight ago we were invited to lunch with him and his party, and it was most interesting. The lunch was held at the European Club, about 30 miles from here. It is built on the river and reminds one, by looking at it quickly and away again, of the Thames. There was an agricultural show by the Malays, the Sultan gave prizes away, and there were about 100 Malays sitting down at the tiffin. We had the usual curry, but what struck me was that the majority of Malays, being Mahommedans, first of all washed their right hand in bowls of water and then merely ate with their fingers. The Sultan and his party didn't, but it was my first glimpse of real Malaya, and I was thrilled. There were so many brilliant sarongs of gorgeous silks and satins that it made one's mouth water, and one longed to get hold of a few yards of some of it. The men wear sarong and badju always, and women a very similar sort of thing. In case you don't know, a sarong is a long piece of silk twined round the body, reaching down to the ground, and then over that the badju is worn, which is a sort of tunic of the same material.

This is all a first impression of a country I had never thought about. It is brilliant, colourful, and vivid. Life is on an even tempo—every day is the same, so far as heat and moisture and work are concerned—the weeks merge into weeks, and one cannot realise the passing of the months. There is lots of fun to be had, if you make it. People are always passing, so that one gets an interchange of ideas. The men get together and discuss problems of the estate; the coolie question is very vital at the moment, they want higher rates of pay from the contractors. The regular labour force is Tamil (Indian); they are very lazy and have to be supervised the entire time. They live in the lines, which consist of rows of wooden huts, each family having two rooms. The lines are about half a mile from the bungalow and are tucked well away, but they are inspected by an official, and have to be kept to a certain standard, although, like most people who have things done for their betterment, they don't often appreciate it.

When I shall see more of Malaya it is hard to tell as there are no bank-holidays or annual holidays on an estate. Week-ends we get away usually, but only to near-by places, that is a radius of 150 miles. But I love the country; it is very isolated, as you may guess, but it is a change from the helter skelter of one's usual way of living, and one has time to think and discuss the many subjects which might pass you by. And I've still to discover Malaya.

* * *

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY.

Here is a topical yarn from the Magazine of H.M.S. Vincent:—

Three Nozzers were bragging about their abilities and the difference it would make to the world now that they had joined the Navy.

The first produced a telegram he had just received:—

"Overjoyed to hear news of your enlistment. England now safe.—Chamberlain."

Not to be outdone, the second also produced a telegram, which read:—

"Thank heaven you have joined. England needed you.—First Lord of the Admiralty."

The third then quietly took from his pocket a telegram and showed it to the others. It read:—

"How much will you take to remain neutral?—Hitler."

* * *

Long may we live! long may we love!
And long may we be happy.—BURNS.

* * *

Oh, Adam was a gardener,
And God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's
Work is done upon his knees.
KIPLING.

Flower Show and Sports.

In spite of the clouds of War which were already gathering, the seventeenth annual Flower Show and Sports arranged by the Carnival and Flower Show Section of the H.W.A. was a happy and successful event. Although the Show, which was held on Saturday, August 19th, was a week later than usual, the attendance and the number of the entries staged were well up to the usual average.

Visitors from the branches and officials of the Welfare Association and Flower Show Committee were the guests of the President of the Association at the luncheon which opened the proceedings.

After the loyal toast had been honoured, Mr. Redman, who presided, expressed regret at the absence of Mr. Bodinnar, who was taking a well-deserved holiday. Representatives from the Branches expressed similar regrets at this absence on the part of the President, and each one hoped that Mr. Bodinnar would benefit and return refreshed from his holiday.

Visitors to the Show-ground expressed surprise at the excellent entries staged in the horticultural marquee. The thanks of the Committee are due to Messrs. J. Knight, J. Green, R. Devening, and F. A. Leonard, who acted as judges in the Fruit, Flower, and Vegetable Sections.

A silver medal for the most points in the fruit and vegetable classes was won by Mr. G. Phelps with 42 points, Mr. W. J. Angell being the runner-up with 37 points, and Mr. A. H. Gale third with 28. A similar medal for flowers went to Mr. F. W. Summers with 30 points, and Mr. W. J. Angell was again runner-up with 25.

Judging in the Arts and Craft Section was undertaken by Mrs. G. Taylor and Mrs. F. H. Gale, owing to the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Bodinnar.

Messrs. F. Crofts, J. Freeth, C. J. Spinke, and W. J. Young acted as judges in the Fur and Feather Section. This Section was again very popular with exhibitors and visitors. The judges were so impressed with the exhibits that they gave extra consolation prizes. Once again Mr. G. Dolman was awarded the silver spoon presented by Mr. T. W. Petherick.

The sports programme aroused keen competition and was watched with interest by the spectators. At the conclusion of the events, which included a Marathon race, cycle contests and inter-factory tug-o'-war, Mr. J. F. G. Edwarde presented the prizes to the winners, and expressed his regret at the absence of Mrs. Bodinnar, for whom he deputised.

A varied programme of music was rendered by the Calne Town Prize Band, conducted by Mr. F. A. Fields. The band played for dancing later in the evening.

The sideshows and competitions were well patronised, and the large company present spent a thoroughly happy and enjoyable afternoon and evening.

The organisation of this successful Show was in the capable hands of a large body of helpers, Mr. T. W. Petherick being chairman, with Messrs. G. R. Ashman, A. McLean, and R. B. Swaffield acting as secretaries.

THE PRIZE-LIST.

INDUSTRIAL SECTION.

Open to girl members of Carnival and Flower Show Section—Jam—1, Miss Eileen Bowyer. Sponge sandwich—1, Miss S. McLean; 2, Miss Molly Angell; 3, Miss R. Trembling.

Open to married members, wives, and mothers of members.—Jam—1, Mrs. F. Bowyer; 2, Mrs. F. W. Summers; 3, Mrs. J. Tucker; 4, Mrs. Sewell. Jelly—1, Mrs. W. J. Turner; 2, Mrs. N. Marshall; 3, Mrs. S. J. Rymer; 4, Mrs. Wilkins. Marmalade—1, Mrs. J. Turner; 2, Mrs. Sewell; 3, Mrs. P. L. Puffett. Fruit cake—1, Mrs. E. Hand; 2, Mrs. W. J. Angell; 3, Miss B. Trembling. Cooked potatoes—1, Mrs. A. M. Reeves; 2, Mrs. F. Webb; 3, Mrs. Walter Angell. Hand-made garment—1, Miss Mary Jefferies; 2, Mrs. E. M. Dolman; 3, Mrs. A. M. Reeves. Machine-made garment—1, Mrs. P. L. Puffett; 2, Mrs. I. J. Taylor; 3, Mrs. A. M. Reeves. Patched garment—1, Mrs. A. M. Reeves; 2, Mrs. J. Tucker. Darned socks or stockings—1, Mrs. J. Tucker; 2, Miss Mary Jefferies; 3, Miss S. McLean. Baby's knitted dress or coat—1, Mrs. B. Webb; 2, Miss Mary Jefferies. Article made from old garment—1, Mrs. I. J. Taylor; 2, Mrs. N. Marshall; 3, Mrs. J. Tucker. Embroidery, coloured—1, Miss I. Sutton; 2, Miss Mary Jefferies; 3, Mrs. P. L. Puffett. Knitted socks—1, Mrs. G. Amor; 2, Mrs. S. J. Rymer; 3, Mrs. E. M. Dolman. Knitted jumper—1, Miss F. M. Partridge; 2, Mrs. G. Ashman; 3, Mrs. E. M. Dolman. Knitted

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pullover or cardigan—2, Mrs. G. Amor ; 3, Mrs. W. Lucas. Any other article—1, Mrs. G. Amor ; 2, Mrs. Ashman ; 3, Mrs. E. M. Dolman ; 4, Mrs. Ruddle.

FRUIT.

Apples, dessert—1, W. J. Young ; 2, P. Coleman ; 3, W. Haines Ditto, cooking—1, T. Wiltshire ; 2, H. W. J. Young ; 3, F. E. Pegler. Plums—1, W. J. Young ; 2, W. J. Turner ; 3, H. W. J. Young. Gooseberries—1, R. T. Watkins ; 2, W. Winter. Any other fruit—1, F. E. Pegler ; 2, J. Williams ; 3, W. J. Turner. Loganberries—1, F. E. Pegler ; 2, Mrs. Sewell ; 3, A. Puffett. Apples, four varieties—1, W. J. Young ; 2, T. Wiltshire ; 3, W. J. Turner.

VEGETABLES.

Collection—1, A. H. Gale ; 2, G. Phelps. Peas—1, Fred Butler ; 2, W. Haines ; 3, G. Phelps. French beans—1, A. H. Gale ; 2, W. J. Angell ; 3, W. J. Turner. Carrots, long—1, A. J. Williams ; 2, W. J. Angell ; 3, A. W. Garraway. Ditto, short—1, W. J. Angell ; 2, W. Winter ; 3,, A. W. Garraway. Potatoes, round white—1, A. Puffett ; 2, F. W. Webb ; 3, W. J. Angell ; 4, A. W. Garraway. Ditto, round, excluding white—1, A. W. Garraway ; 2, Fred Butler ; 3, A. Puffett. Marrows—1, E. F. Partridge ; 2, A. J. Williams ; 3, E. Hand. Cabbages, cooking—1, A. G. Winter ; 2, W. Winter ; 3, S. G. Hanmer. Ditto, pickling—1, P. Coleman ; 2, A. H. Gale ; 3, H. G. Phelps. Turnips—1, Fred Butler ; 2, A. W. Garraway ; 3, P. Coleman. Beetroot, long—1, G. Phelps ; 2, A. H. Gale ; 3, W. J. Angell. Ditto, short—1, W. Marshall ; 2, Fred Butler ; 3, G. Phelps. Onions—1, A. H. Gale ; 2, G. Phelps ; 3, A. W. Garraway. Collection of potatoes—1, W. J. Angell ; 2, A. W. Garraway ; 3, Fred Butler ; 4, G. Phelps. Broad beans—1, W. J. Angell ; 2, Fred Butler ; 3, E. Hand. Eschalots—1, W. Winter ; 2, Fred Butler ; 3, A. W. Garraway. Parsnips—1, W. Winter ; 2, G. Phelps ; 3, A. G. Winter. Lettuce—1, A. Puffett ; 2 , W. J. Angell ; 3, G. Phelps. Cauliflower—1, A. H. Gale ; 2, G. Phelps. Rhubarb—1, E. Hand ; 2, R. T. Watkins ; 3, W. J. Turner. Any other vegetable—1, A. J. Williams ; 2, G. Phelps ; 3, A. H. Gale. Potatoes, white kidney—1, W. J. Angell ; 2, A. Puffett ; 3, A. W. Garraway ; 4, F. Webb. Ditto, coloured kidney—1, A. H. Gale ; 2, P. Coleman ; 3, Fred Butler ; 4, W. J.Angell. Celery, red—1, A. J. Williams ; 2, W. J. Angell ; 3, Fred Butler. Ditto, white—1, A, J. Williams ; 2, G. Phelps ; 3, F. H. Duck. Nine heaviest potatoes—1, P. Coleman ; 2. G. Phelps ; 3, A. Puffett. Heaviest marrow 1, G. Phelps ; 2, N. Marshall ; 3, P. Coleman. Dwarf beans—1, G. Phelps ; 2, P. L. Gingell ; 3, W. J. Angell. Tomatoes—1, W. J. Turner ; 2, S. H. Duck ; 3, W. J. Angell.

FLOWERS.

Cut flowers—1, F. W. Summers ; 2, W. J. Angell ; 3, W. Winter. Sweet peas—1, W. J. Angell ; 2, F. W. Summers ; 3, B. A. Webb. Vase of sweet peas—1, A. Puffett ; 2, J. Tucker ; 3, A. W. Garraway ; 4, W. J. Angell. Garden flowers—1, F. W. Summers ; 2, W. Winter ; 3, B.A. Webb. Cut flowers—1, W. J. Angell ; 2, F. W. Summers ; 3, G. R. Ashman. Gladioli—1, B. A. Webb ; 2, F. W. Summers ; 3, G. H. Hudson. Roses—1, A. Puffett ; 2, G. H. Hudson ; 3, F. W. Summers. Asters—1, G. Phelps ; 2, W. J. Angell ; 3, S. G. Hanmer. Stocks—1, F. W. Summers ; 2, G. H. Hudson ; 3, W. J. Angell. Antirrhinums—1, W. J. Angell ; 2, J. Ruddle ; 3, G. H. Hudson. Specimen plant—1, W. Winter ; 2, A. H. Gale ; 3, A. Hand. Window plant—1, A. H. Gale ; 2, W. Winter. Wild flowers—1, F. W. Summers ; 2, S. J. Clark. Ditto (children)—1, Edwin Cousins ; 2, —. Newis ; 3, Reggie Tucker. Table decorations—1, J. Ruddle ; 2, Miss B. Trembling ; 3, F. W. Summers. Display of flowers—1, F. W. Summers ; 2, W. Winter. Dahlias—1, W. J. Angell ; 2, F. W. Summers; 3, C. Newis.

FUR AND FEATHER.

Heavy bred male bird, any variety—1, H. Duck ; 2, A. Puffett. Ditto, bred 1939—1, G. Dolman ; 2, R. G. Kirton ; 3, T. Davis. Ditto, female—1 and 2, A. Puffett ; 3, G. Dolman. Ditto, bred 1939—1 and 3, G. Dolman ; 2, E. Bowyer. Light bred, male bird, any variety—1, W. J. Turner. Ditto, bred 1939—1, E. Bowyer ; 2, G. Dolman ; 3, A. Weston. Ditto, female—1 and 2, G. Dolman. Ditto, bred 1939—1 and 2, G. Dolman ; 3, F. Bowyer. Bantam, any variety—1, P. Davis ; 2, W. Pullen ; 3, J. Duck. Duck or drake, any variety—1, J. Duck ; 2, H. Duck ; 3, H. Bowman. Pigeons, fancy male—1, W. J. Young ; 2, D. O. Nash ; 3, F. W. Webb. Ditto, female—1, W. J. Young ; 2, H. F. Webb. Ditto, homers, male—1, D. O. Nash ; 3, H. F. Webb. Ditto, female—1, P. Davis ; 2 and 3, H. F. Webb. Budgerigar, any variety—1, W. Angell ; 2, E. Smith ; 3, W. Angell. Canary—1 and 2, N. Marshall ; 3, W. Angell. Rabbit—1, H. Duck ; 2 and 3, S. J. Clarke. Children's pet—1, J. P. Garraway ; 2, C. Newis ; equal 3, H. Duck and S. J. Clark. Any exhibit by wife of member—1, 2, and 3, Mrs. W. Angell. Eggs, brown—1 and 2, W. J. Young ; 3, H. Duck. Ditto, white—1, A. H. Gale ; 2, A. Weston ; 3, W. J. Young.

SPORTS RESULTS

Inter-Departmental relay (ladies)—1, Office (M. Cleverley, M. Gegg, M. McLean, and B. Newis). Ditto (men)—1, Slaughter-house (F. Cleverley, W. Smith, K. Knight, S. Baker) ; 2, Boning (S. Brewer, C. Gingell, I. Brimmer, H. Brittain). Mile cycle (18 and under)—1, E. Hillier ; 2, E. Culley. 440 yards (over 18)—1, M. Rivers ; 2, W. Penny ; 3, I. Brimmer. Sack race (ladies)—1, B. Webb ; 2, M. Cleverley. Throwing the cricket ball—1, H. Minnis ; 2, F. Cleverley ; 3, W. Smith. Inter-Factory tug-of-war—Kidlington. Football dribbling—1, A. Goddard ; 2, F. Cleverley ; 3, M. Rivers. Three-legged race (ladies)—1, M. Cleverley and B. Newis. Sack race (men)—1, M. Rivers ; 2, F. Cleverley ; 3, W. Smith. Half-mile (men)—1, M. Rivers ; 2, K. Cousins ; 3, C. Gingell. 220 yards (boys under 18)—1, E. Culley. Veterans' (silver medallists) race—1, S. Stephens ; 2, E. Smart ; 3, C. Sheirs. Ditto (gold medallists)—1, W. Smart. 100 yards (men)—1, F. Brewer ; 2, F. Cleverley ; 3, W. Penny. Jack and Jill race—1, C. Edwards and B. Newis ; 2, H. Brittain and L. Duck ; 3, W. Penny and M. Gegg. Marathon—1, V. Lewis ; 2, R. Harrods ; 3, K. Cousins. 120 yards hurdles—1, H. Brittain ; 2, M. Rivers ; 3, I. Brimmer. Inter-Departmental tug-of-war—1, Slaughter ; 2, Office. 120 yards hurdles (open)—1, O. Harrell ; 2, G. Warne ; 3, H. Britain. 80 yards (ladies)—1, E. M. Gegg and L. Duck. Cycle egg and spoon—1, J. Burgess ; 2, E. Hillier. High jump—1, F. Cleverley ; 2, C. Edwards. Three miles' cycle—1, E. C. Bradley ; 2, R. Gardiner ; 3, G. Gregory. Cycle musical chairs—1, M. Rivers ; 2, J. Burgess. 100 yards (boys under 12)—1, F. Brindle ; 2, A. Barber ; 3, R. Tucker. Ditto (girls under 12)—1, J. Newis ; 2, B. Webb ; 3, R. Summers. Mile cycle (men)—1, J. Burgess. Boys under 14—1, E. Cousins ; 2, K. Moody ; 3, J. Morgan. Girls 12 to 14—1, S. Horton ; 2, H. Flay ; 3, F. Carter. Medley relay race—1, M. Cleverley, B. Newis, R. Noad, and M. Rivers.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS.

Side of Bacon Competition (weight 53lbs. 10¼ozs).—1, Miss B. Hughes (53lbs. 10½ozs.) ; 2, Mr. R. J. Thompson (53lbs. 10¾ozs.) ; 3, Mr. A. Clifford (53lbs. 11ozs.)

Cake Competition (weight of cake, 8lb. 2ozs.)—Mr. Westernoff (weight 8lbs. 1¼ozs.)

Doll Competition—No. 313, Miss Gladys Duck.

Cigarette Competition—No. 313, Miss Margaret Gegg.

Chocolate Competition—No. 168, Mr. W. Beaven.

Hidden Treasure—Mr. H. Hill, Mr. Babbage, and Mr. Austin Green.

* * *

THEY SAY THAT

Give a bachelor the sight of a pretty girl and plenty of rope and he'll soon get himself tied up.

The best thing for cleaning windows, swilling the yard, chopping firewood, and various other incidentals is a husband.

That most young married couples have two kinds of friends. Those who come AFTER a meal, and those who come after a MEAL.

* * *

The girl who thinks no man good enough for her may often be right, but she is more often left !

* * *

The decision to grant more money for the Militiamen's food may lead to results not a little surprising. Picture to yourself :

THE MILITIAMAN'S RETURN

(The scene is a kitchen. A lady is fussing about with crockery. Enters her son, returned from the Militia).

Lady : Ma son ! Ma son ! So ye've got back.

Son : Aye, maw. Whit have ye got fur eating ?

Lady : Here ye are ! Yer favourite, mince an' tautties.

Son : Whit ! Nae soup ! Nae veg.! Nae fish ! Nae horse-dooves ! Whit d'ye think I'm on ? Hunger strike, eh ?

(The lady gets annoyed. She belts her son on the lug. He rises, walks out, and joins thousands of his companions, all red-lugged, and hurrying to re-enlist).

A great social problem, Mrs. Whillerton. Oh huh !

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

September, 1937-8-9.

I remember writing an article on September. That was in 1937. Then there were possibilities of England being involved in war, and I made a reference to the Church Festival of St. Michael and All Angels. A year passed without war-time coming to us, but the war clouds remained and September, 1938, brought the crisis time of the month. Now, in September, 1939, Bellona, in her blood-stained garments, once more stalks abroad.

This real time of crisis and trial finds me still a patient in the Cassel Hospital. No longer, however, one whose future is from month to month, but from week to week, and so I may be off almost any time, especially as there is a long waiting list.

As is so often the case, September is giving us a very hot period. Too hot for me ; and I have not been able to bask in the sunshine, but rather I have had to pass the time by "sporting with Armyllis in the shade." Rather odd, seeing that for years I have sought the sun, and to find a lot of it have made holiday in Madeira, France, and Switzerland.

If I could have stood the heat I should, of late, have taken a part in hop picking, for this amazing place, in addition to orchards and poultry farms and pigs, has a hop field, and patients who are well enough pick and harvest the hops.

Of course, the outbreak of war has made differences here. There is an economy stunt on about lights and food supply. They say "bought" fruit will only be supplied twice a week. But there is a positive glut of stone fruit and apples in the orchards, and these are to be had ad lib. and at any time.

The air raid warning found me writing in the Library. I had to clear out and we all gathered in the huge drawing-room. Card parties were at once made up, and so the time passed.

The news gets worse and worse, and we gather that things will be held up from us. All this seems so out of keeping with all around. We look out over the estate to the beautiful countryside and over the hop fields across to a range of thickly-wooded hills which divide Kent from Sussex. We are indeed quite close to Sussex, and people who have motors here generally motor off to the Sussex sea-coast rather than to the Kent coast.

I expect things are very different in London—much less peace, more inconvenience. One begins at long last to come to the conclusion that civilisation will be in danger unless the Hitler menace is dealt with so firmly that it will be rooted out for all time.

R.E.H.

* * *

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

This is the first time we have written these notes since the outbreak of hostilities. It seems very difficult to settle down to writing anything just now, but we are anxious to let everybody know just what has happened with their colleagues.

Several Van Salesmen and Van Boys were in the Territorial Army and have, of course, joined up. These include Van Salesman M. F. Paxton, Van Salesman F. S. Patten, Van Boys R. J. Hamilton, J. F. Webb and P. J. Tiltman. One of our representatives, namely, Mr. T. Hughes, was in the Police War Reserve. We send our very best wishes to these colleagues for a safe and speedy return to civilian life once again.

The rest of us in the meanwhile must carry on to the very best of our ability the vital service of providing food for all, not only the civilian population but for the fighting Services.

Conditions are altering so much from day to day that it is almost impossible to keep abreast with them, but we shall continue to keep closely in touch with all our Representatives and Van Salesmen.

We congratulate Van Salesman G. E. Farrant, of Van 36, Ryde, on his marriage on September 16th, and send the very best wishes of all his colleagues to him and to Mrs. Farrant.

J.H.G.

* * *

Do unto others as you would they should do unto you—but do it "fust."

* * *

Guard against the tendency to imagine that there is an end of all felicity upon earth because you happen to be unhappy yourself.





1st XI.

Visiting Marlborough, on August 12th, we were able to record a win by eight runs. Batting first, we collected 82 runs before being dismissed, of which J. Archard (43), C. Brown (11), and P. Carter (10) contributed the most.

Marlborough College Staff, not being too comfortable with the bowling of F. I. Nash, who took five wickets for 18 runs, and R. B. Swaffield four for 22, hit up 74. The most pleasing feature of the match was the improved fielding, which helped a great deal in gaining one of our few victories.

On August 19th (Flower Show Day) we were so busy looking at the ducks in the Fur and Feather Section that we had no time to attend to our own.

Devizes Steamboats were too good for us on Monday evening, 21st August, when they scored 88 for one wicket (R. Parkhouse 38 not out) during an hour, the time allotted for play. We replied with 85 all out. Our double-figure scorers were R. Swaffield 16, J. Archard 33, and M. Rivers 11.

The next evening, during a 17-over match with the Bristol Flying School, we were easily on top, scoring 88 for six. Chief scorers were A. Whieldon 19, J. Archard 13, C. Edwards 10, and I. J. Taylor 19. The Flying School reached 38, of which 12 were extras. Taylor took seven wickets for 10 runs and F. Bowyer three for 14.

Reaching 88 again the next evening against the R.A.F., Yatesbury, we lost by 23 runs, after having two men out for no runs. We could not keep up the good work, however, and the second and fourth batsmen for the R.A.F. collected 59 before Bromley was caught by R. Swaffield. The wielders of the willow for our club who enjoyed themselves were R. Swaffield 21, F. Butler 26 not out, and I. J. Taylor 19.

The Marlborough College S.C.C. visited us on August 26th, and we again showed our supremacy by winning by 186 runs. R. Swaffield, in reaching 87, hit eight four's and one six, and E. Stone collected 77, also hitting eight four's. J. Archard 17 and P. Carter 20 helped us to reach 232 for five wickets declared. Our opponents, in scoring 46, could not settle down to Taylor's bowling, and he finished with taking seven wickets for 14 runs.

2nd XI.

A well-placed field, all on their toes, and cute bowling by R. B. Swaffield (seven for 10), ably assisted by F. Butler (two for four), all combined to dismiss Hullavington on Tuesday, 15th August, for the small total of 14.

It was a treat to see the ball come over, oh! so gently, completely beat the batsmen and shatter the stumps.

At the fall of the second wicket we were well past their total, and we went on to finish with 96 runs—a good evening's work.

MIDDON.

* * *

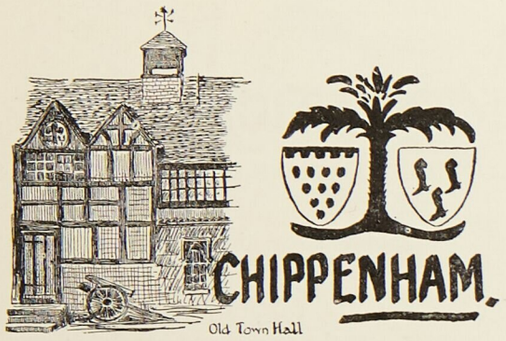
To fold the hands in prayer is well ; to open them in charity is better.

* * *

It is not the fact that a man has riches that keeps him from the kingdom of heaven, but the fact that riches have him.

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

Friends Elsewhere.



Edited by W. H. WESTON.

The marriage of Mr. Cecil Helps, only son of Mrs. Helps, of Greenway Avenue, Chippenham, and Miss Ethel Isobel Bailey, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bailey, of New Road, Studley, was solemnised at Christ Church, Derry Hill, on Saturday, 9th September, 1939.

The service, which was choral, was conducted by the Vicar (Rev. B. C. D. Palmer), Miss Cowley being at the organ.

Given away by her father, the bride wore a dress of white brocaded satin, with train, her plain veil held in place by a head-dress of white roses. Her bouquet was of white roses. The two bridesmaids, the Misses I. Wiltshire (cousin) and V. Haddrell (friend), and the matron of honour, Mrs. S. J. Berry (sister), wore primrose satin dresses trimmed with green, with head-dresses of primrose satin roses, and carried bouquets of cream roses. There were also two child attendants, Maureen Marshall and Brian Bailey, who were attired in similar material to the matron of honour. From the bridegroom the bridesmaids received necklaces, and the children gifts of a gold bangle and tie-pin respectively.

Mr. E. C. Yeates, friend and colleague of the bridegroom, was the best man.

There was a large assembly at the Church and among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Osman Jones and Mr. and Mrs. B. Gough, of Calne, and Mr. T. Johnston, of Chippenham.

The reception was held at Derry Hill Institute, after which the newly-married couple left for Bournemouth, the bride travelling in a navy edge-to-edge coat, with navy and white silk dress, navy shoes and hat, white gloves and handbag.

Mr. Helps has been a member of our Office Staff for six years, and during this time he has earned the respect of all who came in contact with him, and the best wishes of the Management and Office Staff for his future happiness was expressed in the form of a bookcase, which was handed to him by our Manager, Mr. W. V. Long.

The account of this wedding would not be complete without a few words of appreciation from Calne, particularly the Laboratory Staff there, of which the bride was a member for over 12 years. As a small mark of their esteem her friends of the Calne Staff presented her with an oak china cabinet.

The bride's happy disposition and invaluable comradeship will make her position very hard to fill, and she will be greatly missed. She possesses the happy knack of making friends with all those with whom she comes into contact.

On Monday, 11th August, the marriage of Mr. A. E. Burton and Miss A. D. Couch took place at St. Andrew's Church, Chippenham. The bride, given away by her father, wore a blue dress and cream hat trimmed with blue. There were no bridesmaids, and the best man was the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Roy Burton.

After the ceremony, at which the Vicar, Preb. H. J. Green, officiated, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, and later the newly-married pair left by car for Bournemouth.

ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW AND SPORTS.

Once again we should like to express the thanks and appreciation of the Chippenham Branch for the kindness and consideration which was once again extended to all those who visited Calne on Saturday, 19th August, and here we must express our gratitude to our Chief, who made it possible for us to take advantage of the good things that were in store for us by granting us the necessary time away from business.

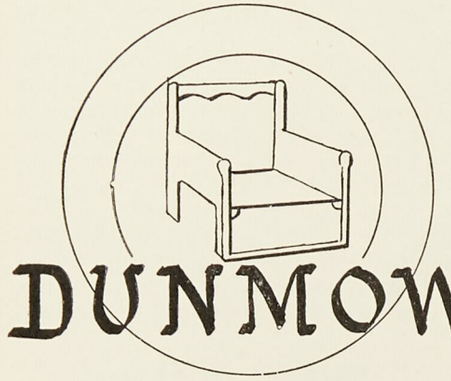
W.H.W.

* * *

Don't think that you are the whole cheese: you may be just the hole in the cheese.

* * *

A pessimist is a man who notifies the local undertaker of his change of address.



Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

CRICKET.

Several matches have been played during the season, giving much enjoyment to all. Although we did not win all our matches we still possess the spirit of "Don't give up trying." We have some promising players in the Club, so we are hoping next season for better results.

C.P.W.

THIS MONTH'S HOWLER.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

BILLIARDS.

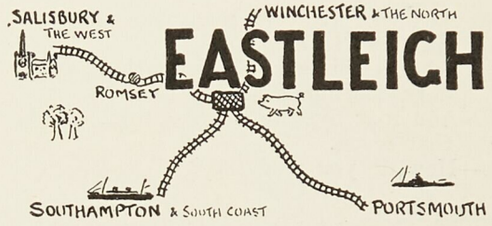
There were 24 competitors in a series of games for the honour of being the first holder of our President's Cup. Three players tied on the completion of their 23 games, each losing two.

On the play-off Mr. Dobson secured the cup, winning both his games. Mr. Short beat Mr. Gayler for runners-up prize—a cue and case, kindly presented by Mr. Culpin. Mr. Gayler received cigarettes, which were kindly given by Mr. Hooper. Mr. Dobson well deserved the honour of being the first cup holder.

We hope to commence shortly on another series. To enable us to finish the competition by the end of March we hope that players will endeavour to play their games on the dates fixed by the Billiards Committee.

We are also looking forward to our first whist drive. The date is not yet fixed. With the longer nights in sight it should not be far off. These whist drives were greatly enjoyed last season, an average of 14 tables in play being very good.

R.W.S.



Edited by L. S. JONES.

It is difficult for the individual mind to grasp the significance of another war, yet we are now at the outbreak of hostilities, the end of which no man can know. One knows that in the end only right can prevail, and to this end we know that every right-thinking citizen will work.

Several of our fellows who were either in the Territorials or the Voluntary Reserve of the R.A.F. have now been called to their units, and to them we convey our warmest greetings and wish them the very best of luck. We shall remember them, and their cheerful spirits on leaving will serve to hearten those of us who are left behind.

We would like to pay special tribute to the work accomplished by our depleted staff, who worked like Trojans, in completing the black-out of the Factory and Offices, in connection with the enforced lighting restrictions. The spirit of cheerfulness in which this was carried out augurs well for the future struggle.

In the midst of turmoil and strife, and the somewhat bewilderment of the new conditions under which we now live, we would not forget to convey to Mr. V. R. Collins our sincere sympathy in the anxious time caused by his wife's serious illness. At one time her life was despaired of, but we are glad to know that the crisis is past, and it is hoped that she will soon return to normal health and strength.

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; 'tis God's gift:
Be strong.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER (No. 11).

1.—Add two figures to 5 to make it less than 7.

2.—How would you express the phrase, "Have I enough strength?" in a word of seven letters?

3.—If this and that, half this and that, and

11 make 15, how many are this and that ?

4.—What is this word—L is the third letter, is the beginning, and the end ?

5.—Add four fives to make a total of less than seven.

6.—How do you read this ?

CCC
SAW

(*Answers on Page* 243).

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

Our Correspondent has to apologise for not sending in "copy" earlier, owing to holidays and being engaged in work of National Service which, obviously, must come first when our Empire is at war.

CALNE OUTING.

Some 30 of us journeyed to Calne by road on Saturday, the 19th August, for the Flower Show and Sports. The weather was all that could be desired, and the journey up was greatly enjoyed. We made a break at Box for a cup of tea, arriving at our destination just before eleven. Guides were awaiting to show us round the Factories, and we were all impressed by the "speed-up" that was apparent in the canning of goods. At the invitation of our President we were invited to lunch, and here we must tender our grateful thanks to him for his kindness and generosity, and we were all sorry that he could not be with us on this occasion, as we missed his presence. Judging by the expression on the faces of the guests, they had been well catered for in every direction, and we must express our grateful thanks to all who helped to make the lunch a success, both administrative and waiting staff, for without their co-operation it would not be possible to hold such a gathering of the Clan.

The after-dinner speeches of the respective Managers and Deputies were greatly enjoyed.

Just on 2.30 p.m. we adjourned to the Sports Field to take part in the various amusements and sideshows, and to have a look at the wonderful display of vegetables, &c., and the Fur and Feather Section.

We left Calne at 7.30 p.m., making a break of an hour at Bath and again at Blagdon for a ride on the roundabouts, arriving home just before midnight, feeling we had had a good day, with many thanks to all those who had entertained us at Calne.

WELFARE NOTES.

The monthly meeting was held on Tuesday, the 22nd August, and was of short duration, owing to the fact that the international situation had somewhat affected our usual programme of sports, &c., at our Flower Show, which was to be held on Saturday, the 26th August, 1939. It was unanimously agreed that our very grateful thanks be tendered our President for the invitation to the Calne Flower Show.

Winter sports were discussed, and the Skittles Secretary presented his report for the coming season, and it was decided to run a League team, also the "Anne Kidley" Cup Competition. (Since the above decision the arrangements made have been cancelled, owing to the declaration of war and all that it implies).

OUR "OWN" FLOWER SHOW.

We are proud of our little Show, and our correspondent is given to understand that the collection of vegetables, flowers, &c., were commented upon by the judge as an extremely good show, and the exhibitors must be gratified that their efforts in producing results had met with success. The only thing that needs bringing to mind is that sometimes we forget that "speeding-up" and "feeding-up" may produce size and colour, but is apt to lose flavour and fragrance, as Nature has a way of its own, and reaction often follows such forcing, thus substantiating that old proverb that "advantage" cannot be had both ways.

The attendance was fair considering the weather, which was on the "thundery side," and which brought us several very heavy showers of rain.

Tea was served at four p.m. in the Packing Yard of the Factory. Sports and games were indulged in to seven p.m., when the day was brought to a close, with many thanks to our esteemed Chairman and Manager, and to the Secretaries, Messrs. R. C. Lynham and W. J. Pople, together with the Committee, who made the show possible.

We have pleasure in giving prize-list herewith :—

Collection of vegetables—1, R. J. Slocombe; 2, S. T. Hardwidge.

Potatoes, kidney—1, W. J. Young ; 2, H. D. Smith ; 3, A. Holley.

Potatoes, round—1, W. J. Young ; 2, A. G. Kidley ; 3, A. C. Chedzoy.

Parsnips—1, R. J. Slocombe ; 2, W. J. Young ; 3, S. T. Hardwidge.

Carrots, short—1, R. J. Slocombe ; 2, A. H. Hill ; 3, A. G. Kidley.

Carrots, long—1, S. T. Hardwidge ; 2, R. E. Harding ; 3, R. J. Slocombe.

Eschalots—1, E. W. Mason ; 2, A. C. Chedzoy ; 3, S. T. Hardwidge.

Onions, spring—1, R. J. Slocombe ; 2, S. T. Hardwidge ; 3, W. J. Young.

Green peas—1, J. Gillett ; 2, R. J. Slocombe ; 3, W. J. Young.

Runner beans—1, H. D. Smith ; 2, S. T. Hardwidge ; 3, R. J. Slocombe.

Beetroot, short—1, S. T. Hardwidge ; 2, A. G. Kidley ; 3, A. Holley.

Beetroot, long—1, R. J. Slocombe ; 2, S. T. Hardwidge.

Cabbage, green—3, T. Burchell.

Cabbage, red—No entry.

Marrows—1, H. Strange ; 2, S. T. Hardwidge ; 3, A. G. Kidley.

Heaviest potatoes—1, R. E. Harding ; 2, S. T. Hardwidge ; 3, A. Holley.

Heaviest marrow or squash—2, R. J. Slocombe.

Lettuce, cos or cabbage—1, S. T. Hardwidge ; 2, R. J. Slocombe ; 3, W. J. Young.

Cauliflower—1, S. T. Hardwidge ; 2, R. J. Slocombe.

Tomatoes, outdoors—1, S. T. Hardwidge; 2, H. D. Smith ; 3, R. E. Harding.

Gooseberries, red—No entry.

Gooseberries, green—No entry.

Apples, dessert—1, A. C. Chedzoy ; 2, W. J. Young.

Apples, cooking—1, A. C. Chedzoy ; 2, W. J. Young ; 3, J. Young ; h.c., A. G. Kidley.

Loganberries—No entry.

Currants, black—No entry.

Currants, red—1, S. T. Hardwidge.

Three vases cut flowers—1, A. C. Chedzoy ; 2, A. G. Kidley ; 3, W. J. Young.

Three vases sweet peas—1, A. C. Chedzoy ; 2, H. D. Smith ; 3, R. A. Hand.

Three ten-week stocks—1, R. J. Slocombe ; 2, H. Ham ; 3, W. J. Young.

Six asters—1, Mrs. W. J. Young ; 2, A. C. Chedzoy ; 3, A. H. Hill.

Specimen flowering plant—1, S. T. Hardwidge.

Specimen fern or aspidistra—1, T. Burchell ; 2, S. Washer.

Antirrhinums (2)—1, R. J. Slocombe ; 2, S. T. Hardwidge ; 3, A. Holley.

Three gladioli—1, R. A. Hand ; 2, S. T. Hardwidge.

Best arranged vase or bowl of flowers—1, R. J. Slocombe ; 2, R. A. Hand ; 3, Mrs. S. T. Hardwidge.

One 1lb. pot of jam—1, Miss M. Sansom ; 2, Mrs. A. G. Kidley ; 3, Mrs. A. Holley.

Fruit cake—1, Mrs. R. A. Hand ; 2, Mrs. A. Holley ; 3, Mrs. J. Gillett.

Dish of best-cooked potatoes—1, Mrs. A. Holley.

Miniature garden—1, Miss K. M. Hand.

The international calamity which has been foreshadowed in our correspondent's notes from time to time, has fallen upon us. It appears to us to be a case of principle and justice, versus no principle and gross brutality. Let us all gird our loins and see to it that this kind of thing is wiped off now and for ever. Thrice is he armed that hath his cause just.

C.B.S.

* * *

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 241.

1.—$5\frac{1}{2}$.

2.—Am-i-able. Amiable.

3.—$2\frac{2}{3}$.

4.—Island.

5.—$5 + {}^{5}/_{5} + .5 = 6\frac{1}{2}$.

6.—The season was backward.

LAST WORDS.

3.—No, I won't move. . . A pedestrian has as much right to the road as——

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LEEDS

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

Last month some reference was made to the movement to found a national home for the Haggis. Although it may be noted in passing that Haggis is certainly not fish, whatever it may be, it can be stated authoritively that the mention of Haggis was a sprat to catch a mackerel. You will, therefore, not be astonished to learn that we received the following epistle from a good old English gentleman.

A HAGGONISING APPEAL.

It has ever been the one dream of my mispent life to keep a tame Haggis, that is if they are tameable.

As their habits, and so forth, have always been " wropt in mystery," one hesitates. Could not our braw laddie fra' Leeds (via Aberdeen) write us something along the lines of " The Autobiography of a Haggis," or perhaps " The Haggi—its habits and mission in life " ? We could also have a debate on " Do Haggi make good mothers ? " between those rival tartanic clans—the Campbells and the McLeans.

Out with the Claymores ! Sound the Pibroch ! ! Waggle the Sporran ! ! !—on with the fray.

R-r-r-r-rememberrr Bannockburn ! and may the best clan win.

SASSY NACH.

Scots are a sentimental race, and in these days have buried the hatchet and all similar weapons, and have taken a liking to friends over the Border. Some cynics even feel that they have overcome their old rivals by a gentle insinuating process of absorption. Modesty forbids pursuit of this point ; but it does not prevent a word of sympathy for the abyssmal ignorance of the writer of this appeal. In brief, Haggis is not an animal, though it may look like a Loch Ness Monster. It is a food, like Cornish pasties and Forfar Bridies, and quite good food. Yet it may be said to require taming in the sense that it requires care and discretion in the course of consumption, and particularly in combination with one of its traditional liquid accompaniments. The only further statement to be made is that no Scotsman would attempt an autobiography when the greatest poet of his native heath has raised the humble Haggis to its present high estate. Let Robert Burns, the Ayrshire bard, then, have his say, and perhaps McLean will kindly interpret.

ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
  Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
  As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
  Your pin wad help to mend a mill
  In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
  Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut ye up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
  Like onie ditch ;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
  Warm-reekin, rich !

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive :
De'il tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
  Are bent like drums ;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
  'Bethankit ! ' hums.

Is there that owre his French " ragout,"
Or " olio " that wad staw a sow,
Or " fricassee " wad mak her spew
  Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
  On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
  His neive a nit ;
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
  O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, Haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
  He'll make it whissle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads well shed
  Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinging ware,
  That jaups in luggies ;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
  Gie her a Haggis !

Having enjoyed your excursion back to 1770, or thereabouts, when the above poem was composed, and when Harris bacon appeared, we now offer a contribution of topical tales which should help to digest the Haggis !

* * *

The orderly sergeant was making his tour of the dining-rooms.

" Any complaints ? " he boomed.

" This Irish stew's funny," grumbled a brave Militiaman.

" Oh, is it ? " barked the sergeant. " Well, why the deuce ain't you laughin' ? "

* * *

" Darling," cooed the young wife, " you don't mind if I wear my skirts a little bit longer, do you ? "

" According to the state of my bank balance, you'll have to start wearing them a dashed sight longer ! " retorted the husband.

* * *

REMINDER.

The person who watches the clock will always be one of the HANDS.

* * *



Edited by T. GODWIN.

BLACK AS YOUR HAT.

Business as usual is apparently the motto of the Editors for we received a note this morning for copy by return. The only things we seem to have in our minds at the moment are Hitler and the War, and our spare time is taken up with blacking out, and I know of nothing requiring more skill and patience. After an evening's work, when you feel completely satisfied that as far as your house is concerned your own black-out is perfect, you just reach that comfortable chair, when you find that confident complacency is shattered by a knock at the door and a Warden tells you that there is a ray of light here and another there. So the following night further adjustments are tried, and so London has been gradually blackened out, and now it is certainly a bit of a thrill to get about after dark. One gets fascinated by the twinkling of the stars, but the lamp-posts seem to have great objection to your admiration of the heavens. A great compliment is due to the Wardens for their persistence, and I could now quite understand any enemy raiders reaching London and still thinking they might be out over the North Sea or wandering over the Wiltshire Downs, for we could now say that London is as black as your hat.

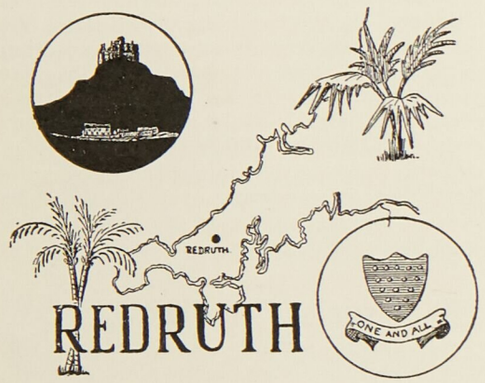
THE FLOWER SHOW.

I expect several correspondents will write about the Calne Flower Show and will, no doubt, express their different views. I have always looked forward to an enjoyable day, and it is always a pleasure to get to Calne and enjoy the company of many at Calne and the Branches. In making the journey to Calne for this occasion I find I have travelled over 2,000 miles and, no doubt, many from the Branches have done the same and, if only to meet and see each other at the luncheon, where we usually gather fresh inspiration, it is worth the while, and I will say that if there is one meal that I do thoroughly enjoy it is the luncheon which is kindly given to us each year by Mr. Bodinnar, and so tastefully laid out and served by those willing friends at Calne. I saw the many competitions and, after a cup of tea, left about 5.30 for London, and on my way home I seemed to be asking myself, " What's wrong with the Calne F.S. ? " If the success of this event is to be shown by the number of people visiting the Recreation-ground, then it seems that there is some justification for that question. What I could not understand is why there is not a

which it became necessary to impose. As a matter of fact, there does not appear to be bigger support for this annual event. I tried to estimate the expense incurred in holding it, I thought of the work put in by those making arrangements and plans, and it left me very puzzled. G.C.

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—We hope the O.C. Kitchens in the G.C. establishment does not hold a court martial for the statement about the "one meal enjoyed." What risks some of our contributors do run in the interests of our Magazine !)

* * *



Edited by A. J. CLARK.

The reminder from the Editor has this month caught us unprepared with our monthly notes. The only excuse to be offered and one which, no doubt, we shall not be the only ones to offer, is the strenuous times in which we are now living. No doubt we in Cornwall are seeing far less actual work in connection with war than are many of our friends elsewhere, but the realisation of it and all its horrors are felt with no less reality. The whole of the county is one huge reception area for evacuees from more vulnerable parts of the country. One of the most pathetic sights to those of us who were assisting in the reception of the evacuees was the arrival of mothers with small babies; to see those babies brought in, after having travelled all day from London, brought a lump into the throats of most of us. One consolation is that it has its lighter side. We hear of one small boy from London who, on seeing from his new home a cow grazing in a field, called on all around to go and see "a horse with handlebars on his head."

We were unable this year to send many representatives from Redruth to the Flower Show at Calne, but from those who did attend we have no doubt as to their enjoying themselves. A.J.C.

To those who were privileged to travel to Calne on August 17th to attend the annual Flower Show it meant yet another opportunity to meet old friends and renewing acquaintances, some of whom we had not seen for a considerable period. As always, we were made extremely welcome, and all our Calne friends went out of their way to make us feel comfortable and happy. We were profoundly sorry that Mr. Bodinnar could not be with us again this year, but we would like to express to him our best thanks for the delightful programme he had arranged for our benefit. To all those helpers who so readily gave of their time in helping with the arrangements we should like to say a very sincere "Thank you," and are looking forward to such another event next year. By then, we hope, that the clouds now overhanging the world will be something of the past. O.J.S.

* * *



Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

At the time of writing we are getting real summer weather at last, and this is tending somewhat to lessen any depression that may have been caused here by the unfortunate outbreak of war and the consequent restrictions upon all social matters

any signs of depression here, only a grim determination to see this thing through to the end. As was to be expected, one of the first effects was to cause a very large number of our visitors to hurry homewards, but these have now been replaced by the evacuated children, and many others who have voluntarily arrived in our neighbourhood, so that the streets still present the same animated appearance as in the height of summer. With respect to the influx of children, many and varied accounts reach us regarding their demeanour and activities. As could only be expected, some orchards and gardens suffered; the temptation offered by the ripening apples, pears, &c., proved far too great. We are aware of one member of our Staff who was justly proud of his apples, but, alas! he arrived home one evening to find they had all vanished like the lights at night. Another instance of where our visitors have made themselves perfectly at home has come to our notice by the report that, after being supplied with porridge and eggs for breakfast, the recipient at once enquired as to the whereabouts of the bacon. Sales at our Retail Shop seem to indicate that our products are very much in favour amongst the new population, so that taken altogether we have, in spite of the many necessary regulations, not very much to complain of. It is, of course, early days yet, but if nothing worse happens than has already been the case, we shall, in this part of the country, have to regard ourselves as being in a very fortunate position, and if evil should befall us, then we shall steel ourselves to still face the future with every confidence as to the ultimate end of the sturggle. W.J.T.

* * *

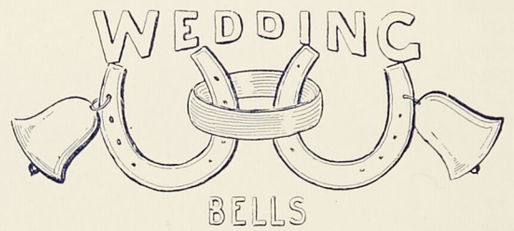
A little house well filled, a little field well tilled, and a little wife well willed are great riches.

* * *

Indeed, with friends, and cheese, and bread,
And russet ale, and apples red,
And honeysuckle by the door,
Great joy is mine, though I be poor.—BURKE.

* * *

Nothing does a woman so much honour as her own patience, and nothing does her so little honour as the patience of her husband. —JOUBERT.



On August 26th, at Calne Wesleyan Chapel, Miss Dorothy Angell was married to Mr. Llewellyn Basset, of South Wales. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, wore a navy blue costume with white satin blouse, navy blue hat and shoes, white gloves, and a floral spray. Miss Angell served for nine years in the Sausage Department and was the recipient of a frameless mirror. She was presented with a carving set by her Sunday School Class at the Wesleyan Chapel.

On September 2nd at Calne Parish Church, Miss Peggy Barnet was married to Mr. Reginald Barry.

The bride was given away by her brother and wore a white satin gown with halo head-dress of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes and carried a bouquet of pink roses and pink carnations.

Two bridesmaids were in attendance, they wore white patterned satin frocks trimmed with pink satin, pink head-dresses, white buckskin shoes and carried pink and white carnation bouquets. Both the bride and bridegroom were attached to the Kitchen Department. The combined wedding present was a chromium coal scuttle.

At Calne Parish Church on September 16th Miss Mary Edwards was married to Mr. Frank Reeves of Heddington. Given away by her father the bride wore a white satin gown with wreath of orange blossom and veil, silver shoes and carried a bouquet of cream and pink roses. Two bridesmaids attended, they wore pink crepe suede dresses with pink veils and silver sandals; their bouquets were of Japanese bronze daisies.

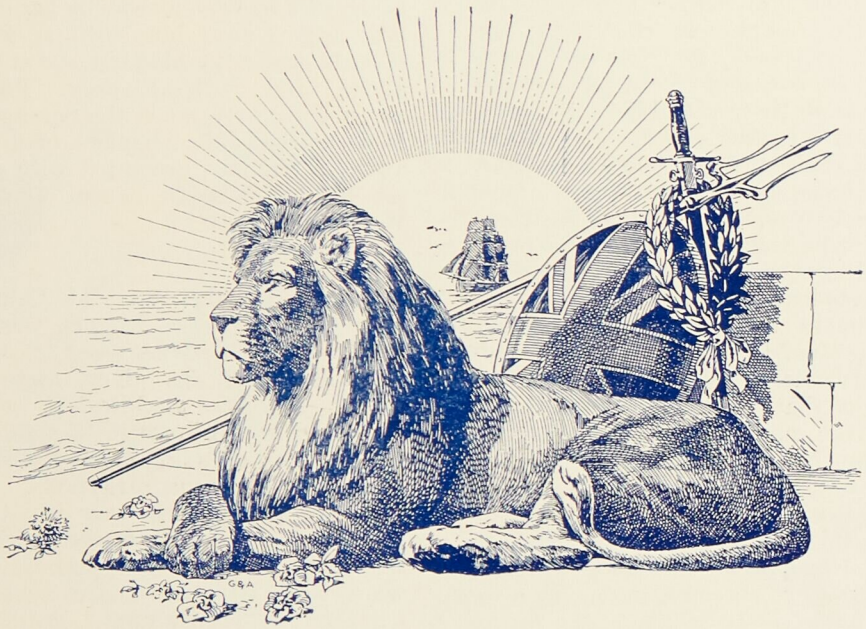
Miss Edward's presents from the Pie Department were a dressing table set and numerous domestic utensils. Mrs. Reeves has resumed her occupation in the Pie Department.

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. . . . . "NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE,
IF ENGLAND TO ITSELF DO REST BUT TRUE."

"KING JOHN."



The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.

T. CAMPBELL.

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BY APPOINTMENT.
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 13.——NOVEMBER, 1939.——No. 11.



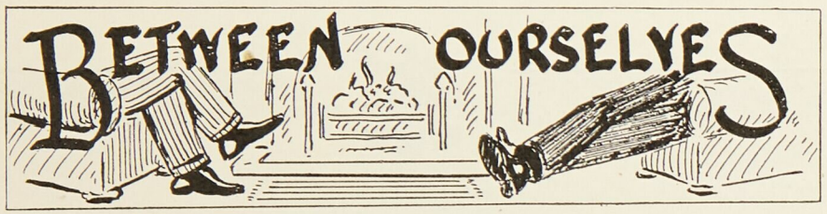
OUR contributors will need to be circumspect regarding articles and illustrations which might be of use to the enemy. This applies to articles on the activities of the Firm itself and from members of the Forces. Indication should not be given of the whereabouts of troops or ships, nor on the specific type of war work on which any Factory is engaged.

Magazines may be posted to H.M. Forces in the Field, but a permit is required for posting to the countries of Europe (except France), to Japan, China, Siam, and Turkey. Permits are obtainable from the Chief Postal Censor, Postal Censorship, Permits Branch, Aintree, Liverpool. Full particulars as to the regulations covering censorship of periodicals posted to foreign destinations are published in "Control of Communications—War," No. 1084, obtainable from the Stationery Office, price 1d.

Branch correspondents who are in doubt as to the suitability of any matter for publication should submit it to the Voluntary Censorship Department, Ministry of Information, Senate House, University of London, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1.

* * *

The British Legion is to include ex-Service men and women of all wars, and their dependants, in its ex-Service welfare work. This will provide the country and its defenders with a service of the greatest practical and moral value. The sick or wounded men and women discharged from hospital will not be left to shift for themselves; practical comradeship will be at their disposal to give them and their families an immediate helping hand, help them find jobs, and restore to them a proper share of the amenities of civil life. Poppy Day is therefore more important than ever, and every effort should be made to make this year's collection double all former records.



LONDON,
November 2nd, 1939.

WELL! And how are things going in all our Factories and Offices: and are we keeping the flag well up?

I get some news of you all from time to time and have greatly appreciated some of the personal messages and greetings that some of you have been kind enough to send.

Two long months ago yesterday I came here and life and work have been of such a character that I have only been home once so far. Better luck soon, I hope.

And now one's big job begins, for Rationing of Bacon was announced yesterday by the Minister of Food.

Well, we worked for Peace, we prayed for Peace and now we are at War. In a War that will be won too. There can be no question about that for neither the lies of the German spokesmen nor the sophistry of Eastern Statesmen can truthfully deny the real cause for which we are all "doing our bit." Once again we are trying to right a wrong and we are seeking to build an international wall of conscience to stop for ever the spirit of unholy aggression.

Of old a brave fighter manned a bridge and defended it to Victory. His motto was "They shall not pass." It is in that spirit that we are giving up the ways of peace for a time, and it is thus we give up those we love so that we may, twice in a quarter of a Century, make sure to mankind the sacredness of a pledged word and provide a sure refuge for the weak against the unprincipled strong and avoid calamity and retrogression at the bidding of pride and unbridled sense of power.

Man was born to be free. Free to choose the best: free to expand that which is latent within him: free to think his own thoughts: free to speak, to worship as his conviction dictates and to mix with those of kindred mind. Free, in the mass, to evolve his own system of work, play and government.

But not truly free to choose the evil without regard to the effects of his acts upon his fellows or to ill-treat those less fortunate or of different blood. Certainly not free to place in Concentration Camps those who dare to differ or offend.

The blood runs hot as one reads of Poland and the Jews. There is the temptation to pass from our horrors, when war touches our individual lives, to the heat of hate. Does the happy freedom we enjoy allow that sentiment? I hope not. It is easy to let loose the beast that lies dormant in the soul: it is war within indeed to muzzle and chain him up again.

As we fight this War let us keep our motives clean and single. There is room, ample room, for a peaceful Germany in the World's great scheme. There is no room in that same world—or in any other—for the policy and methods of those who at present rule Germany. Let us then keep as bright and burning lights the simple ideals of Service, and brotherly feeling for our fellows. I have never seen why love and sympathy should not accompany brawn and muscle and the hard knock. So in the display of grit and courage to which we are now called—perhaps in deeper measure than we have yet realised—let's keep the sweetness of affection; the secrets of friendship and understanding; faith in the ultimate good of men and the reverence for all souls who spring from one Creator.



THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

We had a cheery letter from Van Salesman F. S. Patten to-day. He seems to be very fit and well.

Relief Salesman R. S. Thompson has just been called up with the new Militia batch and has left for Exeter. He has our very best wishes for a speedy return.

Van Salesman B. Davis, of Bristol Van 51, was married on Saturday, September 23rd. Mr. and Mrs. Davis have the very best wishes of all our Staff for their future welfare and happiness.

Van Boy E. A. H. Kebbell, of London, left on October 7th to take up duties in the Navy.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wait, of Northampton, upon the recent arrival of a son.

We want to do our best to keep this page going under war-time conditions, but owing to the great pressure which we are experiencing with the many new official instructions and fresh arrangements which it is necessary to make, we are finding it exceedingly difficult to find the time to get the copy ready. We shall therefore very much appreciate any news from any of our Representatives or Van Salesmen for inclusion in this page. There must be all sorts of interesting things happening which would make very entertaining reading to friends on the road and at the Factories in other parts of the country. Will you please see what you can do to help?

J.H.G.

* * *

LAST WORDS.

4.—Think I don't know a mushroom when I see it?

The following letter has appeared in the National Press:—

Profiteering: A Spirit to Implement the Law.

SIR,—In time of war the food trade becomes increasingly important in the life of the nation. Fluctuations of prices or scarcity of supplies quickly affect every home in the country. We, of the food trade, therefore, are charged with a great responsibility.

We realise the necessity for regulations, but no law can cover every case. There are countless occasions on which it must be left to the individual to decide how regulations should be interpreted. Who, for example, can give a watertight definition of profiteering or hoarding? Everything depends on the spirit with which the individual applies the regulations to himself and his business.

In this war the front line is on our doorsteps; we all need the front-line spirit. But in the absence of apparent danger it is not easy to maintain a spirit of comradeship and self-sacrifice equal to that of the trenches. Yet the line between manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer, and consumer is a life-line of the nation.

The creative power for the great task before us can come from no human source. We need a superhuman discipline which reaches down to the smallest detail of our lives. We must have a spiritual incentive stronger than security or profit. This is our part in moral rearmament, in the building of that Maginot Line of faith, honesty, and unselfishness, on which our nation depends.

If, even as a consequence of the tragedy of war, this spirit could be achieved, foundations of economic peace and prosperity might to-day be laid which would be the finest insurance for the world of to-morrow.

Yours, &c.,

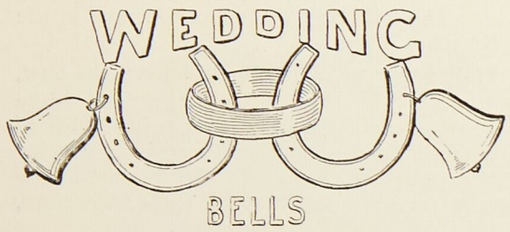
T. G. ARNOLD
(*President of the National Federation of Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Associations*).

J. F. BODINNAR
(*President of the Institute of Certificated Grocers*).

A. W. MACDOUGALL
(*President of the Scottish Federation of Grocers' and Provision Merchants' Associations*).

W. HERMAN KENT
(*Secretary of the National Federation of Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Associations*).

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At Chippenham Methodist Chapel on September 23rd, Miss Evelyn Garlick was married to Corporal Fred Culley, of the 5th Wilts. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of white satin, with halo head-dress of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes; her bouquet was of red carnations. One bridesmaid was in attendance and wore a blue floral satin dress with head-dress of gold leaves, gold shoes, and carried a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. The wedding presents from the Kitchen Department, where Cpl. Culley was also employed, were an oak biscuit barrel and napery.

Mrs. Culley has resumed her occupation in the Kitchen while her husband is on active service.

On September 23rd, at Calne Primitive Methodist Chapel, Miss Joyce Randall was married to Mr. Ben Davies, van salesman of the Bristol area. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a blue floral frock, with darker shade belted coat, navy blue hat and shoes, and wore a carnation spray. There were no bridesmaids. Miss Randall was four years in the Basement and was Works Council representative. Her wedding presents were an alarm clock, from her colleagues, and overmantel from the Sausage Department.

At Calne Parish Church, on September 30th, Miss Phyllis Brewer was married to Sergeant George Burchell, of the Oxford and Bucks. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a navy blue dress, navy blue felt hat, navy shoes, black fox fur, chamois gloves, and carried an ivorine Prayer Book.

Mrs. Burchell has been nine years in the Sausage Department, and at present is employed there. The wedding present from the Staff was a clock.

The marriage took place at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Chippenham, on September 3rd, 1939, between Mr. R. Stevens (Engineers) and Miss S. Komar. The bride was attired in grey costume, with hat and shoes and gloves to tone. The honeymoon was spent in West Somerset.

Mr. R. Stevens was presented with a Westminster chiming clock from his colleagues of the Maintenance Department.

On October 21st, Miss Joyce Lockyer was married to Mr. Roger Willetts, of Stourport-on-Severn. The bride was given away by her father. She was attired in a white satin gown with short train, a coronet of orange blossom and veil, and silver shoes. She carried a sheaf of Harrissi lilies. A matron of honour attended the bride, also one bridesmaid. They wore lime green taffeta dress with a sash of green velvet, head-dresses of silver and green leaves, silver shoes, and green lace gloves. Their bouquets were of lemon and white chrysanthemums, the gifts of the bridegroom. The reception was held in the Scouts' Hall, Later the bride and bridegroom left for their honeymoon in Wrington, the bride travelling in a sage green frock and coat, with brown hat, shoes, gloves, and handbag.

Miss Lockyer was presented with a canteen of cutlery and frameless mirror from the Offal Department, where she has resumed her occupation on the clerical staff.

* * *

NOTICE.

NEVILLE HOUSE,
PAGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S.W.1.
10th October, 1939.

I have pleasure in announcing that Mr. Grover has been appointed Works Manager as from 1st October, 1939, and that Mr. Voisk will be Assistant Works Manager as from the same date.

I am sure that I can rely upon everyone giving them their utmost co-operation during this difficult time.

These gentlemen will, of course, work under the direction of Mr. Redman.

J. F. BODINNAR.

"On Ilkla Moor Baht 'At."

A DIALECT SONG FROM THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"On Ilkla Moor baht 'at" is surely coming into its own, and securing its full recognition as the dialect song of the West Riding of Yorkshire. It is scarcely possible to meet a West Riding native—man, woman, or child—who has not heard of the song and who cannot sing, at any rate some portion, of it and it does not matter where one runs up against the West Ridinger, within the Riding's boundaries or outside of them. The song is sung, in fact, wherever West Riding folk are found the world over.

It is essentially a product of the West Riding, both in its vocabulary and in its spiritual content (ahem!). Its dialectical words are from the vernacular of the Riding, and its humour is entirely characteristic of its birthplace; the folk of the West Riding are greatly given to the use of quite unnecessarily strong terms and grim phrases in their daily speech. The "story" in the song has a delightful West Riding stamp; a slight irregularity in behaviour—a young fellow goes out hatless to meet his sweetheart, that is all—and there are to follow (it is so outlined in the conversation that ensues between the lad and his father—or mother, or possibly a candid friend) illness, death, burial, a post mortem feast for the worms, another for the domestic ducks, a third and this time one of "funeral baked meats" and then——. What an appeal there is in all this, what a West Riding atmosphere, what local colour; the moorland homestead, the simple lovers, the "nattering" parent—or friend—the "bonny month i' bed," the crowd at the interment, the substantial "Yorkshire tea," the final overwhelming tragedy; one almost feels that what is forecast in the conversation chronicled in the song did really happen.

To the question, "Who wrote the song?" there is no definite answer. It is quite likely that the verses are not the work of a single author. It may be, but it is easy to imagine—years ago—a gay gathering of friends, a summer picnic, or a winter's evening party, one of whom, by a happy inspiration, trolls forth, "Wheer wer' ta bahn w'en Aw saw thee, on Ilkla Moor baht 'at?" to the first six bars of the then familiar hymn tune "Cranbrook," and the company catch up the query and, repeating it, sing the tune to the end. The question is answered, "Aw wer" a-courtin' Mary Jane, on Ilkla Moor baht 'at," a contribution from the questioner or, probably, from another member of the party and so, capping verses in this way, the song is developed, and it is launched complete, words and musical setting, and, being set on its feet, it has never ceased to find acceptance equal to that enjoyed by its sturdy West-Country cousin, "Old Uncle Tom Cobley."

No copy of the words of "Ilkla Moor" in full appears to have been printed prior to 1916; the first collected edition of the song was published by Messrs. Novello & Co. in the autumn of that year—only 21 years since. But the ditty has been a treasured possession of the West Riding people for at least 40 to 50 years before its publication in 1916. The present writer—a "comer-in"—was introduced to "Ilkla Moor" in the latter part of 1899, and several of his contemporaries among his Yorkshire friends have told him that they, now sexagenarians and septuagenarians, have sung it from their youth up, even from their childhood's days. "Cranbrook," the hymn tune which was appropriated as the musical companion of "Ilkla Moor," was issued in 1805, and the "wedding" of "Ilkla Moor" and "Cranbrook" may have taken place in the first decade or so of the 19th century—a hundred years ago.

That it became, on being heard, immediately popular, is proved by its localisations; we have "On Baildon Moor baht 'at" (it is claimed by the Baildoners that the original scene of the courtship which, it was prophesied, was to end in disaster, was on Baildon Moor);" On Ilkla Moor," the now general form of the refrain (Ilkley); "On Ovenden Flat" (Halifax); "On Lindley Moor" and "Dahn Ahtloin Flat"—which, being interpreted for the benefit of "foreigns," is "Down Outlane Flat" (Huddersfield). Further, around Barnsley, the variant is, "On Emley Moor"; at Clifton (Brighouse), "Down 'ee Moor Loin,' a dialect version of "Down High Moor Lane"; while, at Luddendenfoot, on the upper banks of the Calder, in order to give the song a local habitation and a name, the singers offer us "At Luddendenfoot baht booit" ("At Luddendenfoot without boot"). Indeed, so great is the devotion of the Riding to the song, "Ilkla Moor" has been dubbed

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" the West Riding anthem " ; the ditty has been apotheosised ; and the song has lovers who dwell outside West Riding territory ; Lancashire, a prominent rival to its Eastern neighbour in the practice of the virtue of local patriotism, has localised in on Mottram Moor (Stal-bridge) and on " Oddam Edge " (Oldham Edge). Undoubtedly, this list could be lengthened.

" Cranbrook," a tune set to the hymn beginning " Grace, 'tis a charming sound," was composed by Thomas Clark, of Canterbury. Clark was for many years the leader of the Canterbury Wesleyan choir. " Cranbrook " appeared in Clark's first " Sett of Psalms and Hymn Tunes," in 1805, when the composer was in his twenty-eighth year. The tune became popular immediately on issue, both at home and in America. It is of the " repeat " tune order, then in immense favour, and especially among the congregations of Northern England. Clark died in 1859. Interesting details of his life are given in " Hymn Tunes and their Story," by James T. Lightwood (C. H. Kelly). " Ilkla Moor " is not the only instance in which a tune written for serious occasions has been riven from the words to which they were at first written and used as the musical setting of verses of a light character. What Clark thought of this transference—if it took place before his death, and if he was aware of it—is not known, but the tune has been deemed " old-fashioned " for more than a whole generation past, and is met with now, in our churches and chapels, only when a " Service of Old-fashioned Hymns and Tunes " is given. As the companion of " Ilkla Moor," " Cranbrook " is assured of a long lease of life, and while the name of the author of the words remains hidden, the name of the " Man of Kent," by virtue of the association of his hymn tune with " Ilkla Moor," will survive for many years to come.

Is " Ilkla Moor" a folk song ? The accepted definition of " folk song " is that it is a song or ballad originating among the people and traditionally handed down by them. To be traditionally handed down means that the song has been passed from generation to generation by word of mouth, sung and spoken, and has not, for a time, been written. " Ilkla Moor " has been handed down, it has an oral tradition of two, if not three, generations and, so far as that goes, it might be described as a folk song—the question can be left at that. There is a point to which reference can be made here ; that singing rendering " Ilkla Moor " have, not infrequently, added improvised verses.

The West Riding folk have taken four musical compositions to their hearts, and the selection shows a catholic spirit : " The Hallelujah Chorus," from Handel's " Messiah," a mighty chorus which no West Riding choir, small or large, thinks itself incapable of producing ; the splendid Christmas hymn, " Christians, awake " ; the charming ballad, the " Holmfirth Anthem," " Pretty Flowers " ; and the jolly, grim, wholesome dialect song, a song of genuinely West Riding flavour, and well worth possessing, the roof-raising member of the quartet, " On Ilkla Moor baht 'at." Well, well : " Here's tiv us, all on us."

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* * *

" What is inertia, Dad ? "

" Well, if I have it, it's sheer laziness ; but if your mother has it, it's nervous prostration."

* * *

AN APPRECIATION.

Neville House,
Page Street,
Westminster,
London, S.W.1.
30th September, 1939.

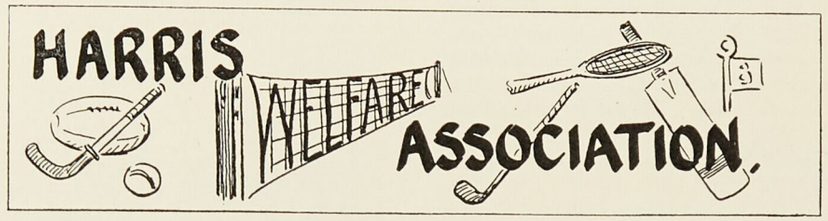
Mr. Petherick has very kindly agreed to help me in Food Control matters by taking on duties as an Area Bacon Production Officer working under my Department in the Food Ministry.

After 30th September, therefore, he will not be carrying on his duties in the Calne factories. After the War we hope to retain our connection with him, but not in regard to the Calne factories.

Mr. Petherick was, for very many years, associated with our Highbridge Company, and when Mr. Gunning died he yielded to our requests to help us at Calne.

War brings many changes and I greatly appreciate Mr. Petherick's willingness to take up a War post at such short notice, and we all thank him sincerely for all he has done in various places for so many years.

J. F. BODINNAR.



HOCKEY SECTION.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Hockey Club was held on Monday, September 11th, Mr. R. B. Swaffield in the chair.

The Secretary's report was presented and showed that during the last season 4 matches had been won, 10 lost, 3 drawn, whilst the mixed matches resulted in 2 being won and 1 lost.

The general conclusion from these results was that, whereas our opponents seem to improve in strength as the seasons roll on, we, for our part, remained somewhat stationary. Nevertheless the games themselves proved satisfactory and in every way served the purpose for which they were organised, viz., healthy recreation and enjoyment. The financial statement was submitted, which showed a balance in hand of £7 13s. 7d.

The question of continuing the activities of the Club during the coming season was considered and it was unanimously decided to carry on, difficult as it may be. It was thought that even in war time it was desirable to encourage healthy exercise, that mind and body may be more fitted to meet the difficulties of the times, and that we should hang on to those things which were the prop and stay of good fellowship ; in fact, to " keep a few windows open to the sun in a mansion darkened behind the shutters of war." Members therefore proceeded to the election of their officers and committee with the following result :—Chairman, Mr. R. B. Swaffield ; hon. secretary and treasurer, Miss Margaret Angell ; captain, Miss M. Cleverley ; vice-captain, Miss Mollie Angell ; committee, Miss G. Barton, Miss F. Henley, Miss C. McRae, Miss M. Jefferies, Miss M. Giddings, Miss K. Angell ; representative on Grounds Committee, Mr. Swaffield.

The opening match was played at Lickhill on September 23rd and Trowbridge were our opponents. This strong team usually inflicts a heavy defeat upon us, so we were quite happy with the result of 4—2 against us. True, the score for Trowbridge should have been heavier, if only because of our faulty clearing and bad positioning. Not only did we leave our opponents unmarked but we often impeded ourselves in our work. However, it being our first match, excuses may be accepted. K. Angell scored our two goals. The score at half-time was 3—1, and to hold our opponents in the second half with an equal score gave us satisfaction and pleasure.

On Thursday, September 28th, we played a practice match and mixed up with a men's team from the R.A.F. at Yatesbury. We played our attack against our defence, and the R.A.F. did the same, and the score was 4—2, our defence beating our attack.

On October 7th we again played a team from the R.A.F. at Yatesbury. The airmen have very kindly consented to fill in with us any game scratched by our opponents. On this occasion we thought we would try to meet them as a team, so with the help of two men the nine remaining girl players engaged the boys of the Air Force. The experiment proved a splendid success for we ran out winners of a fine game by 7 goals to 5. It seems that our girls play unusually well when playing with men—our mixed matches have always shown this—and this occasion was no exception. Some of our girls were playing in unaccustomed positions, yet they played brilliantly. Our scorers were K. Angell, F. Henley, G. Thomas, and Watson 4.

Reverting to a comment respecting faulty marking, it may be helpful to mention how marking should be made. There should be no confusion if the following is carried out. The full backs should mark the opposing inside wing forwards, the wing

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half-backs mark the opposing outside wing forwards, and the centre half mark the opposing centre forward. This marking should be done also when the ball is rolled in from the side lines. To mark successfully is to place yourself in such a position that you may easily intercept a pass to the person being marked.

CRICKET SECTION.

REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON.

The 1939 Cricket Season has not been quite such a successful one as the previous year, the 1st XI. winning six out of 16 matches and the 2nd XI. five out of 15. The wet weather at the beginning of the season and the international situation at the end drastically reduced our fixture list, but nevertheless, we have had some enjoyable games—particularly the one at Lacock!

The leading batsmen are:—1st XI., R. Swaffield, with an average of 34.50; and 2nd XI., F. Butler, with 13.90. The bowlers were:—I. J. Taylor, 6.26, 1st XI.; and G. Dean, 7.58 of the 2nd XI.

It is disappointing to note that there are very few new-comers among our ranks, particularly as we were rather short owing to several of our stalwarts retiring. We hope that next season, all being well, we shall get these new fellows as there will be plenty of scope for them.

The Departmental Cricket was held up, it being impossible to arrange the final between the Retort and the Office owing to pressure of work, and the resting place of the cup, which was presented by the President last year, is being decided by the Committee.

The Hon. Secretaries wish to express the thanks of the Committee and themselves for the generous support they have received from those friends of ours who are not wielders of the willow.

ANALYSIS FOR THE PAST SEASON.

1st XI.

Matches played, 16; won, 6; lost, 10.

Harris scored 1,686 runs for 138 wickets. Average, 12.23 runs per wicket.

Opponents scored 1,703 runs for 140 wickets. Average, 12.16 runs per wicket.

BATTING.

	Mchs. pos.	*Mchs. pld.*	*Ing. pld.*	*Tms. n.o.*	*Mst. Igs.*	*Tot. Rns.*	*Avg.*
R. Swaffield	16	14	14	2	120	414	34.50
G. Witchell	16	6	6	—	33	93	15.50
J. Archard	16	15	15	2	43	182	14.00
Reg. Goddard	16	9	9	1	39	89	11.12
C. Edwards	16	11	10	1	50	95	10.56
R. Stevens	16	10	10	1	24	90	10.00
F. Cleverly	16	7	7	—	24	67	9.57
B. Webb	16	2	2	—	16	19	9.50
P. Cainey	16	10	9	1	32	75	9.37
I. J. Taylor	16	12	11	3	19	74	9.25
A. Pinniger	16	5	5	1	20	33	8.25
F. Butler	16	6	6	1	26	40	8.00
E. Wiltshire	16	4	4	1	8	22	7.33
P. Carter	16	11	11	—	20	73	6.64
F. Bowyer	16	2	2	1	5	5	5.00
F. Nash	16	4	4	—	6	6	1.50

Winner of the President's Cup—R. Swaffield.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	*Mdns.*	*Runs.*	*Wkts.*	*Avge.*
I. J. Taylor	104	21	294	47	6.26
F. I. Nash	27	2	78	9	8.67
R. Stevens	63	8	253	27	9.37
R. B. Swaffield	9	0	54	5	10.80
Reg. Goddard	12	2	57	5	11.14
F. Bowyer	11	0	49	4	12.25
F. Butler	12	1	57	4	14.25
F. Cleverly	16	1	59	4	14.75
P. Carter	87	9	375	22	17.00
G. Witchell	10	0	50	1	50.00
R. Swaffield	14	1	131	2	65.50

Winner of the President's Bowling Cup—I. J. Taylor.

2nd XI.

Matches played, 15: won, 5; lost, 10.

Harris scored 1,043 runs for 135 wickets. Average, 7.73 runs per wicket.

Opponents scored 1,305 runs for 123 wickets. Average, 10.61 runs per wicket.

BATTING.

	Mchs. pos.	*Mchs. pld.*	*Igs. plyd.*	*Tms. n.o.*	*Mst. Igs.*	*Totl. Rns.*	*Avg.*
F. Butler	15	12	12	2	28	139	13.90
A. Pinniger	15	10	10	1	39	113	12.56
J. Phelps	15	4	4	2	10	20	10.00
E. Wiltshire	15	8	8	2	40	59	9.83
H. Bowman	15	3	3	0	25	26	8.67
K. Brindle	15	8	8	2	19	52	8.67
B. Webb	15	11	11	0	53	88	8.00
C. Kelloway	15	2	2	2	8	8	8.00
C. Edwards	15	8	8	1	22	53	7.57
Roy King	15	3	3	0	21	22	7.33
S. Wood	15	3	3	0	9	19	6.33
M. Rivers	15	5	5	0	16	31	6.20
G. Dean	15	6	6	0	28	36	5.83
C. Rose	15	7	7	2	7	28	5.60
P. Cainey	15	3	3	0	9	14	4.67
D. Foxwell	15	4	4	1	11	14	4.67
F. Bowyer	15	10	10	0	18	33	3.30
H. Bowery	15	4	4	0	9	11	2.75
E. Hand	15	7	7	0	6	13	1.86
A. Butler	15	4	4	0	3	6	1.50
W. Smith	15	4	4	0	3	5	1.25
R. Bewley	15	3	3	0	3	4	1.33

BOWLING.

	Overs.	*Mdns.*	*Runs.*	*Wkts.*	*Avge.*
R. B. Swaffield	5	0	10	7	1.43
W. Smith	2	0	9	2	4.50
G. Dean	46	5	144	19	7.58
B. Webb	72	10	246	25	9.84
H. Bowman	4	0	33	3	11.00
A. Pinniger	22	1	130	9	14.44
F. Bowyer	57	2	287	17	16.88
F. Butler	65	13	187	23	8.13

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Friends Elsewhere.



Edited by W. H. WESTON.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE RAILWAYS.

(By H. W. Heighway.)

People nowadays are more motor-minded than railway-minded, although the first real railway is only 108 years old.

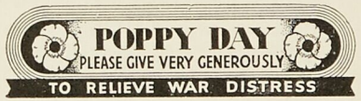
The largest of the four groups—the London, Midland and Scottish Railway—had its beginning in Liverpool and was then called the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Its length has grown from 30 miles of track to 7,000; from one locomotive to 10,000, with 320,000 coaches and freight vehicles. We will recall the bitter opposition to building this new railway. One landowner had every man he could get to keep by armed force the surveyors off his land, and violently attacked this dangerous conspiracy against the peace of the countryside. Whilst he was otherwise engaged one Sunday, the surveyors quietly did their work and got away safely.

The cartoons of the period show the bitter opposition of the road coach proprietors. Horses, when seeing an engine, would take fright; haystacks would be set alight by sparks from the engine; cows in the adjoining meadows would be so terrified of these iron monsters that the poor cows could not be blamed for refusing to give milk. Injury and ruin with utter confusion were predicted. Pictures of horses in all sorts of terrified condition and from whose mouths issued written words. And the language they used! Their living gone they let volumes of abuse flow upon the unheeding heads of the promoters of this horrible railway.

However, the railway had to come; obsolete and slower systems had to go. A very able board of directors was formed, and two problems that seemed to have occupied them most were the viaduct at Sankey and the quagmire at Chat Moss. The latter was an enormous bog, and thousands of tons of soil were sunk therein, trees too, and, in fact, anything solid that would help to form a foundation was tipped into this never satisfied glutton of a bog. So well was the foundation laid that this particular piece of line is to-day one of the smoothest to travel upon.

Iron rails and wooden sleepers were used as an improvement to the stone sleepers and oak rails of the Stockton and Darlington line. Some of these old stone sleepers are still to be seen by the railway-side at a village near Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Having the railroad well in hand, a £500 prize was offered for a locomotive that would run at "not less than 12 miles an hour." Upon the day fixed for the trials George Stephenson's Rocket carried away the prize in handsome fashion. He drew 16 tons at the incredible speed of 29 miles an



hour. The rolling stock is worthy of note. The first-class carriages were as like as possible road carriages upon a truck on wheels. Those who made the rolling stock were still road-minded, exactly as were the builders of the earliest motor-cars, which, though petrol driven, were in design road carriages even to the low dashboards.

Dendy Marshall, a well-known authority on railways, says, "It was the Liverpool and Manchester Railway which was the first railway in the world. It showed the world what could be done, and led to the greatest change in the habits of mankind that has ever come about, except than by a slow and gradual evolution."

Incidents quoted from "Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Neville": "I think I have before mentioned that when travelling on the Continent as a child I remember our carriage being hoisted out on a sort of truck. This was also done in England at the time when railways were first introduced; people of means and position thus performing their journeys inside their own carriages. This

custom, however, did not last very long and was, I believe, ended by a distressing accident.

"The Lady Zetland of that time was proceeding to the North in a private chariot (hoisted on to a truck as I have described) and accompanied by her maid, when a large cotton umbrella, strapped on the back of the carriage, began to flap wildly in the breeze. Presently a wandering engine spark set fire to the umbrella, the flames being fanned into a blaze by the rapid motion of the train. The strange and penetrating heat soon revealed to the inmates of the carriage the critical position in which they were placed. The maid on the instant was excited into frenzy, but her mistress, while fully alive to the emergency, retained complete presence of mind and did her utmost to reason the distracted woman into remaining seated, by pointing out that they were about to reach a station where immediate rescue was assured. Persuasion and argument were, however, impotent to restrain the demented creature, who, tearing open the door, flung herself out upon the line, across which she lay in prostrate unconsciousness.

"One minute later the station was reached and Lady Zetland was taken safely from the cushions, whose stuffing up to that time intercepted the fire that threatened to reach her. An engine was at once despatched in quest of the maid, whose motionless figure the engine driver easily discerned. She was lying clear of the rails, but the engine driver most unhappily failed to observe that her two arms were stretched out over the side line by which he was approaching, and the terrible result of this inadvertence was that in drawing up the engine quite close in order to raise the inanimate form, both the poor girl's hands were accidently cut off at the wrists. It is scarcely necessary to add that everything possible was done to lighten the victim's burden of lifelong suffering."

* * *

"Are there many students studying at ——— University College?"

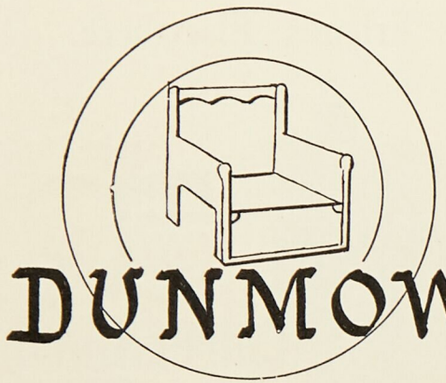
"Oh! About one in twenty."

* * *

Scene: A ladies' hairdressing salon.

Lady Hairdresser to Mrs. 'Orace 'Iggins, newly-rich, and knows it: Will you have a shampoo, madam?

Mrs. Iggins: Don't I look as if I've got the money to pay for it—I'll have a genuine poo or nothing!



DUNMOW.

Edited by Miss B. BROOKS.

HARVEST TIME.

Once again we have been blessed with a good harvest. One only has to walk round the fields, say, on a summer's evening to see the fruits of the earth at their best.

There are many farms around the outskirts of Dunmow, some of the farmhouses being very picturesque. One is surrounded by a moat. It is nice to see the horses and waggons coming and going with their loads of corn, giving the country holiday-maker that simple but satisfying thought that the life in the villages is health giving and restful, both for the body and the mind.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Mr. and Mrs. C. Perry in the loss of their son, Robert Charles, aged 14 months.

If you sit still, it is not your profits that will come to you, but your expenses.

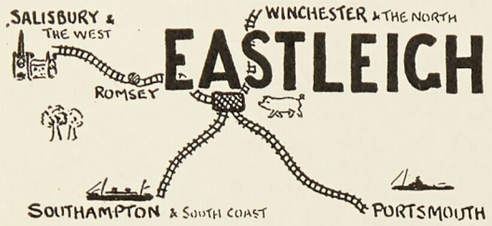
This Month's Howler.

Barbarians are things put into bicycles to make them run smoothly.

Some of our staff have been called up to serve their country. We wish them good luck in their respective units.

We are very pleased to welcome back to work Mr. W. G. Spurgeon, who has been so unfortunate in having to be away through two very long spells of illness. We trust that his recovery will now be complete for him.

C.P.W.



Edited by L. S. JONES.

Although we feel that our words will be inadequate, we desire from Eastleigh to convey to Mr. Bodinnar our sincere thanks for the helpful and thoughtful letter addressed to each member of the Staff.

On reading it through one feels a just sense of pride that our Chief is called upon to organise and control the Bacon Production in this country and to act as the Chief and Chairman of the Division of the Food Ministry which co-ordinates the five directorates of Imported Bacon and Ham; distribution of all Bacon, pig Supplies, Lard, and Bacon Production; and it is felt that this work of such national importance could not be in more capable hands. We trust and pray that he will be blessed with a good measure of health and strength to enable him to face and carry through this task.

We wish to assure Mr. Bodinnar of our whole-hearted support, and that we will do all in our power to carry out the spirit of his letter.

On September 9th Miss Wagstaff, of the Office Staff, was married to Mr. H. Dawe, at Winchester.

A presentation of a case of fish knives and forks was made on behalf of the staff by Mr. Taylor, who expressed the good wishes of all for their future happiness.

On September 7th Mr. A. F. Jannaway was married to Miss G. P. Ansell, at the Eastleigh Parish Church.

Mr. Jannaway, who is an enthusiastic member of the Welfare Association, was the recipient of a drawing-room clock, presented to him by his colleagues as an expression of good wishes.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER (No. 12).

1.—A pouch filled with tobacco cost 1/6, and the pouch cost 1/- more than the tobacco. What did each cost?

2.—A well-known proverb. WE IS DO.

3.—Prove that a sheet of foolscap is a lazy dog.

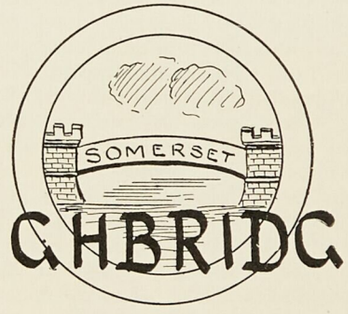
4.—A farmer was asked how many sheep he had. He replied: "If I had as many more, half as many more, and $2\frac{1}{2}$, I should have 20." How many had he?

5.—In a house were a father, a mother, a son, a daughter, a brother, a sister, an uncle, an aunt, and two cousins. How many were there?

6.—When would it be correct to say "I is," instead of "I am"?

(*Answers on Page* 263).

* * *



HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

We are pleased to report that our old friends, Messrs. Lawrence and Wyatt, have improved greatly during the past summer. Our correspondent is informed that "Fred" came over for the Flower Show in his push-chair, and we were only too pleased to welcome him.

Our Correspondent is experiencing a "black-out" in a literary sense, as well as a material sense, as all sport and pastimes for the moment are suspended. We hope soon to have brighter news, which will enable us all to participate in one or other of the winter evening sports. As an Air Raid Warden, and in charge of a Post, our Correspondent only too readily realises the importance of these "black-outs," which are a little depressing, but with all the modern ideas of warfare, and some of the inhuman methods adopted by warmongers, it is for the general public safety that these restrictions be carried out. It is essential, if we want to avoid giving the enemy a chance to "*spot*" a place, to see that all lights after

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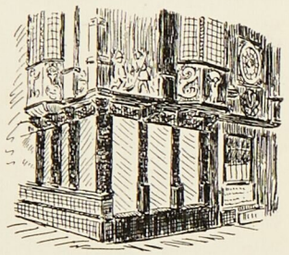
dark are obscured, and prevented from shining upwards or across the road. One has heard many expressions of opinion that it is unnecessary, but let the British Isles be raided, and the public will soon realise the importance of "black-outs." We hope this will never arise, but all those who experienced air raids in the Great War, either at home or with the Expeditionary Force, do realise the necessity of these restrictions. Our Correspondent appeals to all those who do not agree on this point to make it their business to work for a condition that will eliminate the causes for war, and it would appear that what is needed is a clearer understanding between nations and a determination to see that the principles of justice and fair play are administered where difficulties and misunderstandings exist. In the opinion of our Correspondent, principles have been dropped for financial gain, and lust for power; Christianity has been set aside for material gains. To the civilised world, and to all fair-thinking people of all nations, this spirit is entirely wrong. Some proclaim that "survival of the fittest" is the modern idea of life; if that is so then there can be no peace, but a life of jealousy and hatred, and continual warfare. Let all those who are not in the habit of thinking for themselves ponder just for one moment and ask themselves the question, "Am I using the gift of intelligence my Creator gave me?" If not; why not? "Do I allow others to do my thinking for me? Do I drift along with the tide, or do I pull my weight against the stream of paganism?" If one's thoughts and actions are directed on the lines of the great principles laid down in Divine law, which make life worth living, then have "faith" that though one may be "up against it" truth and justice will always prevail. It cannot fail. Have that "faith" in yourself, in those around you, and one will quickly find that this power will remove the things that now prevent peoples of nations to live a life of security and peace. Faith in the Supreme Being will enable one to work out his or her own salvation, and will, in fact, remove the barriers that now prevent peoples from living a decent life. It is the absence of *faith* which often lets us down. Let us remember that to attain anything worth having means *self-sacrifice*; even sacrifice of one's life for a principle, as in the present European war. *This is the royal road that has to be trod.*

WITH H.M. FORCES.

To three of our employees, Messrs. E. F. J. Llewellyn, R. Hooper, and W. Aish, who joined the Territorial Forces in the spring, and are now absorbed into the Regular Army, we give our greetings, and sincerely hope that they will have a safe return. Our thoughts go out to them wherever they may be; those at home will ever be mindful of them.

C.B.S.

* * *



Edited by J. E. SMITH.

The Editor has said, "Carry on," and he is right, for in these times of stress we are united in one great endeavour, with each and every one of us doing his or her bit, and our little Magazine can still do good service in linking up the various Branches of our business.

How strangely our lives have altered in a few short weeks. Darkened houses and streets, very little amusement (or, indeed, time for amusement), higher prices, increased taxation, and multiplicity of rules, regulations, orders, licences, permits, and what-not —how we should have howled at these things a few weeks ago. As it is, we know why, and in grim determination, lightened by that British humour that *will* see the funny side of its own misfortunes, we stand solidly behind our leaders, and to them in turn we say "Carry on."

In our own particular industry we have useful work to do, for the people must be fed, and we must play our part as well as we know how.

Some of our members have been called up for Service, and more may yet have to go. Others are giving of their best as Wardens, A.F.S., First Aid, Decontamination, &c., even as our colleagues in other Branches. We are, indeed, a mighty brotherhood—and sisterhood—of service today.

To our friends at Calne, and the Branches, we send good wishes from Ipswich.

Our Sports and Social Club has, of course, found its style somewhat cramped by the advent of War, but, no doubt, some means will be found for making as much use as possible of its organisations during the winter months.

The holiday season, too, was cut short, which was hard luck indeed for some of us, particularly as the weather in September was so fine.

Cheerio. A. H. MACKENZIE.

EBB AND FLOW.

If the waters offer matter of wonderment to our sight it is mainly due to the ebb and flow of the sea, which is endowed with regular movements, therefore we have high water and low water twice in the course of a natural day, due to the combined action of the sun and the moon.

During six months of the year the highest tides occur in the day time; and during the other six months at night. At these periods the waves encroach upon the shores, and bathe those parts which are usually free from contacts with the waters. The highest spring tides on the open sea only rise a few feet, but as the waves approach the seaboard an opposition to their invasion is set up and they increase considerably and rise from twenty to sixty feet above the level of low water. All seas are subject to this marvellous influence of the tides, which is opposed and modified by the shape of the coast with its various headlands. The action of the tides is most felt in Straits and in Gulfs. Some of the highest tides are met with in the Gulf of St. Malo, in the English Channel. The waters of the Mediterranean have but slight perceptible influence that it has often been stated they are not subject to the oscillations of the tide, but observations have been made which prove that a definite ebb and flow do exist.

The tides purify and wash our shores, they cleanse and sweep over our ports; the currents which result from tides disencumber our roadsteads of the mud and clear the mouths of rivers. When at the seaside we feel in the approaching of the tide the salutary effects of a freshness pure and vivifying. It is really very wonderful that at a fixed hour the formidable masses of water, upraised by an invisible agency, rise and approach the shore, only to stop gently at a certain moment without passing the boundary which nature has indicated.

Large planks of wood and other material, varying in value, are often left high and dry on the shores of our coast and in rivers, which have been brought in and left by the tide. This is known as flotsam; it does not belong to the finder, but comes under Board of Trade regulations, and is actually the property of the Receiver of Wrecks. The Ipswich Dock Commission issues a yearly handbook, giving particulars not only of the available wharfage, but the times of the tide and their height twelve months in advance, and it is surely to the credit of the human race to have become able to calculate approximately the exact moment in which the oscillations of the sea begin and end.

B. J. HASTE.

SEAL HUNTING.

On three occasions during my holiday I went seal hunting. It may not be generally realised that seals can be found in large numbers on the numerous sand banks located several miles out at the mouth of the Wash.

I was staying at Hunstanton, that most delightful and only seaside resort on the West coast of Norfolk. The tide in this estuary runs out a long way owing to the flatness of the coast. Having arranged with my old salt for the use of his motor-boat, it was necessary to board it by means of a horse and high wheeled cart, which took us well out to sea in order to find depth enough to get away. I had never previously indulged in this method of boarding a craft.

Seal hunting can only be successful at low tide, when the sandbanks are exposed. There is some risk of grounding in the shallows, and with a tide quickly receding one is likely to be stranded for several hours pending the return flow. On one occasion this was our experience, but with a bright, sunny day, there were compensations. The skipper could recount many an interesting yarn, interspersed by puffs from his pipe. When I told him to cast off a kedge anchor he just stepped overboard, even though out of the sight of land, and deposited it where he thought it could be effective, and waded back.

After searching several flats three lots of

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seals, about 40 in each bunch, could be seen basking in the sun about a mile distant. We were likely to be rewarded. They are very shy creatures, however, and although we approached as stealthily as the motor-boat would allow, the seals all scuttled into the sea when we were within about 500 yards. By manoeuvring the boat between them and the sands, and waiting a few minutes, we found the seals bobbing up all round the craft, making a curious inspection.

On a second occasion I took a party of friends from the hotel. We were more successful and got very much nearer to a grand bunch of seals, and were able to effect a few excellent shots, with the camera, of course. On this occasion our engine failed on the return journey. We refused to leave the ship, though invited to do so by another craft. It was rather thrilling to feel you were really wrecked and drifting in the Wash, and that your safety was menaced by anything so mundane as a sooty plug.

It seems a pity to kill these charming creatures, innocent and playful as kittens as they are, but until recently a payment of 10s. per snout was given to fishermen, it being considered by the Fishing Board that they consumed too many fish and played havoc with the fishing grounds, but the more seals they killed the more they seemed to increase. These seals are of no particular commercial value, either for their skins or fat.

J. E. Smith.

* * *



LEEDS

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

Some people seem to avoid laughter like they avoid unpleasant things. Little they know what they are missing!

Professor Williams, of New York, has conducted researches and believes himself that "A laugh a day keeps the doctor away." Laughter invigorates and causes a fresh supply of oxygen to be taken into the system. Furthermore, he says, it is good from the mental point of view. Honest laughter relaxes the nervous system. It reacts throughout the whole physical and mental spheres, for it is a well-known fact that, when there is muscular tightness and tension, honest, hearty laughter is an impossibility.

Darwin attempted to prove during his lifetime that we were descended from the animal. But in the matter of laughs we are not at all animal, for such is almost exclusively a human matter. It seems that laughter began originally as a sign of appetite-provoking pleasure at something to eat. This is borne out by the advice of Pavlov, who advised a cheery frame of mind before partaking of food. For gloominess that is perpetual at all times tends to a dyspeptic condition. We have only to look at the smile on a baby's face at the sign of food to see that there is something very human in the accomplishment of laughter.

Buoyant nature in man, woman, and child tends to buoyant health. If we can't see a joke we can't see anything, for the man who never laughs healthily is blind. Seeing the funny side of things makes one see light, bright, and fine things.

Let there be more infectious, merry laughter. In these coming days of trial let us not forget this.

Street musicians were not on the official lists of those to be evacuated; but they have popped up in Dale villages in numbers which suggest that West Riding towns must have lost all their street entertainment. A friend in the Dale writes:—

"It must be admitted that they have not had a rapturous welcome. Our own village, like many others, can produce a competent choir and several good individual performers, but on the whole, we are too busy with work-a-day life for musical invasions. But that has not yet checked the steady stream of itinerant musicians, who, whatever the quality of their performance, do offer a variety of performers.

"Chief among them is an elderly man who has now, it would appear, included us in a regular round of villages. He arrives by 'bus and sings (in a fashion) 'Work for the night is coming' and 'Abide with me.' These two comprise his entire repertoire, and as our village is small and fairly compact, we hear these dolefully-sung tunes from all sides for the half-hour that he spends with us.

"So far he has not been seen to gain any reward for his efforts. When he has finished his tour he sits on the bridge for half-an-hour and waits for the next 'bus out. So, presumably, he does at least earn his 'bus fare.

"Instrumentally we are better served," continues my correspondent. "Apart from two separate performers on the cornet and the mouth-organ (why must cornet players always inflict 'Alice, where art Thou?'), we have had a harpist, two kilted men with bagpipes, and a performer on the concertina. The bagpipes exponents probably hold the record for carrying power; farm hands on the fells were still puzzling about the high whine of the pipes when they arrived home in the evening.

"'Couldn't mak' owt on it,' said one. 'At first I reckoned it were t' wind through t' grass, and then I recognised a tune. It bothered me until t' missus told me it were t' pipers.'

"The younger end of the village, now greatly in the majority through evacuation, are most taken up by the conertina player, a young man who believes in energy and contortion. Ever since his visit small boys have been going through weird antics with their gas-mask boxes. Their explanation is that they are 't' concertina man.'

"These, together with a Salvation Army band, have added greatly to our musical life in recent weeks. Whether they are to be a permanent feature of our war-time existence we cannot tell. From the poor harvest they have garnered it is to be doubted. But if they desert us we shall go back to the wireless, for that, like the poor, is always with us."

STILL LIFE.

A negro was a regular visitor to the local library, where it was noticed that he always took out the same book, opened it eagerly, and then indulged in a hearty burst of laughter.

The curiosity of the attendant was aroused. He came behind the visitor and looked over his shoulder, and found that he was gazing at the picture of a small boy being chased by a large bull.

The attendant was puzzled, and was about to ask the negro just exactly what he was laughing at, when the latter chuckled: "Golly! He ain't catched him yet."

E. G. Campbell.



Edited by T. GODWIN.

WHERE DID LONDON ARMS GET THE DAGGER?

A popular error attributes the dagger on the City of London Arms to the slaying of the rebel, Wat Tyler, at Smithfield, in 1381, by Sir William Walworth, Mayor of London, and says the dagger represents the weapon which the Mayor used.

The error is perpetuated in an inscription under Walworth's Statue, at Fishmongers' Hall, which reads:—

Brave Walworth Knight, Lord Mayor yt slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes;
The King, therefore, did give in lieu
The Dagger to the Cityes armes.

As a matter of fact, the weapon in the City Arms does not represent a dagger at all, and it was there before Wat Tyler's death. It is really the Sword of St. Paul; that weapon being the recognised symbol of the great Apostle to whom London's first Cathedral was dedicated in 605.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 259.

1.—Pouch, 1/3; tobacco, 3d.

2.—Well begun is half done.

3.—A sheet of foolscap is an ink-lined plane; an inclined plane is a slope up; a slow pup is a lazy dog.

4.—Seven.

5.—Only four. They were a brother and a sister, one having a son and the other a daughter.

6.—"I" is the ninth letter of the alphabet.



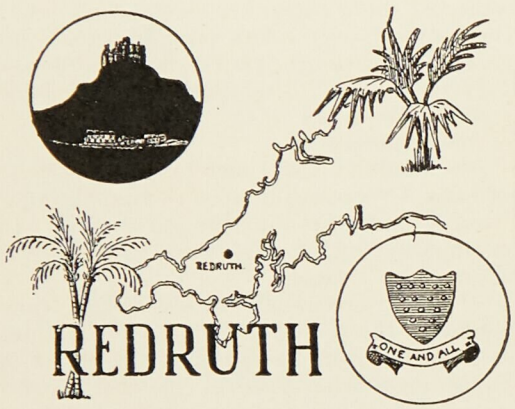
Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

It's a very true saying that war makes changes, one of the first we experienced was that some of our experienced men rejoined the colours necessitating some re-organisation, which with other minor difficulties caused by the numerous regulations and Goverment Orders for both our Factory and Mill, have been successfully overcome. In the early stages it looked at times as though we were going to be snowed under with the official requests, but we have managed to keep our heads above water and even to be able to smile at some incidents which occurred and were brought to our notice. Here's one or two "smiles"; perhaps it was the rapidity of events which caused one feminine voice to enquire over the 'phone in response to a message from here "What are carcases, are they live pigs or dead ones"? Another was in connection with the new children; two were being taken along a country lane in the West when a herd of cattle were encountered, one of which was ringed, standing aside for the herd to pass the youngest of the boys aged under four saw the bull and at once exclaimed "Oh! look at that big cow he's still got his dummy." Another; a young married couple anxious to help had agreed to accommodate two children, and on being informed that they would arrive at about 9 p.m. the young wife prepared a good supper and a warm bath for her visitors, when they turned up she found it was two youths from a training centre age over 17, and she was then in a quandary as to whether she should proceed with the bathing business, finally deciding that discretion was the better part of valour.

Another result of the present conditions was that our Foreman, Mr. F. W. Dash, who has completed 40 years of faithful service to the Company, felt that a younger man might be better able to bear the possible worry and strain that may yet come, so has retired from his duties carrying with him our very sincere wishes for the best of health and comfort during his remaining years.

W.J.T.

* * *



Edited by A. J. CLARK.

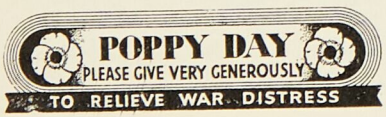
The Editor's reminder has again caught us unprepared this month, but we think the excuse offered last month will stand for another.

The month of September has proved to be one of the driest of the year and those who took their holidays during that month have been favoured with some of the best weather of the year.

The evacuees, of whom we wrote last month, seem to have quite settled down to the quiet of Cornwall and enjoying themselves. To Redruth came a number of pupils from a large boys' school in London, and they are now alternating on a "shift" system with pupils at Redruth Boys' County School—attending school morning and afternoon on alternative weeks.

We welcome to our staff John Dungey, and hope that his stay with us will be a happy one.

A.J.C.



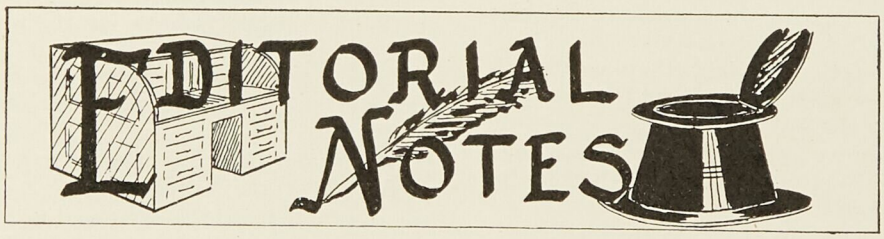
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BY APPOINTMENT.
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

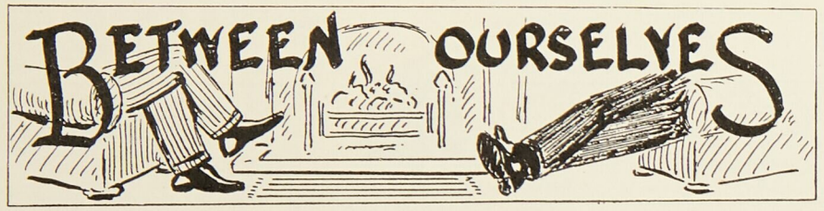
VOL. 13.——DECEMBER, 1939.——No. 12.



WE feel certain that there will be a ready response to the circular issued by the Finance and General Purposes Committee of the Harris Welfare Association. It should not be forgotten that the foundations of the Association were laid during the last war, when the recreational and entertainment efforts of those days served a very useful purpose not only for our own people, but for the town and those members of H.M. forces who happened to be in the district. The circular rightly points out, that by supporting the H.W.A. we are supporting an important contribution to the social life of the town and are contributing to a form of service that is of vital importance to the Home Front. Subscriptions are now due and should be paid to Departmental Representatives or Mr. Bunston without delay.

During the two and a-half years of the last war, when War Savings Certificates were issued, over £217 millions were raised from this source. The National Savings movement which was then set up, proved an effective organization for raising this large sum; fortunately this movement is still active and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is expecting a ready and increased response from the small investor.

To all our friends and helpers, wherever they may be, we extend our cordial thanks for past help and hopes for continued support.



THE picture is one of far away habits and ancient times. Wise men are on a primitive journey. They seek the evidence of a revelation they have received. From far corners of the earth they journey on. Inspired by what they believe, they have gathered together precious things to offer to the embodiment of their ideal.

They, like all the truly great, are of simple sincerity and steadfast purpose. They have seen a Star in the East and hasten towards it, knowing that it indicates the place they seek.

And in due time they reach a rude inn and pay homage to the miracle of Motherhood and her Child of Destiny.

Thus in the starlight they worship a Prince, whose coming was to set the standard of life along the way of Peace.

So again we approach a Christmas-time. But now not by the silent paths of Bethlehem do so-called wise men tread.

"There's a tramp of feet in the glen
And the sound of the hoofs like thunder."

For a world is at war. Earth's ways are darkened, and across blue skies float the noisy bombers, bearing destruction. A gallant neutral ship leaves her port. She has quarrel with none, but she strikes a mine and a full hundred men, women, children, and tiny babes yet suckling at their mothers' breasts are doomed to death by explosion and drowning. Are men mad who thus unleash such crude and cruel war by which the innocent are battered by wave and splinters to destruction? And do those tiny hands and babies' cries mean nothing to those who, not content with the rape of men and souls in weakened Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, must needs loose mines upon the cruel sea for the destruction of those who are still at peace with them?

In that little old-time village long ago 'tis said that there was a song, and an Angel's song at that, which echoed over the place where a Child, who was born to be crucified, lay. And the song was that the Child brought—

"Peace on earth to men of good will."

There is much that once we thought eternal which as life moved on passed away. But there is much that persists to, and beyond, the end. The good never dies. Love that seeketh not her own endures. There is a love of man for woman that is eternal, and faith and hope and love remain. The glory that was Greece is remembered by a few glorious columns of gracious architecture, but the city that was not made with hands is eternal. I think that the old story of a starlit night, a country village, a mother, a Child, and a new hope for the world, will yet be told again. For if that story be forgotten there can be no hope for those who come after. Even yet will the injunction be obeyed to—

Hush your noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

Is there in all this welter of war a call to better things? May it not be that we are called to learn in a way that may not be forgotten the futility of pride and the desirability of service instead of strife?

Christmas for many of us this year will be a lonelier time, for those we love are far away. We will make such a glad Christmas for those who are in need around us so that its warmth will reach across the spaces in inspiration and faith.

To all our men who serve for England, wherever you are, a strong heart and a message of affection.

And to all our folk everywhere at home a glad-in-the-heart Christmas, the knowledge that the Angels still sing and that we shall come through to the larger ways.



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SKITTLES.

It was the night of November 17th when Chippenham made their raid "somewhere" in Calne. We were well prepared for them having received news of their intended raid through our S.S. (Secret Service) and "Guesstapo." The general communique next morning just said, "Enemy repelled with the loss of 14 pins; there were also a few dead marines lying about."

To describe the actual fight, it was very even and what one would call keenly



An impression of the Captain of the Calne team drawn by Ivor Burgess.

contested, now and again the guard had to round up two or three who kept "darting" off; but blackout or not "Darkie" couldn't escape and next morning before the court martial, was found guilty and severely reprimanded. He did say "Swash-tik-i for" but that didn't wash here.

There was one amusing incident during the game, Mr.—I beg your pardon "Slim Summerville" of the old trench mortar brigade was in his element; whether he thought it was hand grenades he was throwing I do not know, but after destroying 8 men with his first throw, his next one went down "no-man's-land" hit something, bumped "over the top" and the poor old sentry had to jump for his life.

Of course during the evening there were several "reconnaissance flights" and the "chasers" had to drive them back.

I don't believe anyone went "over-the-top" and all were up with "reveille" next morning.

So until we meet again—S.T.

* * *

Of the 2,500 ships which travelled under British convoy in the first two months of the War only eight, or 1 in 300, were lost.

The Navy's Christmas.

There is a good deal of difference between peace and War-time Christmas days on board ships of the Royal Navy. In peace-time, as far as possible, every ship spends the day in harbour. In home ports one watch is on long leave, and nearly all local men get ashore for most of the day.

Things are pretty quiet on board. On foreign stations Sunday routine is observed, and Christmas Eve is spent decorating the mess-deck with garlands and whatever foliage the locality provides. The happier the ship the more elaborate the decorations.

There is a Church service on the quarter-deck in the forenoon, and when it is over the ship's company "pipes down" and no further work is done, except the essential watch-keeping and running of boats.

All interest centres on dinner. In small ships on standard rations, messes usually prefer to make their own arrangements on Christmas Day, and instead of drawing the rations provided by the Paymaster, they draw a money allowance and buy whatever represents the tastes of the mess—a goose or a turkey or a sucking pig.

Sometimes they take advantage of an earlier visit to some port where such things can be bought cheaply, and prevail upon the butcher to stow them away in the ship's refrigerator.

Plum duff is another important item, and numbers of plum puddings are sent from home by wives and mothers through the parcel mail.

All big ships, however, are nowadays on what is called the general messing system. By this arrangement a standard menu is provided for each man throughout the ship, and on Christmas Day the Paymaster rises to the occasion nobly.

Shortly before dinner the officers, headed by the captain, and sometimes heralded by the ship's band, start on a tour of the mess deck. It is the custom for the officers to sample the plum duff in each mess as they exchange greetings.

In a ship containing 40 or 50 messes this requires a considerable stowage capacity and, if conscientiously carried out, does not leave the officer with much room for his own Christmas dinner.

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Christmas in War is as cheerful as circumstances permit. The sailor is a conservative being, and it takes a lot to make him give up his traditional rites.

Ships in harbour will observe Sunday routine, and the mess decks will be decorated, no doubt.

There will be services on the quarter-decks, where they will sing the old Christmas hymns, and the officers will go round the mess decks sampling the plum duff and wishing each mess a Happy Christmas.

There will certainly be no lack of good things to eat, both on board ships in harbour and at sea, but patrols will carry on as usual, the mine-sweepers will be out on their hazardous task.

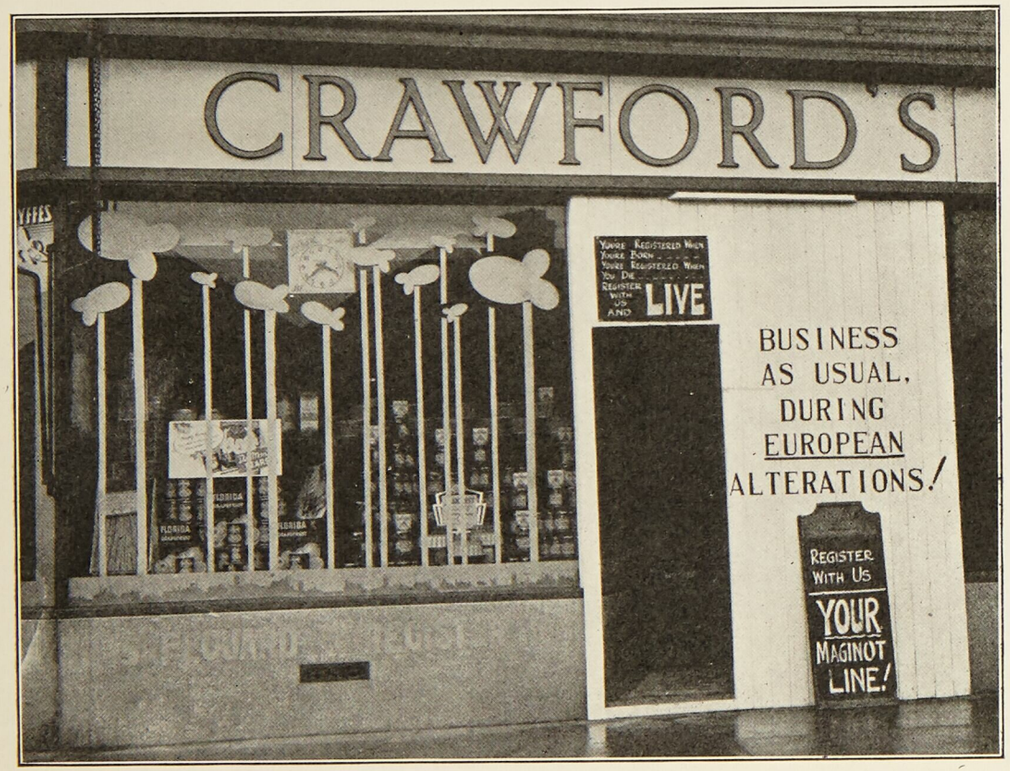
There will be convoys to be escorted and enemy submarines to be hunted. The men who do these things will not have much opportunity to decorate their mess decks. The officers will be on their bridges or at the guns.

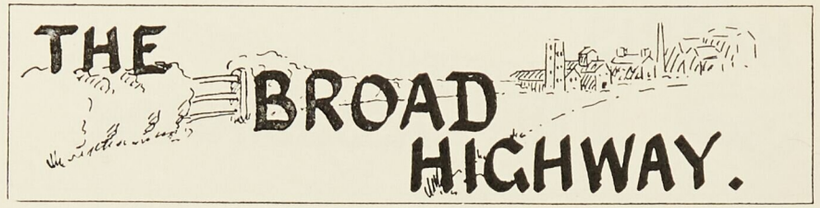
The uppermost wish in the minds of the men during their vigils on Christmas Day, 1939, will be that when victory is achieved there may be a lasting reign of peace on earth, goodwill among men.

* * *

The need for economising soap is a main theme on the German wireless. Women are urged to launder as little as possible. "It is not necessary to use pillow-cases, just put the pillows under the sheet without. It is not necessary to dry your dishes; wash them well and let them dry in the air. That will economise on tea cloths." For the same reason women are also urged to wear sacking instead of aprons for rough work, and to remove dirty marks from their stockings with a piece of India rubber.

AN ORIGINAL WAR TIME SHOP FRONT.





It seems unbelievable that Christmas is fast approaching once again. Much has happened during 1939, but this does not make our Christmas wishes any the less sincere.

We wish all our Representatives, Van Salesmen, Demonstrators, and all connected with the Sales Staff, a very Happy Christmas and a much brighter 1940; and, as this is the season when one always thinks of absent friends, we shall be wishing happiness and a safe return to those members of the Sales Staff who are in His Majesty's Forces, viz.:—

Mr. T. Hughes.
Van Salesman F. S. Patten.
Van Salesman M. F. Paxton.
Relief Salesman R. S. Thompson.
Van Boy R. J. Hamilton.
Van Boy J. F. Webb.
Van Boy E. A. H. Kebbell, and
Van Boy P. J. Tiltman.

Up to date, those of us who are left behind have not perhaps found such a terrific upheaval in the daily routine as might have been anticipated. We none of us know what lies before us in 1940, but all we can do is to tackle our job from day to day to the best of our ability and adapt ourselves to whatever altered conditions may take place.

We congratulate Van Salesman R. Burrows, whose marriage takes place on December 2nd, and wish him and the future Mrs. Burrows every happiness.

We are sorry to say that Van Salesman D. Dolman, of Weston-super-Mare, has had to undergo a slight operation, and we have had a cheery letter from him that he is making progress and hopes very shortly to resume his duties.

We sympathise with Mr. H. C. Salter and Van Salesman A. P. Rivers on the death of their respective fathers.

We are sorry to say that Mr. H. H. Hanney, of Swansea, has been laid up for some weeks. This caused him considerable concern as it came at a time when we were collecting Bacon Registrations; but Mr. Wallis, from the Sales Department at Calne, rendered assistance, and the job was safely completed.

We are also sorry to say that Mr. A. S. Thornton, of Glasgow, has not been too fit of late, and has to enter hospital shortly for observation. We send him our very best wishes for a quick end to his troubles and a complete cure.

Many devices have been employed by customers to secure extra supplies of bacon during the extreme shortage which has been evident since the outbreak of War. One customer from Kendal, Westmorland, who quite often breaks into poetry when sending in his weekly order, treated us to the following:—

Evacuees are on their knees,
The frying pans are empty.
Oh, pray the Lord, bring back those days
When Calne could send us plenty!

Another customer attached a different religious tract to his order each week, apparently to demonstrate to us that he was a deserving case.

Van Salesman J. R. Preston, of Birmingham, sent us the photograph which appears on the opposite page, of one of his customer's shops at Marston Green, Birmingham. He sends it as illustrating an original, ingenious, and decorative way of safeguarding a window with a piece of paper. This certainly makes a much better job than some of the ugly efforts made by shops we have seen in some districts.

J.H.G.



CLUB NOTES.

TABLE TENNIS.

The Table Tennis season opened on November 1st and 6th with a match versus the staff of the Hammersmith School of Building. The first evening's play resulted in Harris winning 12 games to 6, but on the second evening the school teachers gained ground, and the match resulted in a win in our favour of 20 games to 16. It was very pleasing to see the interest taken in this match, the room being almost overfull with spectators and players, and it should prove a very good start for the season. The individual results of the play were :—R. Goddard won five, C. Edwards four, W. Smith four, Herbie Webb three, and the others two each.

Our second team, under the captaincy of C. Rose, beat the Quemerford Hut on November 8th by 20 games to five, the players' scores being :—C. Rose won five, F. Cleverly five, H. G. Webb four, B. Ash and W. King three each.

Playing at Chippenham on November 15th, versus the Station Hill T. T. Club, we secured a decisive victory by 16 games to nine. We are always ready to give this well-established team the best we have got, but this is the first time we have beaten them. We have only drawn 18 games each at a match last season. N. Hulbert was too good for us, and he won all five games played, but Herbie Webb and W. Penny won four each, C. Edwards and Reg. Goddard three each, and C. Rose two. The return match, to be played at Calne, will prove very interesting as both clubs at present are all square in matches.

LIBRARY SECTION.

The annual general meeting was held on Monday, 13th November, with Mr. E. C. Kent in the chair.

Mrs. Sewell, Mr. R. B. Swaffield, and Mr. L. C. Davies were re-elected to serve on the Committee for the forthcoming year, and Mr. Grover was elected in place of Mr. Petherick.

Mr. Kent consented to continue as Chairman of the Section, and Miss L. E. Smith and Miss N. J. Slade are continuing as joint hon. secretaries and treasurers.

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

The annual general meeting of the above Section was held on Thursday, November 9th, Mr. T. W. Petherick presiding over a rather small number of members. The report of the Secretaries reviewed the work of the past year, which showed a drop in membership, the same touching the lowest level since the inauguration of the Section. The Treasurer's statement of accounts gave details of an expenditure of roughly £100 over income, being the exact amount of the grant from the Finance and General Purposes Committee. Marrying these two reports together it is seen that the cost of the Section's activity during the past year is equivalent to an expenditure of 6s. per member, that success does not depend so much upon the extent and diversity of its activities as upon the numbers and keenness of its members ; and judged from this view-point, it cannot be said that the Section is a satisfactory and successful unit of the H.W.A.

The question of the annual Children's Christmas Carnival was discussed and, with the approval of the President, it was deemed desirable not to arrange a Carnival this winter.

In response to some wishful thinking that the War may be over sooner than at present foreshadowed, it was decided to elect the officers and committee, and so keep the organisation in being that activities may be resumed at once should the times prove propitious. Mr. Petherick, who has been the Section's chairman for the past ten years, announced his resignation. In passing from the chairmanship, he paid a tribute to the loyal co-operation of his colleagues on the Committee. The resignation of Mr. F. Gale as vice-chairman was also announced, and a vote of thanks was accorded both these gentlemen for the cordial and kindly service of leadership rendered by them to the Section for so many years past.

The following officers were elected :—Chairman, Mr. S. H. Grover ; vice-chairman, Mr. George Gough ; hon. secretaries, Messrs. G. R. Ashman, A. McLean, and R. B. Swaffield ; hon. treasurer, Mr. F. I. Nash ; committee, Mrs. Sewell, Messrs. F. J. Blackford, K. Cousins, J. F. G. Edwarde, F. J. Gale, E. H. Kettle, W. Prior, S. J. Rymer, R. H. Stanley, S. Toogood, and P. C. Voisk. Three lady members are to be co-opted at the next meeting of the Committee.

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TENNIS SECTION.

The annual general meeting of the Tennis Section was held at the Club House on Tuesday, November 7th.

The treasurer's and secretary's reports on the past season were adopted. It was then decided that in view of the present situation to postpone the meeting until March, 1940.

HOCKEY SECTION.

Last month we recorded an unusual success in that a mixed team of nine girls and two men beat the local R.A.F. team, and a return match was arranged on October 14th. Anticipating the Airmen would strengthen their team we did the same, and brought in two more men, but our strategy did not prove successful for we had to admit defeat to the tune of 11 goals to 6. For our team Watson scored three goals, A. Dixon two and W. Smith one.

On October 21st we visited Swindon and met the Christchurch XI. and had a very easy task in overcoming the opposition offered. We scored 11 goals to 1, and our scorers were K. Angell 10 and G. Thomas.

On October 28th we had another easy win, this time by 12 goals to 2, our opponents being Melksham. Curiously enough our opponents scored their goals in the opening and closing moments of the game. K. Angell had another good match, for she netted the ball no fewer than nine times. Other scorers were J. Slade, Molly Angell, and M. Cleverly.

November 11th saw a reversal of affairs, when we engaged G.W.R., Swindon. We were without some of our regular players, and were weakened in consequence, but it was the fine display by our opponents rather than our weakness that brought about the defeat. Seldom in any class of hockey has such a complete understanding in a forward line, as displayed by Swindon, been seen. Their speed and positioning were really exceptional, and our defence was easily overwhelmed. Margaret Angell, in goal, played a wonderful game, and were it not for her skill the defeat would have been much heavier. We lost by 10 goals to 4. K. Angell scored three and M. Knee the other.

The winter social session is usually opened by the Hockey Club, and our girls again this year set the pace with a whist drive at the Woodlands, on October 27th. With all the War-time restrictions upon us, it was quite a venture in the dark to organise such an event, but to everyone's pleasure the experiment proved a very successful one. Eighty-four players favoured us with their presence. Mrs. Grover, who was accompanied by Mr. Grover, kindly attended and presented the prizes at the conclusion of the drive, and Mr. R. B. Swaffield officiated as M.C. It is hoped to organise another drive this month.

CRICKET SECTION.

The annual general meeting of the Cricket Section was held at the Woodlands on the 31st October, Mr. F. I. Nash being in the chair. There was a small attendance of members. There was very little business transacted as the future of the club is at present rather uncertain. It was decided, therefore, that a general meeting be called in the Spring to appoint the officers and committee, and to consider the activities for the next season ; meanwhile the present officers and committee remain in office.

The averages for last season have appeared in the Magazine previously, and we should like to mention here that Mr. I. J. Taylor has won the President's Bowling Cup for the third year in succession, and Mr. G. Dean has won the bats presented by Mr. R. P. Redman for the best bowling average in

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the 2nd XI. for the third successive year. We offer our heartiest congratulations to these two members.

The secretaries' report is shown below :—

1ST XI.

The 1939 season has been rather an unfortunate one. The weather at the opening of the season and the international situation at the close reduced our fixture list to only 16 matches. Fourteen matches had to be scratched, and this, combined with the difficulty of finding sufficient players to make a team, caused rather less interest to be shown by some members who previously were very enthusiastic. We started the season with the loss of several of our regular players of the 1st XI., but the new team soon settled down and pulled together. During the season 16 matches were played, of which six were won and ten lost. This is not such a good record as the previous year, but the factors mentioned earlier partly explain this.

We are pleased to state that one record was broken by R. Swaffield, who scored 120 not out in our first match, thus beating the record previously held by R. Stevens by one run. Another record of a different nature was broken when the team were all out for eight runs against our old opponents, Lacock Cricket Club.

The standard of play generally was very moderate, so many matches being decided by one member's play instead of a combination of players. It is, of course, pleasing to know that some players can rise to the occasion, but the result would be more satisfactory if the honours of each match could be more divided.

The President's Cup for the best batting average has been won by R. Swaffield with an average of 34.50 runs per innings. G. Witchell is next with 15.50. I. J. Taylor has been successful in winning the President's Bowling Cup for the third year in succession, with an average of 6.26 runs per wicket. We congratulate Mr. Taylor and we wish that the season had been a better one so that he could have improved on his last year's total of 75 wickets. F. I. Nash is second with an average of 8.67.

Some of our most enjoyable games were played in the evenings at Lickhill against the R.A.F., Yatesbury, quite a number of spectators attending.

2ND XI.

Here also the season was not quite so successful, but this team is very keen and has a larger membership than the 1st XI. Some of the players are worth their place in the 1st XI., but it is difficult to persuade them to play in it. We are rather at a loss to understand this, and hope that it is only a passing phase. The results are as follows : —15 matches played, of which five were won and ten lost.

With regard to the averages, which appeared in the last Magazine, it will be seen that the batting list is headed by F. Butler with an average of 13.90. This member has been very keen all through the season playing altogether 18 matches, and we are very pleased to find that his interest will be rewarded by the President's Cricket Bat. Mr. R. P. Redman's bat has once again been won by G. Dean, with an average of 7.58, which is not quite so good as last year's average of 5.777, but is, nevertheless, a good performance. We offer our heartiest congratulations to these two cricketers.

We were sorry that the Captain, W. King, was unable to play for the greater part of the season owing to illness, but we are pleased to say that he has now quite recovered. His place was taken by the vice-captain, B. Webb.

Once again we entered the Gallick Williams Cup Competition, but were defeated in the first round.

DEPARTMENTAL CRICKET.

Owing to the pressure of work it was not possible for the final to be played between the Retort and the Office, and the Committee has decided that the final should be played on the first Saturday of next season, if possible.

We thank those captains and members of Departments who entered this competition, and those who kindly umpired.

GENERAL REVIEW

We are sorry to report on the apparent lack of interest being shown generally by members and by some of those who are amongst our ablest cricketers. We hope this is in no way caused by the extensive changes in the management for this season. The Chairman, Committee, and Secretaries have done all they can to make this sport enjoyable for us all, and we sincerely hope that we have succeeded.

Last winter we ran a whist drive and dance, at which the Cricket Section was rather poorly represented, and as these functions are run in order to provide funds for our sports we feel sure that a better attendance is merited.

We are rather disappointed, too, on the number of occasions when we have had to go outside the Firm to make a 1st XI. team. We should, surely, be able to find more than about 20 players in a Company employing as many employees as there are here. If our members would encourage the younger people to take more interest we feel sure that the club would greatly benefit, both as to results and personnel.

One other point we must note is that during the season some 30 members have played several times each, but the playing subscriptions amount to only 16.

We should like to end our report on a brighter note, and we find our inspiration when remembering the teas which Miss Flay and her helpers so ably tempted us with. For yet another season they have delightfully and efficiently carried out the catering arrangements and we wish to thank them, wholly inadequately, we are sure, once again. Our thanks are also due to the Groundsman, who kept our pitch in such good trim, and to Messrs. Butler and Swaffield, the umpires ; Messrs. Clark and Cleverly, our scorers ; and finally to our Chairman and Committee, who have greatly helped us during the season.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting was held at the Woodlands, on November 17th, and Mr. J. E. Bromham presided over a somewhat small number of members.

In the absence of Miss Nora Walters (the hon. secretary) the following annual report was read by the Chairman .

" This report of our activities during the past season is a disappointing one. The more disappointing because of the encouraging and enthusiastic start we had at an "At home " given by the Society at the Club House on October 10th, 1938. This was very well attended, and we spent a happy evening discovering talent old and new. The committee were anxious to arrange another " At home," but difficulties over the programme made it impossible to do so.

We were very sorry to lose our secretary, Mrs. Royle (nee Fellows) on the occasion of her marriage. We wish her every happiness in her new life.

We were again asked by the Carnival Committee to produce an entertainment for the Carnival. We decided on a Non-Stop Revue, to be produced by Mr. R. B. Swaffield. Unfortunately, owing to illness, Mr. Swaffield was unable to complete the production, but our chairman, Mr. J. Bromham, kindly stepped into the breach and polished off a very successful Revue. Our thanks are due to the numerous people who so willingly help behind the scenes during our productions, and without whose help we could not produce our shows. On this occasion they are especially due to Mr. R. Caswell, who worked very hard indeed painting the scenery.

We planned to produce a three-act play early in February, at the Palace Theatre. Unfortunately we were unable to hire the Theatre. We were also unable to hire the Town Hall until April. After great difficulty we arranged to produce the three-act play on April 18th and 19th, at the Town Hall. The play chosen was Priestley's " Mystery at Greenfingers." This play was written for amateur production, and I think it would have been an exceellent play for our Society to produce. Unfortunately, more than half of the suggested cast were either unable, or unwilling, to take part in the play, and we were reluctantly forced to abandon the production. This was a very great disappointment to the committee.

We entered a one-act play, called " The House with the Twisty Windows," for the British Drama League Festival. This production was not without disappointments. Illness caused last-minute alterations in the cast, and we are very grateful to Mr. Dick Swaffield and Miss Kathleen Angell for coming to our rescue. Our thanks are due to Mr. Moss for the great amount of time and work he put into this production.

In view of the facilities at our disposal, and the enthusiasm which undoubtedly exists in the society, I feel we should have had a much more active year and a really live society."

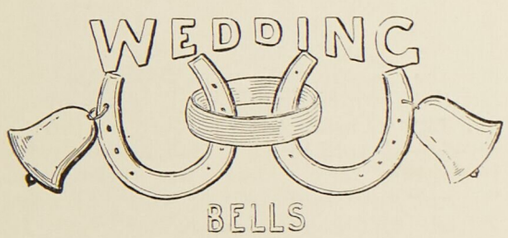
Mr. G. R. Ashman, the hon. treasurer, submitted the statement of accounts, which showed a balance of £11 14s. 1d.

The election of officers resulted in the following appointments :—Chairman, Mr. J. E. Bromham ; hon. treasurer, Mr. G. R. Ashman ; hon. secretaries, Misses K. and P.

Kettle; producer, Mr. R. B. Swaffield; committee, Misses K. Angell, D. Bouillon, V. Burness, M. McLean, N. Walters, and Messrs. R. Swaffield and R. White.

Respecting the future, it was decided to carry on the Section's activity and produce first a three-act comedy and afterwards a musical revue, and it is hoped that some deserving War Charity may be benefited by our efforts. If, by its endeavours, it can give mental exercise to its members, pleasure to its patrons, and financial assistance to a deserving cause, it will be performing a grand work in a sad and serious time, shedding, we hope, rays of brightness which will lighten some of the strain of the dark months ahead.

* * *



On the 4th November, at Burnt Oak, Middlesex, Register Office, Miss Edith (Suzy) Haddrell was married to Mr. Gordon Chalmers, of the R.A.F. The bride wore a blue flared coat, with hat, shoes, and gloves to match, and the bridegroom was in uniform. Miss Haddrell received a large number of presents, including a canteen of cutlery from the Office Staff, and a set of green Bristol ware kitchen china from her colleagues in the Sales Department, where she has resumed her occupation. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers have our very best wishes for their future happiness.

* * *

Last month it was decreed in Berlin that men in future may have only one suit, one shirt, and five pairs of socks a year. One suit, one shirt, one Fuehrer!

* * *

A married man in Germany now pays tax as soon as his income reaches £65 a year. In Great Britain he pays no tax up to £225. A man with two children here is exempt from tax until he passes the £300 level; in Germany he is taxed on as little as £100 per year.

CHIPPENHAM

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

After the strife and stress of recent months it is very difficult to realise that the time has again arrived when we have to convey our Christmas and New Year Greetings to our many friends both near and far. In order to ensure publication in the December issue of the Magazine these lines have to be penned several weeks before the festive season comes round, and with the devastating War into which we have been forced through the insane lust for power, world domination, and self-glorification, we wonder what sort of a Christmas we shall spend this year. We cannot do better than adopt as our motto the slogan our Chief used in the inspiring letter which he sent out soon after the commencement of hostilities, "Keep Smiling," and although the way may be long and the path difficult, firm resolve and confidence will eventually bring to us the victory over might and tyranny and the establishment of justice, freedom, and equity for all peoples, including the Germans. First, then, we should like to express to our Chief, from everyone associated in any way with our Company at Chippenham, our very best wishes for as happy a Christmas as the circumstances then prevailing will permit, and that after his several strenuous and arduous weeks in London on work of great national importance he may be enabled to enjoy at least a short rest in the comfort of his own home. Our best wishes also go out to Mr. Redman and all our friends at Calne, and also to everyone employed in any capacity by the subsidiary Companies and Branches extending from the extreme West in Cornwall to the broad acres of East Anglia. Let us hope that when we celebrate Christmas in 1940 War will be a horror of the past and that we shall have all settled down to our several avocations on normal lines for the remainder of our natural lives.

W.V.L.

SKITTLES.

As a result of a challenge issued to our employees now engaged in the Calne Factory, and which was taken up, a very enjoyable evening was spent at the Railway Inn on Friday, November 3rd. Our Calne friends managed to pull the game out of the fire with 16 points in hand. At the conclusion of the game Mr. Howard Butler, who made the arrangements, expressed on behalf of Chippenham the pleasure it gave them in entertaining Calne, and he felt that everyone would look forward to the return match at Calne. Mr. Robbins voiced the thanks of the visitors for the way they had been received and entertained.

Calne	83	83	73—239
Chippenham	77	74	72—223

CONDOLENCE.

The sympathy of both the Office and Factory Staff is conveyed to Mr. P. Rogers and his family in the bereavenent they have suffered in the sudden death of their 10-years-old daughter, Frances, who died in the Chippenham Cottage Hospital on Friday, October 27th, 1939, the day after she was admitted. Frances was a pupil of Lowden St. Peter's School, where she was spoken of as a lovable child, and children from her class attended the funeral on Tuesday, October 31st, 1939, in St. Peter's Church.

ACCIDENT.

Within a week of being released from his duties of auxiliary fireman Mr. T. Wheeler sustained a nasty injury to his thumb, and has been away from the Factory for four weeks. We are pleased to know he is making good progress and will soon be back at his usual job.

PRESENTATION.

On Monday, October 30th, 1939, our Manager, Mr. W. V. Long, handed to Mr. A. E. Burton a canteen of cutlery as a medium of expressing the best wishes of his colleagues on the occasion of his recent marriage and to convey their sincere desire that both Mr. and Mrs. Burton may enjoy many years of health and happiness. Mr. Burton came to our Office some 12 years ago, upon leaving school, and has grown up to be a popular member of our Staff.

WEDDING.

For the third time in recent weeks a member of our Office Staff has entered upon matrimony, and unfortunately this time it means that we lose a popular member of our staff in Miss Vera Bromley, who was married on Saturday, November 4th, at St. Paul's Church, Chippenham, to Mr. E. G. Boone, a golf club professional at Knowle, Bristol. The service was choral, and the bride, attired in parchment ring velvet, had five attendants.

After the reception at the bride's home Mr. and Mrs. Boone left for Hele, North Devon, for their honeymoon, and upon their return will make their home at Knowle, Bristol. Miss Bromley took leave of her colleagues on Tuesday, 31st October, and their best wishes for her future health and happiness was conveyed to her in the form of cutlery, which was subscribed for by the Management, Office, and Shops Staffs.

W.H.W.

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DUNMOW

Edited by C. P. WARD.

In spite of the War clouds that hover around us, we should like to extend to all our friends at the various Branches the Compliments of the Season.

We are sorry to report that E. Coyston and W. Ledgerton are on the sick list. We hope they will make speedy progress and soon be amongst us again.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
With all the love you can.

C.P.W.

EVACUEES.

Dunmow has recently been full of evacuees, principally school-children from Leyton and Wood Green. It seems rather a pity that so many of the parents have taken their children back from comparative safety here to their own homes in the danger zones.

Most of the children were quite happy, and one had only to look at them and notice how much better in health they looked for

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their change of living in pleasant country surroundings.

We ourselves have two boys billeted with us, and we have all got attached to each other, and are really pulling together as a happy family.

One of the chief difficulties has been the lack of school accommodation, owing to which the children have only been able to attend for a half-day, thus sharing out the day's schooling with the local children. The half-day away from school is spent by the children in nature study rambles, accompanied by their teachers. Also a field has been ploughed up and set aside for the senior boys to cultivate into allotments. They are busy at work there several times a week preparing the ground. The produce, I have been told, is to be given to the landladies of the boys concerned, so some of us are naturally looking forward to some extra special dinners in the early summer.

Some of the children are also accompanied weekly to the cattle market, and to us country people it seems strange that the difference between the various types of animals is not known until it is pointed out.

I think I can, in all fairness, state that the majority of the children are quite happy in Dunmow, and if all their parents had only done a little more thinking we should still have practically all who came to us still with us now.

M.I.W.

* * *

EASTLEIGH

Edited by L. S. JONES.

We are reminded that these notes will appear in the Christmas number and would like to take this opportunity of conveying to Mr. Bodinnar and all our friends at Calne, and elsewhere, happy Christmas Greetings.

To our friends who have joined the Forces we desire to send a special message to let them know that at this Season of Goodwill, as in all others, we are thinking of them and of their happy association with us at Eastleigh, and we wish them, above all things, a safe and speedy return to their normal duties.

Our minds have been reverting of late to the " good old " days of last Winter, when the Welfare activities were in full swing with the various competitions in the Hut, and our football team making itself felt in the Winchester League. Despite all the " adversities " of those days, we had a good time, even though the Selection Committee was condemned as being somewhat incompetent (though results proved it to be to the contrary !), and someone or other gave a penalty away and lost the " Counties " a point ! or someone in the weekly draw for the Bodinnar Cup thought that perhaps some other method should be adopted. All very friendly criticism we agreed, and for that matter it was good to have such airing of opinions, as it showed to a very marked degree that a very healthy enthusiasm was abroad, as indeed it was, for in retrospect we can see that since Mr. Bodinnar provided us with our Welfare Hut and the nucleus of our Welfare Association many happy hours have been spent by the Eastleigh Staff in this way. Now that these activities have been reduced to a minimum we find much of our material for the Magazine has been cut from under our feet, and one wonders how that allotted space can be filled up to the best advantage.

The War has brought to one's mind the number of slogans, or catchwords, that are improvised or immortalised, to which men are greatly attached, and which form more or less, as the case may be, an inspiration to do and to dare with greater effort, more cheerful courage, and uncomplaining endurance than they otherwise would.

Not only individuals, but cities, towns, and nations have adopted in the past some motto, crest, or insignia to which meaning they attach great credence. Of the latter we do not propose to write about this month, but we will mention one or two of the former. None of the slogans which have now become traditional in our " Silent Service " is better known than Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar : " England expects every man this day to do his duty." When Collingwood, one of Nelson's Admirals, saw signals from the Flagship he is stated to have said there was no need of signals, " We all know what to do," but when he read the signal Nelson had sent out he was overjoyed. Whether the victory of Trafalgar would have been as complete without the signal it is difficult to surmise, but there can be little doubt that it was a source of encouragement and inspiration to each and every man of the British Fleet.

In another sphere, one of the many phrases of which Abraham Lincoln coined has been annexed and freely used in the battle of Freedom and Democracy. In his Gettysburg speech the President used the very arresting words : " Government of the people, by the people, for the people," a system which is so well known to the English-speaking peoples.

How much these two mottoes have framed the life and character of our nation it would be hard to judge, but in these difficult days we are certainly reminded afresh of their significance.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER (No. 8.)

1.—When cows were £5 each, sheep £1 each and rabbits 1s. each, a farmer bought 100 animals for £100. How many of each did he buy ?

2.—A bottle and a cork together cost 1s. 1d., and the bottle cost 1s. more than the cork. How much did each cost ?

3.—What is the difference between six dozen dozen and half a dozen dozen.?

4.—What relation is that child to its father who is not his son ?

5.—Divide 7s. 6d. between two fathers and two sons, giving them 2s. 6d. each.

6.—How would you read this sentence correctly ? : " That that is is that that is not is not is not that so it is."

(*Solutions on Page* 278).

* * *

Husband : Hang it all, some of these bills are a year old. Why haven't you brought them to me before ?

Wife : I've been waiting for one of your cheerful spasms, darling.

* * *

Who that knows all that goes to the making of a sin, shall ever dare to blame a sinner.—SABATINI.

* * *

Said the Editor : You know, work fascinates me ; I could sit and look at it for hours.

HIGHBRIDGE

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

It seems that nature has ordained things to happen in cycles, and in that respect we are experiencing a chapter of accidents and illness. We desire to extend our sincere sympathies to our Manager, who has been confined to his room with a chill for several days, and we sincerely hope that he will soon be himself again ; also to J. Gillett, now on the retired list, who whilst on his return from shopping, collapsed on the Old Bridge over the River Brue. We understand that he is still very ill and must take things very quietly for some time. We wish him a speedy recovery. We have also to record an accident to our popular Foreman, H. B. Blackmore, who, whilst superintending the killing, slipped and sustained a severe shaking up and, in consequence, has had to lay by. We extend our sympathies to him and sincerely hope that he will soon be with us again. However, we are glad to know he is progressing satisfactorily.

Our hearty congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chedzoy, of West Huntspill (the parents of our " head " gardener at the Factory), on celebrating their Golden Wedding on 15th October. May they still be spared for many years to come, and we wish them every happiness.

WEDDING BELLS.

An interesting presentation was made on Monday, 30th October, at closing time, to Mr. Adolphus King and Miss Mary Owens, on the occasion of their marriage, which is to take place on Saturday, 4th November, at the Roman Catholic Church, Burnham-on-Sea. The presentation took the form of a silver teapot, sugar basin, and milk jug, and a case of cutlery, both being employees of the Company. Mr. P. H. J. Doble, representing the Manager, very kindly made the presentation in a few well-chosen words, wishing the couple every happiness for their future.

WELFARE NOTES.

A full Committee met on Monday, 9th October, at 5 p.m., with our Manager in

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the chair, and the following business was transacted, viz. The Chairman prefaced his remarks with reference to the meeting convened for this day. Owing to the country being at War it had upset our usual routine, and our usual monthly meeting had been temporarily suspended pending any resolution that may be decided upon at this meeting.

The Secretaries presented the balance-sheet of the flower show, which was considered satisfactory, and it was decided to send letters of appreciation to all those who had helped in any way to make the show a success.

The question was raised by the Chairman with regard to members who were in the Services, and it was resolved that a sum of money should be set aside to purchase comforts for these men. Suggestions were also made with regard to keeping in order the gardens of the dependants of members who were away from home, and it was decided that a sub-committee be formed to deal with these matters, and Messrs. H. B. Blackmore, F. H. Perham, and W. H. G. Young, sen., were duly appointed to act in that capacity.

INTER-FACTORY SPORTS

It was definitely decided to abandon the Inter-Factory Games for the time being, and that we inform Chippenham to this effect, as it was our turn to invite them to Highbridge this year.

FUTURE MEETINGS.

It was decided to suspend the regular monthly meetings for the time being, and if anything of importance came up to call a special meeting for the purpose.

BRITISH LEGION NOTES.

The annual general meeting of the Burnham-on-Sea branch of the Legion was held on Thursday, 26th October. The balance-sheet for the period was presented and considered satisfactory. Discussions took place with regard to Poppy Day and Remembrance Sunday, and it was decided to support the Ladies' Committee with regard to the sale of poppies, and try to make it a record sale, as with the Empire at War greater demands will undoubtedly be made on the funds.

With regard to Remembrance Sunday, after a somewhat lengthy discussion, it was decided to hold a Service at the Parish Church as last year on Sunday, November 12th, at 3 p.m., pending arrangements with the Vicar, who, we understand, is willing to co-operate with us in this matter.

A.R.P. NOTES.

Burnham-on-Sea and Highbridge units of the A.R.P. Service held a combined exercise on Saturday, 28th October, in the afternoon. The exercises were held in a field adjoining a brickyard half-way between the two towns, thus enabling wardens of Post C, at Burnham, and Post D, at Highbridge, to be on duty. There were four incidents during the afternoon. No. 1—A fire, in which three auxiliary fire pumps took part; No. 2—A demolition and rescue party pulling down a temporary built house wrecked by a supposed H.E. bomb, dropped from a passing aeroplane, and rescuing dummies from underneath the debris; No. 3—First-aid to about a dozen supposed casualties by the Mobile First-aid Unit; No. 4—A gas incident in which a passing aeroplane is supposed to have dropped gas bombs—immediately the alarm was sounded and the decontamination squad was sent for. It is the first time that a full combined exercise has taken place, and from an observer's point of view it was good, but the members of the service see the little defects that need remedying to make real efficiency, and these can only be put right by combined exercises. The personnel taking part enjoy and take great interest in the proceedings, because they have voluntarily offered to be of service to the community in time of emergency. The whole of the exercises were under the direction and supervision of our Head Warden, Major J. V. Drought.

C. B. SHIER.

* * *

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 277.

		£
1.— 19	Cows at £5 each	95
1	Sheep at £1	1
80	Rabbits at 1s. each	4
100		100

2.—Bottle 1s. 0½d., cork ½d.; total, 1s. 1d. Difference, 1s.

3.—6 x 12 x 12=864. 6 x 12=72. Difference=792.

4.—His daughter.

5.—Divide it between a father, his son, and his grandson.

6.—That that is, is. That that is not, is not. Is not that so? It is.

IPSWICH

Edited by J. E. SMITH.

SPORTS AND SOCIAL CLUB.

The accounts of our Sports and Social Club for the year ending 30th September are just to hand, and we are very glad to be able to report a satisfactory state of affairs.

The National situation may possibly restrict our normal programme during the current year, but it is the desire of all members of our Staffs that we continue to help ourselves and stick together as much as possible. We shall, therefore, with this view in mind, continue to provide our members with all amenities that can be conveniently undertaken.

As your Secretary, and on behalf of the Committee, I would like to express our gratitude for all who have during the past year shown their interest and given their practical support.

S. BLOOMFIELD, *Secretary.*

REMINISCENCES.

The first job of work that I can recall was when I was Back-us boy to my mother. There were six in our family, a brother and four sisters. Our home was a large old-fashioned farmhouse, with plenty of outbuildings. There was the coal to break, not soft household nuts such as the townsman burns, but hard, large lumps of steam coal. At this I became quite proficient, learning to hit it vertical to the seam, or to lay it hollow if the lump of coal was not too thick, it was then easy to crack. I am often reminded of this art when I see the shopkeeper break pieces of rock in the palm of her hand with quite a gentle tap.

There were sticks to chop; not firewood in bundles as the housewife knows it, but faggot wood. The first pieces used to fly up in my face, until I learned the knack of chopping at an angle on the wood chopping block. These faggots were a bit of a nuisance, sometimes being long and straggly hedgerow stuff. The spray was first dealt with, and then the thicker pieces. At first a rigid wrist action with the chopper proved ineffective, and I became more proficient in the art and, with a freer movement, found cutting more successful.

Another task was cleaning boots. There were no brown boots those days, and I well remember the old-fashioned Martin's blacking, done up in small squared cakes in green parchment paper. This was mixed with water, and a wonderful shine on one's boots could be induced after prolonged brushing in one direction only, with plenty of elbow grease. I hated doing the heels; it was a job to hold my father's boots without them wriggling.

I always liked stoking the large brick oven. This was a weekly affair. There would be about 2½ faggots brought into the kitchen; the fire was never allowed to wane until the blackened roof burned white. The embers were then allowed to glow for a time, to be withdrawn by the oven peel. A "trial" loaf was put in, and, if satisfactory, the loaves for the week were put in, also a joint, buns, and cakes. A favourite bun was one which was made off the bread, with currants in; but the trish-me-shandies were perhaps the most popular. I remember the smell of these even now.

It was due probably to the fact that I was such a nuisance to the maids that I had been given some crude conception of what —— was supposed to be like. In consequence I always felt sorry for any insects which happened to be on the sticks as I stoked the oven.

Another job was to "get the letters." There was no postal delivery to our house, and I had to go on horseback to the main road to "catch the postman." If I missed him it was necessary to go to the village two miles further on. Naturally, I missed the postman nearly always. Charlie, the old cob, and I were great pals. We would not keep to the road, but steeplechased in a bee-line, having favourite and well-known gaps in the fences. Any amount of stick would not induce Charlie to hurry on the outward journey, but he would gallop all the way home.

J. E. SMITH.

(*To be continued*).

APPROACH TO DUTCH WATERWAYS.

Until two years ago the most I knew about Holland was that it was exceptionally flat, had a reputation for Old Masters and

cleanliness, and was crammed with canals, windmills, cheese—and Dutchmen!

Subsequent pottering about in a small yacht has served to confirm these impressions, and has also shown me the country from an excellent view point, for Holland's life, scenery, and commerce are inseparable from her waterways.

Our arrival in the country has yet to prove uneventful. However calm and sunny the start of the voyage may have been, we usually encounter a fresh breeze upon approaching the coast, which is endowed with more than its fair share of strong currents and sandy shoals. These join forces with the wind to whip up a lively sea, while, if navigation is at fault, the coast line will give little clue to our whereabouts, consisting as it does of mile upon mile of monotonous sand-dunes.

At a distance, even the coastal towns are alike in one respect, they rise sharply from the low sand-dunes, presenting a solid block of buildings on the seaward side, and seldom straggle along the shore after the fashion of the outskirts of an English seaside resort. Perhaps the ideal time to arrive is after dark, for the Dutch light vessels and buoys are among the most numerous to be found anywhere, and their powerful flashes afford every possible help to the stranger in establishing his position and guiding him safely to harbour. Now that the political tension has caused these friendly lights to be extinguished, I sincerely pity the pilot, be he friend or enemy, whose duty calls for accurate navigation along this dangerous coast.

In our own harbours the end of a voyage marks the beginning of more work for the crew. After letting go the main anchor, they must launch the ship's dinghy and row out astern with the kedge anchor. This is laid to prevent the ship from swinging in a wide arc, and thereby becoming a source of danger to other shipping each time the tide turns. After this ceremony the crew rows ashore, often a considerable distance, and possibly against a stiff tide. Once ashore provision has to be made for the dinghy's safety, and not until then is the crew free from their duty to the sea.

Once through the lock gates of a Dutch harbour, and in the canal beyond, the mad Englishman becomes aware of two beautiful aspects of these inland waterways. Firstly, although miles of water lie before him, the sea is locked out. This, in turn, means there is no need to guard against the ship swinging or rising and falling with the tides, for the tides are locked out, too! Secondly, no anchors or dinghys will be required, instead you simply drift alongside the nearest barge or jetty, make fast, and step ashore! It is on record that during the 1938 Summer holiday our little boat never used her anchors or dinghy throughout the voyage of about 700 miles.

S. J. AMSDEN.

* * *

LEEDS

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

Christmas comes but once a year. It is a real pleasure to wish you the good old wishes, for joy during the Christmas season and for peace and happiness in the New Year. This is the wish of an optimist, sent in all sincerity to his fellow optimists.

If there are any pessimists this side of Christmas may the good old English plum-pudding warm the cockles of their hearts. Even if your plum-pudding is made up of Turkish sultanas and Greek currants, with some Italian lemons, Barbados sugar, spices from Arabia, sherry from Spain, and flour from Canada. Isn't that all the more reason for being an optimist?

It is, however, the spirit of Christmas, undimmed and unquenchable, which is our true bulwark and our faith.

It is well worth while just now to study the trees closely if you would be brightened and uplifted.

Delayed frosts permitted the leaves to stay on the trees until November, but many have fallen from the hazels and revealed the little clusters of small stiff catkins, hung ready for that March day when, long, pliant and golden, all will swing aslant in the breeze. The sight of these tokens of the sure return of beautiful life to the trees bring a warmth of heart in spite of depression. The limes and the horse chestnuts, both now divested of their summer dress, and the lilacs of our gardens, all show their buds plainly, preparing for the coming of another Spring. In the man-made convulsion the revelation as yet may not be so marked, but that it will eventually arrive we can be as certain as that the buds will open when the storms of Winter are ended.

Having digested the foregoing mixed grill, you will remember "that a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

This is a story that has reached me this week. It concerns a farmer whose son was anxious to get on with the threshing in view of the present circumstances. So he engaged one or two casual labourers, and instead of lasting a couple of days, as formerly, the work was over in little more than half a day. Going into the stackyard, the farmer asked the labourers how much he owed them?

"Fower bob apeeace," announced the spokesman.

"Fower bob?" replied the farmer. "It's ower mich. If ah paya seven bob fer a daya, it mun be three-an-'six fer awf a daya."

The labourers refused. Over by the threshing machine another man was standing with his hands in his pockets. The farmer crossed the yard to him and said, "Thoo'll tak three-an'-six, weean't ta?"

"Why, aye," the man replied; and when the three-and-sixpence had changed hands he walked away.

"See, noo!" said the farmer, returning to the others. "Yon chap's takken three-an'-sixpence, an' noo he's off."

"An' neea wonder," replied the original spokesman. "E nobbut popped in te hev a wo'd wi' us. 'E hesn't deean ony worrk."

An old lady in her seventies called on two friends in the nineties to see how they were facing up to the War, and at the end of her visit departed with the reflection, "Well, we shall just have to tighten our belts and clench our teeth."

"Yes," admitted the resolute 93 with a twinkle, "but we have neither."

How are you getting along in the black-out? To those who live in the country and who are used to the silence of the night, and to whom darkness is a friendly thing, there is no dread nor fear. Indeed to the true countryman there is even comfort and a sense of security in the wide, open spaces, with only the twinkling stars for company—and one's own thoughts.

There is really an ethereal beauty, a sublime calm, soothing to the spirit and uplifting to the soul, which can only be experienced during a tramp across our countryside, or on the deck of a liner on the sea, mid the darkness.

May I recall to you the poem of Goethe, and which Franz Schubert set to lovely music?

Soft the moon o'er field and wood
Steals by brook and tree,
Cools my brow and calms my blood,
Sets my spirit free.
See her quiet beams descend,
Wrapping hill and dale,
Like the pity of a friend
Listening to a tale.

Here in loneliness the past
Lives in smiles and sighs,
Here amid the silence vast
Ring old melodies.
Flow on still, thou prattling stream,
Joy is not for me,
Jest and kiss were but a dream,
Faith a vanity.

Well for him whose friend can share
All his happiness,
Who remembers grief and care,
Not with bitterness;
Things that tongue dared not impart
Mind has never known,
Throng the chambers of the heart
Here at night alone.

In the days of youth one can recall vivid memories of all-night walks across Scotland in the moonlight. The keen night air, the rustling trees, the scurry of wild things in the woods, the staccato of our footsteps upon the flinty, moorland road, the pale light of moon and stars around the battlements of ruined romantic castles, the calm placidity of Loch and Ben, the scent of the heath and briar—all combine in a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

But to the city-bred, the darkness of black-outs is a different thing. Born and living in the everlasting din of modern civilisation (so noisy that it is not heard or realised), the sudden stillness is an anti-climax. There is fear of the unknown in each step, almost like the dread which many feel at the thought of an approaching operation in a nursing home. What is round the corner? Is it safe to cross here? Am I

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going the right way? Streets and squares and buildings take on unaccustomed forms. Things noticed by day loom up in the dark like sinister features, the landscape becomes blurred, and we doubt our wits. We stop, and look, and listen, hesitate, and become jumpy. Why? Sometimes it is useful to pause and ask ourselves questions. It is nearly impossible for any of us to assess the dangers, real and imaginary, of the city compared with the country, but most city folk have an instinctive dislike of the dark. One may analyse this dislike as a kind of fear and associate it with "dark" deeds in "dark ages." And it is quite possible there is a connection!

It is not so long ago that our forefathers nursed fears of spooks and witches. A century and a half ago you may recall that the children were frightened by tales of "Bonaparte," and, in our own day, by "Old Kruger" or "Kaiser Bill."

The conclusion of all this, therefore, is that it is only a dread of the unknown which troubles our city dwellers, and that dread has no real foundation except in our own imaginations. Like my simile of "the operation," the fear of the dark can be banished by facing up to it. Go for a walk in the lonely country or start in the dusk and let the darkness gradually envelop you. Even in London, how wonderfully refreshing can be a stroll through Hyde Park on a winter evening when it is bespangled by the lamp lights—friendly little harbingers guiding our steps. Is it not a relief after the glare of the streets? When the lamp light is dim in war-time, let us remember it is the same familiar park, but with the added joy of being able to see through the trees the Lady Moon and twinkling Orion.

Should we be so fortunate as to be there on a frosty night with a thin coating of snow covering the ground and decking the bare trees with fairy gems, there will come to us an exhilaration like a tonic to mind and body which will banish all fear and lead our thoughts upward to the Creator.

* * *

LAST WORDS.

5.—I hope this brake's working.

LONDON

Edited by T. GODWIN.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

The rambler had lost his way, and coming to a village he asked an old man to direct him. "Aw conna tell thee, lad," replied the old man. The rambler went on his way for about a hundred yards and heard the old man recalling him. Back he went, and the old man said solemnly: "Here's my pal, George, and he doesn't know, either."

* * *

Vicar: Thank you very much for those ten lovely apples. I must call round and thank your mother.

Small Boy: Please, sir, if you do, will you thank her for twelve?

* * *

Reveller (leaning on policeman): I pay rates to support you—now you support me!

* * *

Justice: I fine you £10 for contempt of court.

"Make it £30, judge; £10 wouldn't express my contempt for this court.

* * *

"Caddie, this is a terrible golf course."

"Hoots, sir, ye left the course twenty minutes ago. Ye're in Mr. MacAndrew's rock garden."

* * *

AIRCRAFT CARRIERS.

The first flight of an aeroplane from a warship was made in December, 1911, by Lt. C. R. Sampson, who flew a short distance in a biplane off the bows of H.M.S. Africa, lying in Sheerness harbour. Lt. Sampson had constructed a runaway on the ship for his flight.

A few days later Lt. Sampson and Lt. Malone repeated the flight, this time with a seaplane fitted with wheels, from H.M.S. Hibernia, when she was steaming into the wind at about 10 to 12 knots.

The first real aircraft carrier was the H.M.S. Hermes, which was commissioned in June, 1913, and carried aircraft which flew from runaways on the forecastle and quarterdeck.

REDRUTH

Edited by A. J. CLARK.

November 15th, 1939, marks the centenary of a man who is associated with Redruth and who has been called the greatest mechanical genius of his generation—William Murdoch. His genius was widespread; he invented the first steam locomotive seen in this country. He was the first man to put domestic gas to practical use, and his fertile brain created many other inventions ranging in type from a process of cleaning beer to the predecessors of the modern turbine. It is said that he first discovered that coal would give a light when he was experimenting in a cave near his home. From 1780 onwards he worked in his cottage, which is still standing in Cross Street, Redruth, on the steam locomotive which he created, and which worked 30 years before Stephenson's "Rocket" was used. Tradition has it that one night Murdoch tried out his engine in a lane leading to the parish church. Suddenly above the noise of the snorting and puffing of the engine Murdoch heard a loud crying. This was from the local parson, who, having heard the strange noise and seeing a weird light approaching him, thought that the devil was after him!

One evening, while sitting by his fire, smoking his pipe, he saw gas spluttering from the coal in the fire. He put a piece of coal in the bowl of his pipe and lit the gas as it came from the mouthpiece. From that time he continued his experiments to obtain light without wick, and within a short time he had lit his cottage with gas which he generated in a gun barrel retort. From then he continued with his efforts, and the use of gas became more and more general, and to-day the gas industry, which serves many millions of consumers with heat, power, and light, has to thank for its being William Murdoch, who, in his humble cottage in Redruth, carried out his experiments in spite of continuous discouragements.

This number of the Magazine is the Christmas number, and once again we send our Greetings to our "friends elsewhere."

TOTNES

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

We have just had a pleasant surprise in the nature of a flying visit from Mr. R. P. Redman, whom all of us were delighted to see.

A few days ago a paper came into our hands containing an article entitled "Two Months of War." This prompted us to consider how we stood in Totnes, and to what extent have we been affected by War conditions. Well, we must at once admit that up to the present we have not had much to complain of. There is a general calmness, the probable reason for which is that we appear to have escaped many of the difficulties which have been met with in other parts. Of course, the general topic of conversation concerns the struggle between the nations, but, apart from this, anyone visiting Totnes during the day-time would find it difficult to realise that a War was in progress.

It can be said that in this ancient Borough a very genuine attempt has been made to carry on what may be termed "Business as usual during alterations." The black-out has been rigidly enforced, but up to now we have not heard of any prosecutions for infringement, and no shortage of any consequence has occurred in respect of the main articles of food; although from time to time problems have arisen through the many regulations, these have all been successfully overcome and in at least two respects we Totnesians feel inclined to give ourselves a pat on the back, namely, A.R.P., and the unemployment problem.

With A.R.P. the records of our Town Council show expenditure nil—everything voluntary.

As regard unemployment, the Totnes figures are:—August, 60; October, 62.

Many familiar faces of past years are now missing, the owners having answered their country's call. In our own Factory, up to now, eight have joined the Colours, three having gone into the Navy, three to the Army, and two the R.A.F. We are sending

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a photograph of one of the latter, who recently joined up, and many readers may recognise him as the ardent cyclist who, in the early Spring, predicted in the Magazine that he would soon be seen scorching down the High Street at Calne, and now it may yet happen that he might even be seen

WITH THE COLOURS.



R. NARRAMORE,
Who has 3 brothers also serving in H.M. Forces.

landing there from an aeroplane. All who have gone were highly popular with their fellow workers. Several of them have since visited us when on leave, when everyone was delighted to see them, and we are hoping for the day when we shall see them all safely back in our midst again.

When these lines are in print we shall be in sight of Christmas again. It is bound to be greatly different to the happy event of past years, and there will be absentees in so many homes, and our hearts and thoughts will go out to those who are away doing their bit in the cause of freedom.

Although there will be restrictions on many of the peace-time methods of Christmas entertainment, especially for grown-ups, we shall still be able to give the children a good time; and if we do that it will not be so bad after all. Incidentally, this, from present appearances, is likely to be a good year for chrysanthemums. May we remind our gardening enthusiasts that any surplus will be a boon in the hospitals or homes of friends, where they will bring a sense of cheer and hope to those who are in ill health, which is invaluable. What about it?

We now take this opportunity of extending to all our friends at Calne, the Branches, and elsewhere, our sincere wishes for a Happy Christmas, expressing with it the hope that all those who have absent members of their families, will be cheered by the knowledge that they are still safe and sound. It will help to dispel any possible gloom this Christmas time if we are all of us able and determined for a short while to "Pack up our troubles, and smile, smile, smile."

W.J.T.

* * *

Messrs. Cyril Howe (Photography), of Cheap Street and Abbey Churchyard, Bath, well known to our readers as photographic suppliers, also specialise in the supply of all makes of Home Cinematograph apparatus, both silent and talking.

They have one of the largest film libraries in the country, having two sections of 9.5 m.m. as well as 16 m.m. and 8 m.m. films available for hire.

They also carry full stocks of all Hornby trains, both 0 gauge and the new popular 00 (Dublo), as well as Trix Twin railways, and a feature of their service is their excellent extended credit facilities and their exchange system, under which they exchange Dublo railway accessories for 0, and vice versa. Their shop is to be found immediately against the west front of Bath Abbey, the car park for which is behind the Roman Baths.

End of Volume 13.

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